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Editor's letter

It's no fun being a Blackburn fan

Dear loaded Beleibers. With the passing of the once great old lady, I've shed many a tear. She was was once powerful, charming, colourful and was unpredictably enchanting. I watched her week after week but her recent death has left a gaping wound that might never be healed.

Of course I'm not talking about Margaret 'Fucking' Thatcher, I'm talking about my team Blackburn Rovers and our death by suicide. We once won the Premiership (maybe bought it) but look at us now! A bunch of fucking chicken farmers ruling the roost whilst global advisers, well, er, advise! We're approaching the end of the season but we could get relegated again.

This month I asked Rhian to recreate the Sharon Stone pose from the cult film *Basic Instinct*. Tiger Woods' new missus did it and I thought if it's good enough for the old shagger Tiger, it's good enough for us.

Team loaded has delivered another cracking magazine for you this month which includes Carl Froch, Gael Clichy, Fellaini, naughty Sophie Anderton (sex lessons from the girl herself), exclusive interviews ahead of the forthcoming *Hangover 3* and Maria Fowler telling us she's not very talented – the girl will go far!

My particular favourite is an interview we did with telly legend Keith 'Cheggers Plays Pop' Chegwin. After his appearance in *Life's Too Short* alongside Shaun Williamson and Les Dennis, Cheggers has guaranteed his legendary status. Note to Gervais/Merchant: this trio should have their own show! Don't miss our next edition to get your FREE guide to all the summer festivals.



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EDITOR

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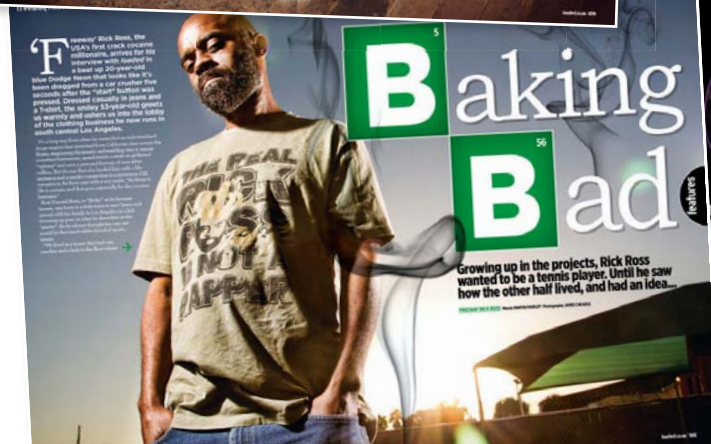
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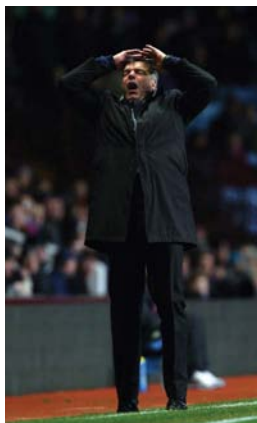
The action star on *The Fast & the Furious* and kicking alien arse. For over 18s only.



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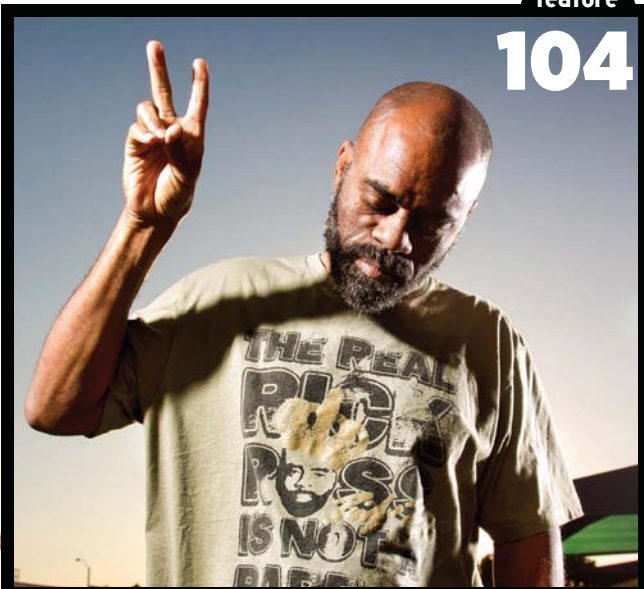
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MARIA FOWLER Words HAYLEY COYLE Photography JAMES RUDLAND Styling by LUCAS ARMITAGE

AVE MARIA

THE FORMER *TOWIE* STAR IS BACK, WITH A
NEW FLAME-HAIRED TWIST...



noise

noise

Your month starts here.
Yes! Right here

noise



“I don’t fancy *Strictly*,” says former *TOWIE* star Maria Fowler when we quiz the flame-haired beauty on her reality TV show ambitions. “I’d prefer *I’m a Celeb* or *Big Brother* – rather than a talent one because I’m not very talented!”

She’s being harsh on herself, because now Maria is back modelling after a two-year hiatus. New hair, new curves, new attitude: Maria Fowler is back and looking better than ever.

“It’s the first shoot I’ve done in ages. I’m back!” she says. “I’m not nervous at all, just really excited to be back, and this is the first time I’ve posed for *loaded*. I’ve not done anything like this since my hair’s been red.”

Well, we must say, it suits you, ma’am...

“Thanks! I loved the styling of the shoot, and I’ve been online to buy some lingerie. I loved the black set I’m wearing. The styling was amazing.”

hot headed

Maria’s been busy launching her own tanning range and starting up a dress website, as well as – naturally – “just the usual, lots of partying!”

But one thing she swears she won’t be doing is going back to the show that made her famous.

“*TOWIE* was so stressful,” she says.

“Being put in situations, I didn’t want to be in. I was forced into filming with Kirk’s dad Mick Norcross and it wasn’t real. I had a boyfriend at the time and I just found it difficult.

“They were all saying ‘kiss Mick, kiss Mick’, and all stood staring at me, and I just didn’t want to. It was weird. Plus I had a bit of a rough run with the tabloids at the time...saying things like I was a prostitute. It wasn’t nice... or true.

“The producers were pushing for me to end my relationship because it didn’t tie in with *TOWIE* and I was really stressed out with it so I quit. I’m glad I left – it was the best thing I’ve ever done.”

“I’d like to do more shoots for *loaded*,” she says, “but my topless days are behind me! Been there, done that!” Damn. ■ **loaded**

“*TOWIE* WAS
STRESSFUL.
THEY WERE
ALL SAYING
‘KISS MICK,
KISS MICK’
AND I DIDN’T
WANT TO”



**#READY
FOR
ANYTHING**

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LEFT: BLACK SET AS BEFORE. MYLA
RIGHT: JACKET AND SHOES BY NEW
LOOK





"I'VE BEEN
BUYING NEW
LINGERIE
ONLINE. AND I
LOVE THE SET I
WEAR IN THE
PICTURES"



HAIR AND MAKE UP BY HELEN SUTTON

LOADED'S
MAN OF THE
MOMENT

BANA THE BAD ASS

THE AFFABLE AUSSIE TURNS ANTI-HERO FOR HIS LATEST FILM *DEADFALL*. JUST DON'T GET HIM STARTED ON THE REAL VILLAINS: PREMIER LEAGUE PRIMA DONNAS

Eric Bana is on the blower to tell *loaded* about his new thriller *Deadfall* but insists we explain the offside rule to him first.

After our convoluted response makes Lawro appear positively sage-like the Aussie actor rasps, "And when it's such a low-scoring affair why don't they sort out goal line technology?"

Good news Eric, it's coming next season! "But what would happen if there was no offside rule?" He's not going to let this go... We bang on about how technically you could leave players on the goal line so you'd need another rule to protect the penalty area... We're really not selling football to him. No surprise then that he's an Aussie rules nut. "I was brought up on it," says the former *Star Trek* villain. "I have rose-tinted glasses but it's the most spectacular to watch," says Bana. "I like adapting when I'm overseas so I'll still sit in the pub and watch a game but it's too slow and boring... Back home it's all about my local team St Kilda."

Indeed, this season Premier League stars have as much chance of winning Oscars as Hollywood's finest. "I find the acting that goes on in soccer so unmanly," laughs Bana. "If our guys didn't literally jump off the grass and keep running after being decked at 30km per hour they wouldn't be allowed into training the next day! When I see what goes on I think, 'can they do that?' Will their mates want to even talk to them after the game?" Fair point fella.

shades of sociopath

There's a no nonsense vibe about Bana. He's no luvvie but prepares meticulously for each role... "I create a back story for my characters but don't necessarily share that with my co-stars so the motivations aren't clear and they can react realistically to my character for the first time. It took a while to get this film going so I was dying to get out there!"

Bana is utterly convincing as Addison, on the run from a botched Casino heist through the snow-blind wilds of Northern Michigan, killing everything that gets in his way. But "like an angel from the storm" his character is complex.

"It's great fun to play someone who's so unreasonable but thinks they're the opposite. It's fun for the audience too because even though Addison is the bad guy he's the one you root for. At times you sympathise with him when he tries to do what's right - he's not an out and out sociopath! There are shades..."

So how tough was it filming in those sub zero conditions? "The worst days got as low as -15. But we used wind machines to create the blizzard so it wasn't as bad as it looked on screen. But winter in remote Quebec is always damn cold. The landscape becomes a character in the film. And they let me do most of my own stunts. I'm a dirt-biker so it was great fun charging through the forest filming a snowmobile chase."

In fact if it's got an engine and goes fast Bana's on it. If he hadn't been an actor he'd have loved to have tried his luck in the world

"IT'S FUN TO PLAY SOMEONE WHO IS SO UNREASONABLE BUT THINKS THEY'RE THE OPPOSITE"



BANA'S
BEST**CHOPPER**

As notorious Aussie criminal, Mark 'Chopper' Read. Bana's breakthrough role

**HULK**

As Bruce Banner, exploring The Hulk's origins. First big-budget lead had mixed reviews

**MUNICH**

As Avner, a former Mossad agent leading revenge mission for 11 murdered Israelis

**STAR TREK**

As Nero, a Romulan miner from the 24th century. No, us neither

of motorsport but admits there's probably about as much chance of making it on the race track as there is in Hollywood. But just like Steve McQueen and Paul Newman he's a dab hand behind the wheel. The 2009 documentary *Love the Beast* followed the petrol head actor as he lovingly restored a 1970s Ford Falcon XB Coupe (the "beast" he bought in his teens) and realised a boyhood dream taking part in one of the most gruelling and dangerous races in the world, The Targa Tasmania Rally. "Cars and bikes are what I live for when I'm not working. I didn't get into cars as some sort of mid-life crisis."

In fact, the 44 year old would rather spend time with his family and friends thousands of mile away from the insanity of La La Land. "Heading out to the bush would be my number one sanity check and favourite form of exercise. Living where I do in Melbourne it's just 90 minutes drive to jaw dropping trails."

stand-up start

He's gone method to get under the skin of real life murderer Mark 'Chopper' Read in the film that made his name; played Marvel hero *The Hulk* and lead an all-star cast for Spielberg's *Munich* but the bloke from Melbourne started out as a stand up comedian. "You play to the crowd, come off stage and in your mind's eye the audience becomes immediately identifiable as one person morphing into one personality. A film set is very similar - you categorise the entire production into a person and identify with each film in that way."

Bana was a barman when he hit the open mic circuit before landing his own sketch show and winning a Logie (Australian TV award) for Most Popular Comedy Personality. Is he ever tempted to dust down his gags and pick up the mic again? "I've had the occasional thought but I immediately bring myself back to earth. Back then it was a means to an end. I didn't dream of doing it forever and was pretty burnt out by the time I finished... It can be a lot of fun but my life moved on. I don't like performing other people's material when it comes to comedy so I'd have to sit down and write stuff that's relevant to who I am today and I'm just too bloody lazy!"

He's busy on the big screen, though, and you can expect to see him in cinemas later this year alongside Mark Wahlberg action drama *Lone Survivor*, the real-life story of a SEAL team on the hunt for the Taliban. And adding another genre to his bow he's about to start shooting horror *Beware the Night* - which he insists will "scare you shitless".

It's a far cry from the worst job he ever had... in a carwash. Since then the boy done more than good so what advice has he got on following your dreams?

"You've got to keep questioning them. Is it really what you want to do? We can all come up with a mantra that sends us on a journey but we grow and change as we get older - maybe every five years - so keep reviewing it and ask yourself if you're on the right path." Wise words from a top bloke. ■ **loaded**
Deadfall is in cinemas May 10



Bana's character, Addison: not very nice but strangely likeable. Go figure

ERIC'S
HALL OF
FAME



MONSTER TALES

WHEN THE MONSTER WENT TO WEMBLEY AND HIS LEGS GOT ALL TREMBLY

We've recently seen David Beckham and his monster generosity in donating all his wages to a charity after moving to Paris Saint-Germain. Well bubblah, it's a wonderful thing that you've done, but it's not unprecedented.

The famous 1986 FA Cup Final at Wembley between Liverpool and Everton, or the Merseyside final as it was known, saw football kindness reach new heights altogether.

Me being a little Jewish hustler, I spotted a slice of potential business, as at the time the top teams in the land only appointed one agent to handle press, photos and all other promotional work in the run up to the game.

All the money made from it went into one pot and was shared out afterwards.

rush of blood to the head

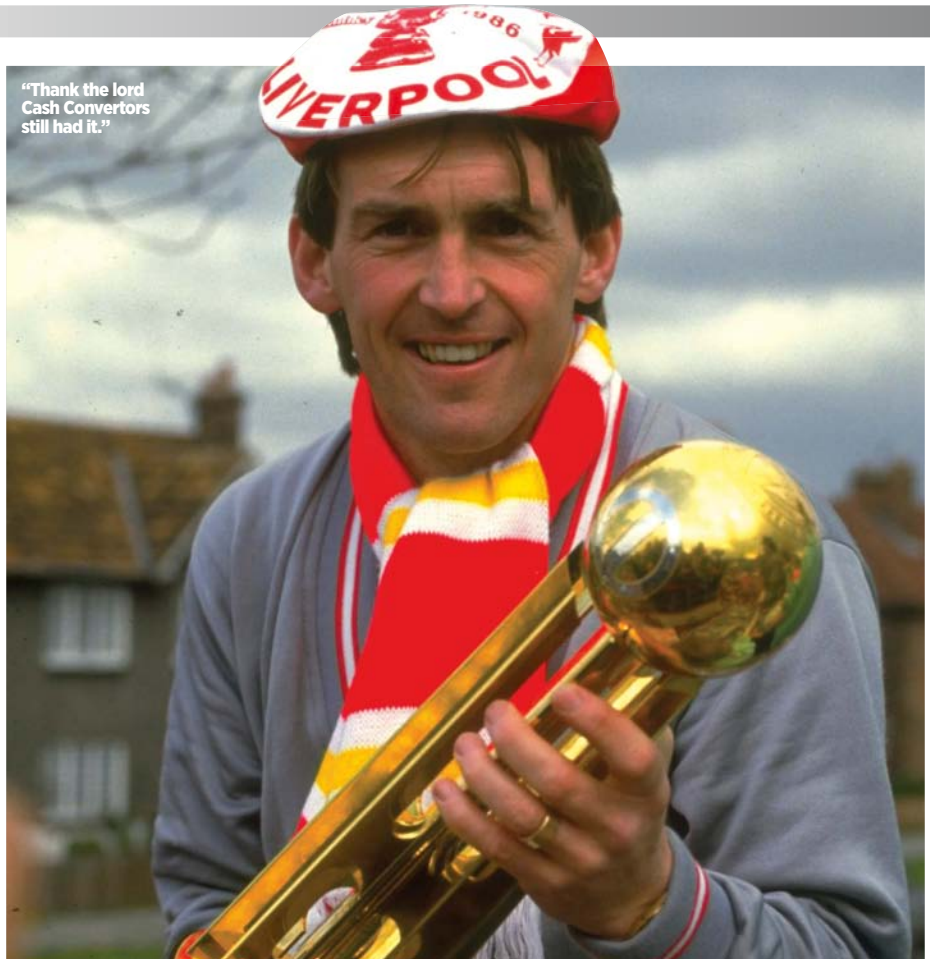
Luckily, I had looked after a few of the monster names in each team and decided to ask both clubs if I could have the gig of sorting the players' pool, knowing it was probable only one team would say yes. I thought it unlikely Liverpool would give this schmuck the nod as Ian Rush was not a fan of your columnist after I branded him the ugliest goal scorer I'd ever seen. On the blue side, I knew Adrian Heath, Andy Gray and the Everton skipper Kevin Radcliffe well, plus the manager Howard Kendall. So I went to put my proposal to both teams and awaited their verdict thinking it was never going to happen with Liverpool.

Then out of the blue... well, the red, I get a call from Alan Hansen. "The players have had a chat," he said, in Scottish. "All the other agents we saw came in with fancy graphs, but we preferred your attitude, Eric." Attitude? I'd just told the players that I'd got fuck all to show them, but rest assured that I'll work my knackers off for the cause. Transpires this greatly impressed Kenny Dalglish and the boys decided this schmuck was for them. "He reckons you talk our language," Alan told me.

Good work, I thought to myself. Three days later Kevin Radcliffe calls and says Everton want me to be their agent for the final.

"I can't, bubblah," I said. "I'm already doing it

"Thank the lord
Cash Convertors
still had it."



"NOT ALL FOOTBALLERS ARE GREEDY SCHMUCKS, DAVID"

for the other side." Kevin asked me to try, so I called Alan back, and to my monster shock, King Kenny said I should do both.

We had a monster success with the pools due to all the events and promotion, and we managed to amass £400,000 between all the players, managers and club staff, which was a monster amount of money in those days.

Kenny and Kevin came to me and said, "You've done a cracking job, Eric. We've all decided that we want all the money to go to a children's charity."

So I'm here to tell you that not all footballers are greedy schmucks. David, I'm sorry to tell you that you're not the first on this occasion.

wagging the dons

I also worked for the Wimbledon team when the infamous Crazy Gang reached the Wembley Final in 1988. They were the Cinderellas of the FA Cup. As part of the PR we decided to do a team photo of all the players' wives and girlfriends, or as we now call them, WAGs. On the morning of the shoot we were one woman short as Eric Young didn't want a bar of it.

The trouble was that the paper that was taking the picture, was only going to pay us if they got a full squad. I had a monster problem. Then I remembered a woman who worked in the canteen at the

training ground where the shoot was, so off I went to find her. You couldn't miss her as she was so ugly. She had a boil on her face that looked like a second head, but she was happy to stand in. When the snapper asked who the monster was, I told him it was Eric Young's missus and it went in the paper like that.

A week later, when I went to the training ground. I pulled my car in and had just stepped out when I heard this: "I'm going to fucking kill Eric Hall." There was Eric Young holding a baseball bat and looming down on me.

Bubblah, I ran so fast to get away from him, the Wimbledon manager Bobby Gould threatened to play me. ■ loaded



"Watch the
stains vanish
before your
eyes ladies and
gentlemen."



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SKYDANCE
PRODUCTIONS



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VARIOUS ARTISTS

BASED UPON "STAR TREK"

CREATED BY GENE RODDENBERRY

WRITTEN BY

ROBERTO ORCI & ALEX KURTZMAN & DAMON LINDELOF

DIRECTED BY

J. J. ABRAMS

PRODUCED BY

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COSTUME DESIGNER

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MUSIC BY

MICHAEL GIACCHINO

VISUAL EFFECTS AND ANIMATION BY

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SCOTT CHAMBLISS

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"Yeah, Steve,
course you
look manly"



GOLDEN GRAHAM

Hats off to you for getting Stephen Graham in a pink suit. Bet it took shit loads of persuasion! I have to admit he still looks like he'd beat the crap out of me, but just maybe a little bit more cautious of blood stains. Really liked the look of the interview though and was cool to see a different side of the Scouse screen legend.

Sam, Brunel Uni

It didn't take too much persuading, Sam and he's a lot less scary in person. It's great meeting actors whose personalities really surprise you. Our team wanted to try something different and it turned out great.



PUTS OTHERS TO SHAME!

I'm a huge fan of *Shameless* and have always fancied the tits off Rebecca Ryan. The way she looked in the shoot and the clothes you put her in were freakin brilliant, especially the shorts and top. Was she a decent person to be around to or another TV drama queen? Also any chance of her number? That would make my day.

Dean, via email

Glad to hear you enjoyed the spread, and I'm sure she'd be happy to hear you 'fancied the tits off her'. She was really down to earth and cheered everyone on the set up with her upbeat personality. As far as the number goes, even though we'd love to help a reader out, we can't. That would be weird. And illegal.



PORNALIKES

ENJOY OUR - COMPLETELY FAKE - PORNALIKES

HANSEN AND LAWRO



ANNE ROBINSON



CHUCK NORRIS



RONALDO





DIRTY BOY

When I saw the feature on naked cleaners I almost passed out. Why haven't I heard of this before? It's a bloody brilliant idea and I'd rather gorgeous women clean my clothes, especially when I still have to get my mum to do it. I've definitely got a new fantasy to think about and now I need to start saving for their services.

Alex, via email

We were also shocked to hear about it, but the girls were very professional and nice. I reckon your mum would appreciate the break from washing up after you. Not sure she'll love her replacements, but a risk worth taking.

MADE ME REACH

I went to see *Jack Reacher* the other week and thought it was complete crap. I don't know if the film was generally shit or the fact Tom Cruise is a douche but I couldn't stand it. Don't think it deserved the four stars and the *Hobbit* definitely needs more. That was incredible and blew my mind!

Andy, Brighton, via email

We appreciate your view and although Tom Cruise can be douchey our reviewer really enjoyed the film. Probably one of those love hate blockbusters.

BANG TIDY

First of all, I love Keith Lemon. Secondly that girl you had for his shoot was amazingly hot and got me wanting to watch *The Graduate*. I bet Lemon really struggled to keep his hands off her! I was a little disappointed that during the interview he was in character because I'm dying to know what he's like in person.

Alex, via email

Keith was a complete gentleman as far as our model goes, but yes he was in character and we were also disappointed. Until he began talking, that is. You can't help but feel happy when he's making jokes.

In character,
incorrigible,
insane

BECKHAM'S BARNET

I really enjoyed the piece on Beckham as he's been a football icon of mine for years, but the best bit had to be his hair! I mean what the hell? Just made me feel a little better about my current attractiveness cause if Becks can bounce back from that poor excuse of a look, so can I.

Tom, via email

Glad to hear you're feeling more confident. He has changed a bit and probably should focus on being a footballer instead of a rock 'n' roller.



MAD FOR MURPHYS

I love Dropkick Murphys and it was great to see your piece on them. I didn't know a lot of the stuff that was in it like the fact they played at a German prison, which is insane. They're a great band and it would be great to see more of them in the future and maybe some gig tickets to win?

Nick, via email

We like to feature a good range of artists and Dropkick Murphys are great at what they do. As for the tickets you never know so keep an eye open in future issues!



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**GREATEST
MOMENT
IN LIFE**

LATE NIGHT CAB RIDE

A LIFE-CHANGING JOURNEY HOME WITH FRIENDSHIP, FOOD AND FARE

In the midst of confusion and chaos, *loaded* stumbles out of a club in Portsmouth with a profound sense of comfort. We may have dropped our phone down the toilet, split our top and wasted time and money on a less than average cock tease but there was another ride worth paying for.

Waiting patiently in the dark, wide open and raring to go was something *loaded* is excited to go home with. There are those unfortunate few who are ignorant to the true potential of a late night cab. It may be the Velcro seats or *Heart fm* that deters their interest but missing out on this epic journey is like saying no to a kebab because the meat looks questionable.

While the bus bangers freeze their asses off waiting for a mode of transport that isn't phased by timetables, our mates pile into the eight-seater stallion. Pinecone fills our lungs, Ronan Keating our ears, while our friend makes himself at home with an introductory burp. Our driver asks 'where to?' and a unanimous decision bellows out of the cab: the Cheeky Chippy.

As the car pulls up we jump out and head for



the cash point. After a good ten minutes of trying to get the bastard thing to stay still, we drew enough out for a feast to end all.

Our order – a double beef burger, filled with chips, beans, egg and bacon with the rational thought that the more we eat the more sober we'll get.

i feel like a women

After getting back in we laugh about one of our mates getting kicked out early for cacking the bouncer and praise another for her perfectly-executed tactical chunder. We also sing along to the lyrical gold that is *Man! I feel like a woman*.

The best seat to bag is the front, no question. Not only do you get to show off your mad DJ

skills, you can also delve into a deep discussion with the driver on your night, life and inner fears like not having enough beer at home.

like a dog

The overwhelming urge to stick our heads out the window like a dog is the best experience of the night. The feel of cold air hitting our face and the wind obscuring the ringing noise in our ears is the highlight – plus makes it easier to throw up without making a mess.

We arrive at our destination and divide the fare, tipping the driver 50% for being such a great listener. Since our first time using a late night cab to get home every other journey has been a let down. We laugh, love and make a life-long friend. ■ **loaded**

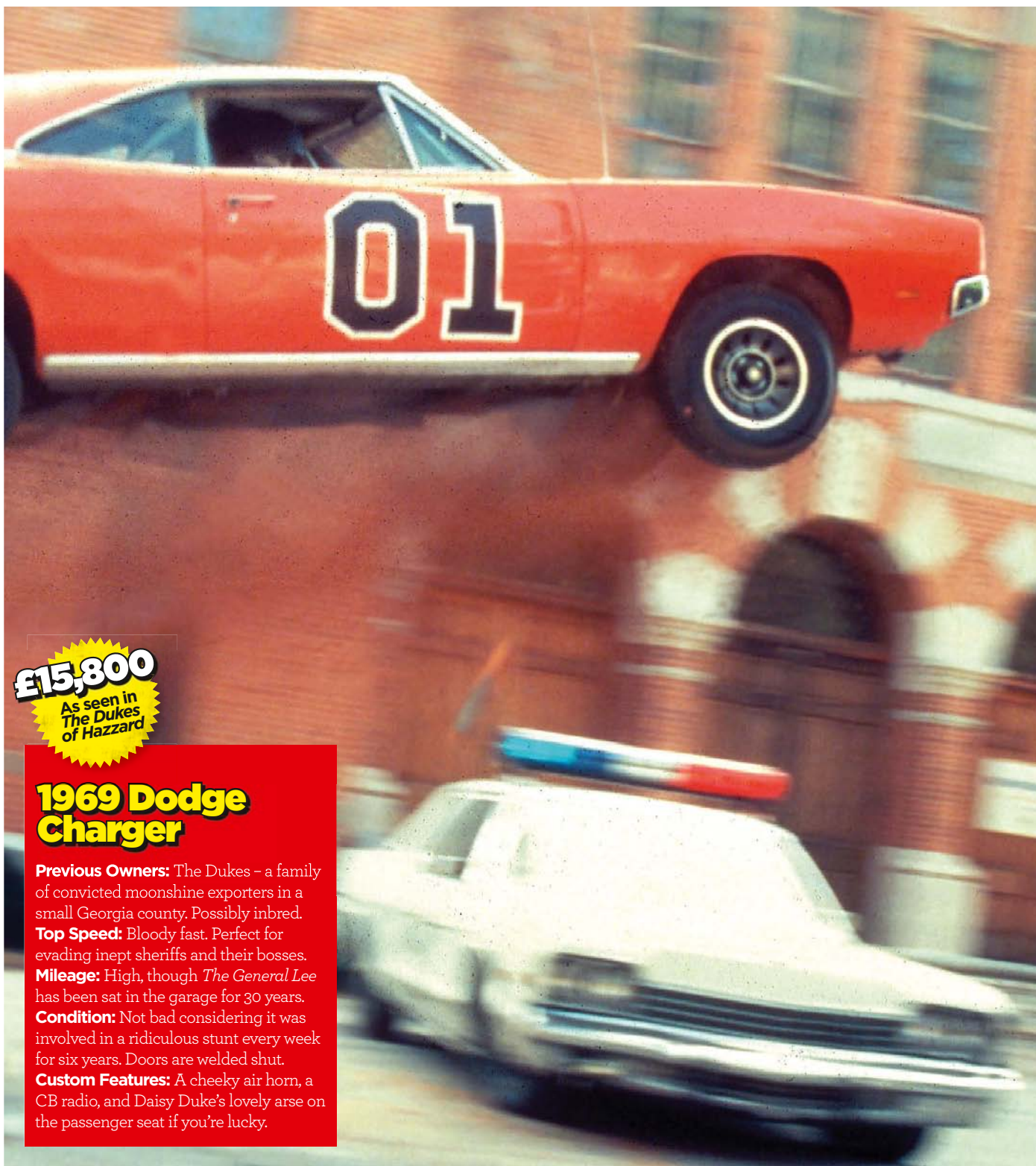
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MOTOR FROM YOUR
FAVOURITE FILM OR
TELLY SHOW? STEP
RIGHT THIS WAY...



£15,800

As seen in
*The Dukes
of Hazzard*

1969 Dodge Charger

Previous Owners: The Dukes - a family of convicted moonshine exporters in a small Georgia county. Possibly inbred.

Top Speed: Bloody fast. Perfect for evading inept sheriffs and their bosses.

Mileage: High, though *The General Lee* has been sat in the garage for 30 years.

Condition: Not bad considering it was involved in a ridiculous stunt every week for six years. Doors are welded shut.

Custom Features: A cheeky air horn, a CB radio, and Daisy Duke's lovely arse on the passenger seat if you're lucky.

£10,300

As seen
in *Bullitt*



1968 Ford Mustang GT

Previous Owner: No-nonsense copper Frank Bullitt.

Condition: Some dents from the odd car chase, but otherwise she purrs like a kitten with 230 horsepower.

Top Speed: Around 115mph – enough to outmanoeuvre a bad guy and send him hurtling into an exploding gas station.

Mileage: Assuming Bullitt spends most of his day cruising around just because he looks badass, pretty damn high.

Custom Features: Amazing street credibility and an accompanying jazz soundtrack.

£2.8m

As seen
in *Batman*



1955 Lincoln Futura

Previous Owner: Millionaire playboy/spandex-clad do-gooder.

Condition: Good as new, thanks to the tireless efforts of a ruddy good butler.

Top Speed: Bloody fast. In fact, absolutely lightning when the footage is sped up a bit.

Mileage: Driven to a villain's hideout once a week for a good old-fashioned punch-up.

Custom Features: Bat computer, Batphone, Bat-laser... probably Bat air-conditioning and Bat ejector seat for all we know.

£2,500

As seen
in *Only Fools & Horses*



1966 Reliant Regal

Previous Owner: Fast-talking market trader and his dipstick younger brother.

Condition: Poor to say the least.

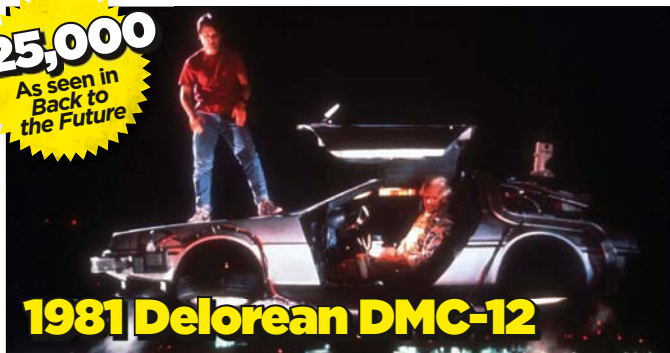
Top Speed: Couldn't do 70mph if you pushed it off a cliff.

Mileage: Driven every street in London 100 times over. In other words, shagged out.

Custom Features: Hole in the floor, backfiring exhaust, and a "Midwife on Call" badge in the front windscreen.

£25,000

As seen in
Back to the Future



1981 DeLorean DMC-12

Previous Owner: Mad scientist.

Condition: Not bad, but needs 1.21 gigawatts to work to full capacity (plutonium or a bolt of lightning recommended).

Top Speed: Has a tendency to travel in time once it hits 88mph.

Mileage: At least 130 years on the clock.

Custom Features: Gull-wing doors, stainless steel panels, flux capacitor, the ability to fly, etc.

£15,000

As seen
in *The Spy Who Loved Me*



1976 Lotus Esprit

Previous Owner: Bond. James Bond.

Top Speed: Can reach 130mph, which is handy when trying to avoid helicopters and heavy gunfire.

Mileage: Low. Owner treats his cars like his women – takes them for one spin before ditching them for something better.

Condition: Slight water damage.

Custom Features: Converts into a submarine and fires torpedoes, as all tasty sports cars should.

£15,600

As seen in
Ghostbusters



1959 Cadillac Miller-Meteor

Previous Owners: New York's top professional paranormal exterminator service.

Top Speed: With flashing lights and a siren, traffic should let you pass, even though busting ghosts is not technically an emergency.

Mileage: To doomsday and back.

Condition: Well maintained apart from some stubborn marshmallow stains on the bodywork.

Custom Features: Sweet red tailfins and some science-y looking shit on the roof.

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RAGEY YANK EDDIE
PEPITONE FACES
OUR ONE-LINERS

He's an angry, bald American in his fifties who is just starting to hit the big time on the global comedy circuit. He's not sexy and he's not cool but he is funny. Brooklyn born and bred, Eddie Pepitone is a regular on the Conan O'Brien show and has also appeared in *Flight of the Conchords*, the Muppet movie and frat pack favourite *Old School*. He's about to bring his railing, nonsensical brand of laughs to the UK and he's also made a documentary about his life and career that features one of our heroes, Zach Galifianakis. *loaded* got him on the phone to see just what makes this Yank "so hot right now".

So where did you pop up from then?

I was born in New York to my parents who were both teachers. No one in my family had aspired to do theatre or anything. I was a chemistry major in college but that didn't work out. I come from a very dysfunctional family so I found the way I deal with it was to be funny. So I started doing stand-up, improv, and one-man shows and found I was a natural.

It was a great way to deal with my anxiety - I'm very highly strung.

What do you mean by dysfunctional?

Were you like the Simpsons?

My mum was diagnosed as being manic-depressive so that was hard, not an ideal way to be brought up. My mother was absent so there was a big void. I became this person whose coping mechanism was humour.

So how did you get into comedy then?

My first break was the *Conan O'Brien Show*. One day I got a call from them, after many years of gigging, and before I knew it I found myself in front of a live audience on NBC, then became a regular. There's also a

PEPITONE TALK



ON CHILDHOOD

"My family was very dysfunctional. I dealt with it by being funny"



ON OLD SCHOOL

"Working with Vince Vaughn and Will Ferrell was a big break, a thrill"



ON HUMOUR

"My style of comedy is an absurd, high-energy rage"

documentary out about me called the *Bitter Buddha*.

You're currently gigging in Australia.

Do Aussies - known for having a crude sense of humour - get your humour?

I've done gigs in Oslo and I also did Edinburgh last year so I find my brand of comedy is universal. If you talk about your humanity and the stuff you're going through people will respond no matter where you are. But I get nervous and hyper the first time I visit a new place, I'm out of my comfort zone. This is my first time in Australia - I like it. The festivals are pretty cool. All this energy here feels like everything is conspiring for comedy to be great.

You were in Old School with Will Ferrell and Vince Vaughn. How was that?

Yeah that was another big break for me. I knew one of the co-writers on the movie and I got to work with Will and Vince - it was such a great thrill!

What other awesome people have you worked with along the way?

I've worked with Danny De Vito and Tony Shalhoub, both great actors. I've also worked with Robin Williams quite recently. He's obviously a big movie star but was so sweet to me. I've been in an episode of (cult American sitcom) *It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia* too. Oh and working on *Flight of the Conchords* was pretty special. I was also in the new Muppet movie but most of my scenes were cut.

But it was still a big thrill, obviously.

And when are you coming to the UK?

I'm gearing up for a gig in the Soho Theatre in May. After London I go to Ireland in October and in between I'll be doing lots of stand up in Los Angeles. But this will be my first British show. I'm very excited but a little nervous. Will they like me? I just have to faith in myself. I'm really looking forward to getting there in and being as outrageous as can be. My style of comedy is an absurd rage I would say.

Will we get it?

I think so. I did Edinburgh last summer and I met a lot of British comics who really liked what I did. Edinburgh was amazing but also gruelling. My style is so high energy it almost killed me!

So who do you rate from Blighty, comedy wise?

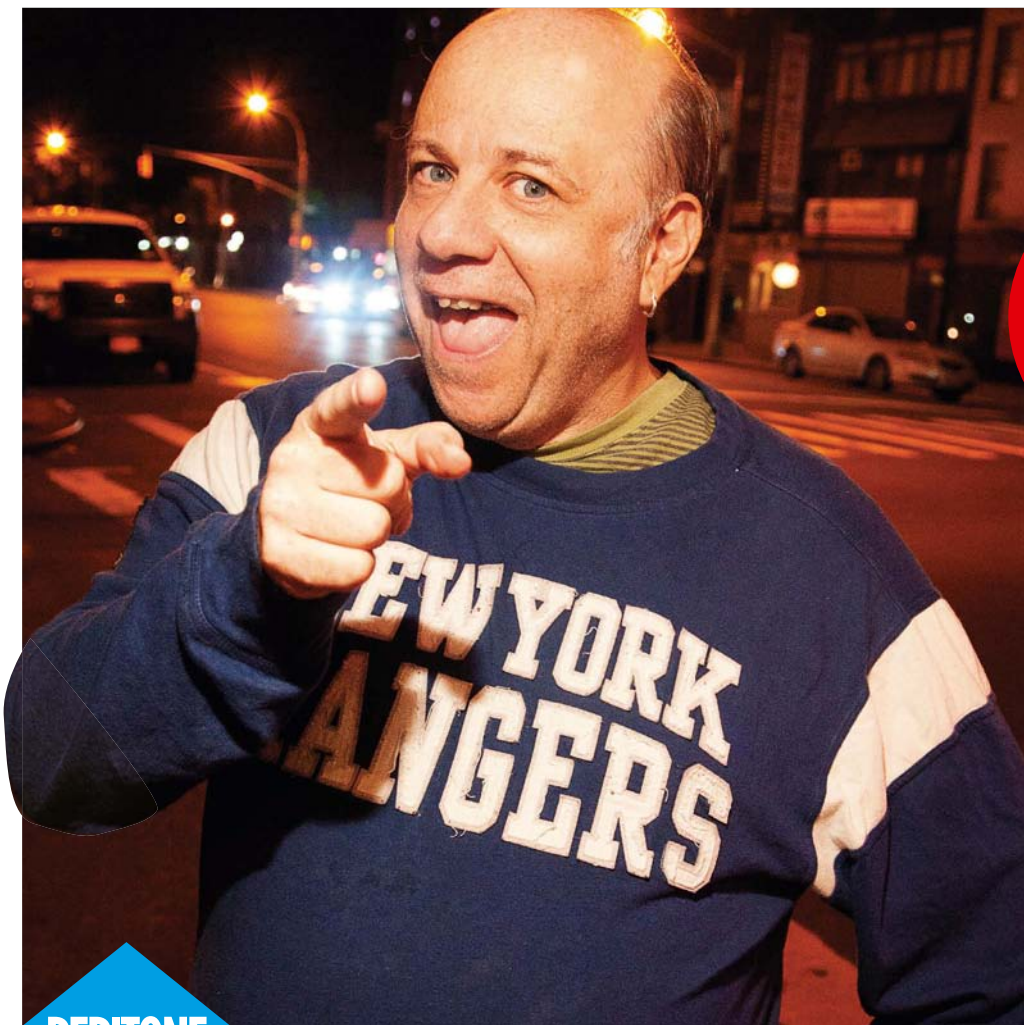
I love Eddie Izzard and Ricky Gervais, Sean Hughes and Stewart Lee, off the top of my head. And I've always been a big fan of Monty Python and John Cleese. I love British humour. Will you come to my London show?

Yes, sure we will.

That's great! Thank you so much!

■ **loaded**

See Eddie Pepitone 'Electrified' at The Soho Theatre from May 6 to 25. For tickets visit sohotheatre.com or call 020 7478 0100. Follow Eddie on Twitter @eddiepepitone



noise

LOADED
ACTION
HERO

BETWEEN THE ROCK AND A DARK PLACE

VIN DIESEL HAS BUILT A CAREER AROUND TWO ACTION MOVIE SERIES. AND THEY'RE STILL GOING STRONG, HE SAYS, BECAUSE HE LISTENS TO FANS...

Every great action star needs a movie franchise, one so intrinsically tied to their success, that just the mere mention of it conjures up the image of its leading man. Arnold Schwarzenegger has *The Terminator*, Sylvester Stallone has *Rocky*, Bruce Willis has *Die Hard*, and Keanu Reeves has *Bill & Ted* (OK, forget that last one). For Vin Diesel, it's *The Fast and the Furious* – currently the world's most popular series of action movies. And with a sixth instalment racing into cinemas later this month, Diesel's career is cruising very nicely in top gear.

fast's false start

But it's a miracle the *Fast* series has come this far – Diesel, who plays expert car thief and driver Dominic Toretto, was ready to call it quits after the original movie, way back in 2001.

"After the first one," says Diesel. "I told everybody at Universal, 'Don't even bother making another one.' I was under the impression that the only way anyone would make sequels was by revisiting the brand."

But far from just rehashing the same idea over and over again, the *Fast & the Furious* movies have become a series of distinct but connecting stories, which have fans around the world



"Sorry darling,
can't talk now,
I'm driving"

noise



gripped. It did take a while to get warmed up though – Vin opted not to return for the lesser sequel *2 Fast 2 Furious*, and only appeared as a last-minute cameo in the third outing *Tokyo Drift*. But from that point, the movies have been a runaway hit, with Diesel returning full-time and taking on the role of producer.

"In many ways," he tells *loaded*, "doing that cameo was the beginning of the new trilogy. I think the fact that the studio has regarded this franchise in this way has proven to be really successful. With the first three films they were just revisiting. But one of the things that we were very clear about doing in four, five, and six was connecting three movies to one another. That's one of the things that has made this ride so enjoyable and has allowed me to commit so much to this saga."

The latest instalment, *Fast & Furious 6*, will see Diesel team up with former nemesis and FBI agent Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson to take down a rival gang. It will also see the return of other franchise regulars, such as Paul Walker, Michelle Rodriguez, and the hotter-than-a-smoking-exhaust-pipe Jordana Brewster.

We're even promised some high-speed action on the streets of London town, as the series relocates to Blighty, opening the door for Britain's favourite action hero Jason Statham to join the fun.

harder, faster, stronger

So after the phenomenally successful *Fast Five*, how can part six ever hope to live up to expectations?

"Six will eclipse Five," Diesel says, "Six will have some core elements of the story and relationships that that people have wanted to explore since the very first one..."

Of course, this isn't the only franchise associated with the 45-year-old actor. He's also known for his portrayal of the character Riddick, firstly in 2000's sci-fi horror *Pitch Black* then in its 2004 sequel *The Chronicles of*

Riddick. Though the films were met with mixed critical reactions, the character has accrued a genuine cult following – and as a dangerous criminal with a serious knack for physical violence, Diesel is the ultimate anti-hero, something he proves by kicking seven shades of shit out of any alien menace that dares to look at him a bit funny.

Now after nine years of trying to get another Riddick film off the ground, the enigmatically titled *Riddick* is due for release later this year. Perhaps most exciting for fans of the character is that the third installment won't pull any punches. Rather than pander to the lucrative teen market, *Riddick* will stay true to its roots – which means balls-to-the-wall violence and fruity language. Strictly adults only.

"It is so satisfying," Diesel tells us. "We were supported enough by the studio to rate it 'R', and as we know there aren't a whole lot of 'R'

rated movies any more, especially with those kind of production values. It was a big win to be able to pull that off."

As far as getting *Riddick* to the big screen is concerned, Diesel's dedicated fanbase has been a crucial driving force. Communicating through social media, Diesel has been able to gauge exactly what it is his fans want – not just for this series, but his career in general.

"I've had this Facebook page for three years," he says, "and it has affected so much of what you see on the screen, being able to hear people's opinions and how adamant they were about wanting a real, mature, 'R'-rated movie."

coming full circle

And it's not just *Riddick* that his fans have been vocal about, with them giving their two-pence worth on the direction they want to see *The Fast and the Furious* go.

"The first person ever to mention the idea of incorporating Dwayne Johnson was a fan on Facebook. I simply said, 'Who would you like me to work with?' And a girl said, 'I would love more than anything to see you in something with Dwayne Johnson,' and a role that was originally designed for Tommy Lee Jones became the prototype for the character."

Diesel has tried his hand at many things in the 20-plus years he's been appearing on screen. Some have been successful – *Saving Private Ryan*, *The Boiler Room*, *xXx* – and some not so successful – babysitting comedy *The Pacifier*, anyone? – but it's good to have Diesel back in the driving seat of both *The Fast and the Furious* and *Riddick*, the two movie series that put him on the map.

You suspect he's back on home territory because he's one of those rare actors who understands that he's here to serve his audience as much as his own artistic whims. It's even rarer that he's managed to do it without compromise. ■ *loaded*

Fast & Furious 6 is out in cinemas 23 May



"So, I've
got these
instructions,
but they're all
in Finnish"

"PEOPLE WERE
ADAMANT,
WANTING A
REAL, MATURE,
R-RATED MOVIE"

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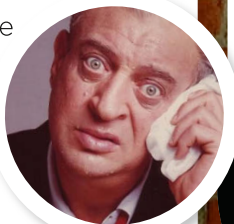
I write this in the dressing room of the O2 Academy in Oxford. It's a Thursday afternoon, and I just woke up from Newcastle on Monday.

We were thrown out of the first establishment when one of the party members fell asleep, nude and locked in the men's toilet cubicle. The second drinking hole brought about a similar result following an exuberant game of "throw the pint glass". But there are lessons to be learned.

For example, ladies of the night do not tend to hang around petrol station car parks, by a ring road, at 5.30am. No matter how many lorry drivers you wake up to clarify such matters.

RODNEY DANGERFIELD

A girl phoned me the other day and said, 'Come on over, there's nobody home.' I went over. Nobody was home.



I could tell my parents hated me. My bath toys were a toaster and a radio.

I looked up my family tree and found out I was the sap.

STEPHEN WRIGHT

Went to court for a parking ticket. I pleaded insanity.

I like to tease my plants when I water them. I like to water them with ice cubes.

I saw a bank that said '24 Hour Banking' but I don't have that much time.

ZACH GALIFIANAKIS

My girlfriend looks a little like Charlize Theron, and a lot like Dog the Bounty Hunter.

I have a lot of growing up to do. I realised that the other day inside my fort.

Sometimes I like to read the Bible in public and yell out, 'Oh Bullshit!'



ANTHONY JESELNİK

When I finished high school, I wanted to take all my graduation money and buy myself a motorcycle. But my mom said no. See, she had a brother who died in a horrible motorcycle accident when he was 18. And I could just have his motorcycle.

I've got a long history of suicide in my family. The good news is it skips a generation. So if I'm lucky, my kids will kill themselves.

You don't know anything about pain... You don't know anything about pain until you've seen your own baby drowned in a tub. And you definitely don't know anything about how to wash a baby.



DOUG BENSON

Like most comics, I just broke up with my girlfriend. And the reason we broke up was I caught her lying. Under another man.

People say pot-smokers are lazy. I disagree; I'm a multi-tasking pot-smoker. Just the other day I was walking down the street, I was putting eyedrops in my eyes, I was talking on my cell phone, and I was getting hit by a car.

I saw a dog in a cage. And that cage had a sign on it that said, 'I bite.' And I was like, 'That is good to know, doggy, but that's not the most important thing about you. You should make a sign that says, 'I make signs.'

JASPER CARROT

Laughter is the best medicine - unless you're diabetic, then insulin comes pretty high on the list.

If rhino horn is an aphrodisiac, why are they endangered?

My mate said the bravest thing he saw was a blind man skiing down a mountain. I said: 'You think he was brave - what about his labrador?'



THATCHER GAGS

David Cameron has just sent his official letter to the Thatcher residence.

It starts 'I regret to inform you that due to recent events you now have too many bedrooms...'

Margaret Thatcher is dead. The NHS has described her condition as 'satisfactory.'

When I realised Margaret Thatcher was dead, I did a double fist pump and shouted, 'Fucking brilliant!' Everyone around me was disgusted, and looking back, I suppose it was out of order from the first paramedic at the scene.

The events of the day are starting to get to the people of Liverpool. It seems that they're running low on bunting, party hats and paper plates, and can't find any fireworks anywhere!

Margret Thatcher's burial plot is now set to become London's biggest and most visited urinal.

Remember when someone is having a stroke always think F.A.S.T... Face - Do they look like Thatcher? Arm - waving like a politician? Society pest that fucked the working class? Time - take as long as you want to call a doctor...

Jimmy Savile and Margaret Thatcher are arguing in hell... over who fucked the most miners.



twatter

All in good humour



Paolo Di Canio

@Caniocaloriecare

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Profile

Paolo Di Canio @Caniocaloriecare

If you want the kit, you must get fit! Il Duce's bloated corpse was fitter than these Sunderland slackers!

Martin O'Neill @nurturingneill

They're perfect just the way they are - don't be mean and they'll get there on their own #positiveparenting

Paolo Di Canio @Caniocaloriecare

@nurturingneill They're fat 'cos of whining liberals like you - untermensch!

James McClean @mushMcClean

@Caniocaloriecare you hurt deep when you say we're stupid too. You drove Johnson to Ben and Jerry's!

Paolo Di Canio @Caniocaloriecare

@mushMcClean I'm cruel because I care. Do you wanna be called the Black Fats? Get back to your marching drills!

Martin O'Neill @nurturingneill

@Caniocaloriecare I'm not going to let you get away with this. I may be a Dinosaur but I'm gonna go Godzilla on your ass! #thatswhatsup



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**GREATEST
LIVING
ENGLISHMEN**

Just trying
to spot the
Annoying Devil
in this picture.
Any ideas?

noise

BALLS OF STEEL DEVIL

BIG BALLS + A STRONG URGE TO BE BAD = THE PERFECT PRANKSTER

Not so long ago, the future of practical jokes hung between the legs of a sinister sadist who feared no arrest, fine, or beating.

This pranking pioneer raised a finger to common decency on Channel 4 series *Balls of Steel* as The Annoying Devil, and we're here to thank him.

When the comedy series aired in 2005, the Devil competed against other ballsy acts including Scummy Mummy, Bunny Boiler, and Pain Men.

balls of steel

In each episode, six acts competed, and the studio audience had to vote to decide which act had the biggest "Balls of Steel". The winner got to compete in the following episode.

THE BEST BO\$ COMPETITORS



MILITANT BLACK GUY

Cries racism when people say "Black Forest gâteau" or "Isle of Wight"



PAIN MEN

Pancho and Pritchard deliberately inflict extreme pain on themselves. Nice.



BIG GAY FOLLOWING

Solicits gay sex from unsuspecting men using the phrase "fancy a bum?"

The Annoying Devil was best known for defacing public property, ruining people's days, and playing with dog shit.

We're a country of diversity, and much like we embraced Jedward's hair and Jordan's face, we opened our minds to the Devil and are better off for it.

"People think it's really hard to play The Annoying Devil, says Jason Attar, who was the first to play the anarchic character, "but if you numb your brain and get on with it, it's fun."

The perks of being a prick

Unsurprisingly, The Devil bagged the most wins over the two series, pushing boundaries to the point of violation, finding pleasure in pissing people off.

If it was driving a motorboat down a river when people were trying to fish, or decorating the street with dog shit, the Devil always managed to outdo himself.

But it was his lack of modesty and grace during his four victories that won the hearts of nation. Most people would contain the urge to thrust at their competitors – not The Annoying Devil.

Still, not everyone appreciated him.

Remember when he went to a golf course with a

whole bucket of extra balls? Some men were on the putting green in a serious tournament when he chucked the balls on the green.

A Pringle-wearing retired madman duly chucked a very heavy golf club that cut open his head. Ouch.

He was also strangled by an angry window cleaner after throwing mud over him, and was laid up for three days after an assault in Soho Square.

These incidents would push weaker men to throw in the towel, but the Devil's "what the hell" approach helped him through.

The show's host, Mark Dolan, felt this was physical retribution.

He felt, "the sketches themselves always seem to have these little moments of justice in them."

Grow a pair. No one wants to see justice on late night television when pain is the game. ■ loaded



LOADED'S
MEAT
FEAST

SMOKE HOUSE BLUES

IT'S NATIONAL BBQ WEEK SO LOADED
DECIDES TO PIMP YOUR SUMMER PARTY

There are some rites of passage essential to the making of a true man – untangling your first porno mag from the clutches of some bushes, learning to carry three pints across a busy pub with two hands and, of course, mastering the art of the barbecue.

But while the Aussies might claim ownership over the barbecue, on these shores it's a more dignified affair. It's all right for the folks down under, with their blistering summers and giant shrimps, but for us Brits perfecting the craft is no easy task. With our famously sparse summers, there are limited days for us to sling

on an apron and get to work. That's why it only takes the merest hint of sunshine and we're out on the patio, rounding up our mates to come round for a rare afternoon of summer fun, armed with 24 cold ones and an obligatory potato salad. And let's be honest, a little drop of rain won't stop us either – we're British, and if it means standing around in the pissing down rain then so be it. To keep you up to date, *loaded* brings you a selection of the must-have tools for this summer's perfect barbecue, essential stuff for any proper booze-fuelled meat-feast. ■ **loaded**

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WEBER SPIRIT S320

With three burners and a massive 416 square inch cooking area, this beast could literally... cook a beast. £679.99, from garden4less.co.uk

Is there anything funnier than an apron that makes it look like you're cooking in the buff? No, thought not. Choose from sexy lady or British muscleman.

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This stainless steel chiller is perfect for keeping your beers cold on a summer's afternoon. Or ice cream, we suppose. £89.99, from alfrescobydesign.co.uk

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Spicy cheese made with red pepper and chillies. Perfect for squeezing on to burgers, hot dogs and steak.
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Ditch the horse meat burgers and go for something even more extravagant

If you want a state-of-the-art cooker look no further than the Weber Spirit S320 Premium Gas BBQ. With a 416 square inch cooking area there's space to tackle as much grub as you like. Not only that, but if you order the Weber Spirit S320 from garden4less.co.uk you could sink your teeth into a FREE Exotic Meat Hamper of tasty treats, including crocodile, zebra, kangaroo, and water

buffalo. But we have an Exotic Meat Hamper to give away to one lucky *loaded* reader. Just answer the below question:

The Masai Mara safari reserve is in which country?

- A) Kenya**
B) Australia
C) France

Email your answers to letters@loaded.co.uk and good luck!



6.7.13



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LITERARY
HEROES

noise

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THESE COFFEE TABLE "ART" BOOKS ARE THINGS OF BEAUTY

Gentlemen, ask yourselves: Do you really know women's bodies well enough?

Edited by Dian Hanson, each of these four of Taschen's 'Little Book of' series will fill you in.

40% of this content is original to the edition, and features a variety of golden age goddesses to titillate anyone's taste. Even Guinness Book of World Records bra-buster Norma Stitts makes an appearance to, er, round it off. It's a refreshingly silicon-free display of natural beauty.

From the time of *The Big Penis Book* (don't look for it, it's out of print) readers have eagerly anticipated a pussy equivalent. And there is surely no better book for labia-lovers everywhere.

Six close-up photos leave you in no doubt that taboo is a foreign country here, and once in, you're pushed to your pussy limit with black, white and colourful images of women who are more than happy to open up. You begin to truly understand the inner workings and diversity the pet you like to pet has to offer. ■ loaded



WORDS: ROBYN MONTAGUE

ULTIMATE ENDURANCE TEST

AS BRITISH MINNOWS, STRAKKA RACING PIT THEMSELVES AGAINST THE MOTORSPORT HEAVYWEIGHTS OF LE MANS. LOADED SPOKE TO TEAM FOUNDER AND DRIVER NICK LEVENTIS...



It's the David and Goliath battle to end them all, with a small bunch of brave lads from Britain taking on the combined might of Germany and Japan.

But when the tiny Strakka Racing team battle automotive titans Audi and Toyota at this year's Le Mans 24-hour race, they'll do so with chests proudly puffed as the only all-British squad. Heck, they've even painted the Union Jack on the tailfin of their 200mph HPD-Honda prototype sportscar.

Strakka may only have 14 full-time technicians and mechanics to pitch against the 170-odd employees of Audi's Le Mans set up. Their home may be the unpromising Shacks Barn Farm in a dour industrial complex near Silverstone's Grand Prix circuit. But they will fight their mega-rivals in the spirit of their founder Nick Leventis, a modern-day adventurer who as well as racing cars at the highest level has abseiled down London's Shard skyscraper and set an altitude record for a tandem skydive – leaping from a plane flying at 32,000ft, above Mount Everest...

"I love being out of my comfort zone and challenging myself," he tells *loaded*.

Obviously.

It's just as well 33-year-old Leventis isn't easily spooked. At a warm-up race for Le Mans at Silverstone in April he was hit off the track by a wandering backmarker at 150mph – smacking hard into a Ferrari. He luckily escaped with only his ego bruised. His car wasn't so lucky.

Despite their modest size, Strakka burn the best part of five million quid a year competing not only at Le Mans but also in the World Endurance Championship.

Leventis is partnered by Danny Watts and Jonny Kane, two of Britain's best racers outside Formula One, in a three-strong driving team, each taking stints behind the wheel in races.

The trio have been together for four years, their finest hour a fifth place at the 2010 Le Mans – a position they're determined to better at this month's round-the-clock epic in France.

"We're like the Three Amigos," says Leventis. "We're good friends and operate like a family."

"It's important. There's a lot of pressure in endurance racing and you're away from home a lot. Once you get to know each other's behaviour and traits, it really helps. You know when to offer encouragement.

But you also know when to back off."

Leventis, who named Strakka after the region of Cyprus where his family originated, was a late starter in motor racing, converting less than a decade ago after a back injury stymied a promising skiing career.

"I used to do downhill," he says. "That's where my love of speed comes from."

Given that most modern racing drivers first jump into a go-kart aged six or seven, he's been playing catch-up big time.

"The endurance championship is packed with ex-F1 stars and single-seater champions," he says. "I pitched high. But success can only be judged when you compete against the best."

Competition doesn't come higher than Le Mans, where Strakka will be cheered on by the 70,000 British fans making the annual trip.

"It'll be hard for a small team like us to push the factory squads from Audi and Toyota."

"That said, we're a team of high ambition."

The notion of a podium result never goes away and we'll be giving everything we've got.

"For us, this is the big one." ■ **loaded**



"SUCCESS CAN ONLY BE JUDGED WHEN YOU COMPETE WITH THE BEST"



WIN £15,000 GAMING CHAIR

For most of us, video games are the closest we'll ever get to living out our sports fantasy. Fortunately, with technology improving every year, those fantasies are becoming more realistic all the time. Whether it's your dream to score in the World Cup final or go game, set and match at Wimbledon, all you need to do these days is plug in your machine and kick back for hours of realistic virtual fun. But for fans of racing, the arrival of the VisionRacer D-Box VR3 means that gaming just kicked up to a new gear entirely. And as we've got one of these hi-spec speed demons to give away to one of our lucky readers, *loaded* could put you firmly in the driver's seat.

The VisionRacer is the very latest in games technology, a sophisticated race simulator that brings all the thrills and bumps of the track into your front room.

Compatible with virtually all of the latest PC racing games, the VisionRacer is the most buttock-cleching, stomach-turning experience in the history of gaming – a must-have item for gamers who like to live in the fast lane, even at a RRP of £15,000.

Developed by race/rally engineers and gaming experts, the VisionRacer uses state-of-the-art D-Box motion actuators, which respond to the specially-built motion effects embedded into most modern games. The D-Box responds to these signals to recreate the feel of any kind of vehicle, whether you're racing a rally car, F1 rocket, or three-wheeled van (unlikely, we know). Perfect for anyone who fancies himself the next Lewis Hamilton but likes to practice laps from the comfort of their home.

WORDS: CHRIS HOCKLEY PICS NAKI



THE SET-UP



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Fully-adjustable seating



PEDAL POWER
Precision crafted aluminium motion platform



GRIP THE WHEEL
D-Box KAI Gaming Controller 4 actuator system (2 front 2 rear)



SOFTWARE
Installation discs compatible with a PC running Windows XP, Vista or 7

GET IN THE FAST LANE...

...from the comfort of your bedroom

As ever, *loaded* is on the cutting edge of technology (particularly when it enables us to sit around and play video games all day), and we have a VisionRacer D-Box VR3 to give away to one lucky reader. To be in with a chance of winning, just answer the following question:

Which famous actor played the daredevil racing driver in the 1971 Le Mans?

- a) Steve McQueen
- b) Steve Buscemi
- c) Steve Martin

WIN!

For a chance of winning, email your answer to letters@loaded.co.uk. And good luck!



TESTING TIME

OUR TOP TIPS FOR ENGLAND VS NEW ZEALAND

Cricket is a notoriously difficult sport to explain to outsiders and England's recent three-Test series in New Zealand would have been particularly puzzling for any Americans, Belgians or Martians watching. After 15 days of play, the series ended with the

nerve-wracking sight of Monty Panesar coming out to bat as England clung on for a 0-0 draw. Alastair Cook's side were not at their clinical best during that stalemate but they are hot favourites to beat New Zealand in the two-match series at home, which starts at Lord's on May 16.

The bookies reckon Cook's boys should win the series 2-0 – the second match is at Headingley, in Leeds – and New Zealand's record away from home is dismal. Since their last visit to England, a 2-0 defeat in 2008, the Kiwis have won just four of their 20 Test matches on the road and two of those victories came against Bangladesh and Zimbabwe.

New Zealand shouldn't have any inferiority complex after coming so close to winning the series in March and, given the unpredictability of the English weather, a 1-0 England series win – with one Test drawn – looks the most appealing bet. The hosts will be without Kevin Pietersen, who won't want to jeopardise his Ashes hopes by rushing back from a knee injury, but another South African-born batsman could make a major impact in this series. Jonathan Trott isn't as eye-catching as Pietersen but he batted positively in New Zealand, averaging 56.4 in the series and scoring an excellent 121 in the second Test, and the No. 3 is worth backing to be England's top series runscorer.

TOP TIPS

ENGLAND TO WIN SERIES 1-0

JONATHAN TROTT TO BE ENGLAND'S TOP SERIES RUNSCORER

DAVID FERRER TO WIN, EACH-WAY

FRENCH OPEN

May means the clay-court season in tennis, culminating in the French Open in Paris. The tournament has been dominated by Rafael Nadal in recent times – he's won it in seven of the past eight years – and he's been made favourite again having made an excellent comeback from long-term knee problems.

In fact bookmakers can see only one danger

to the Spaniard and that's Novak Djokovic, who lost to Nadal in last year's final. But the French Open might not follow such a predictable script this time as Nadal will be seeded much lower than in the past due to his lack of tennis in the last 12 months. That means he is sure to face far tougher matches than before in earlier rounds and could even meet Djokovic as early as the quarter-finals. Anyone opposing the pair each-way will get a good return if their player makes the final, which would happen without needing to beat

either Nadal or Djokovic if they are drawn in the opposite half.

Andy Murray could be a popular each-way bet, but he has a lot of improvement to make on clay to make any impact – his chance will come at Wimbledon – while Roger Federer's best days seem to be behind him now. Instead David Ferrer looks the best bet. The Spanish veteran seems to be getting better with age and has a fine clay-court record, including when dismantling Murray to make the semi-finals last year.

PICS: GETTY



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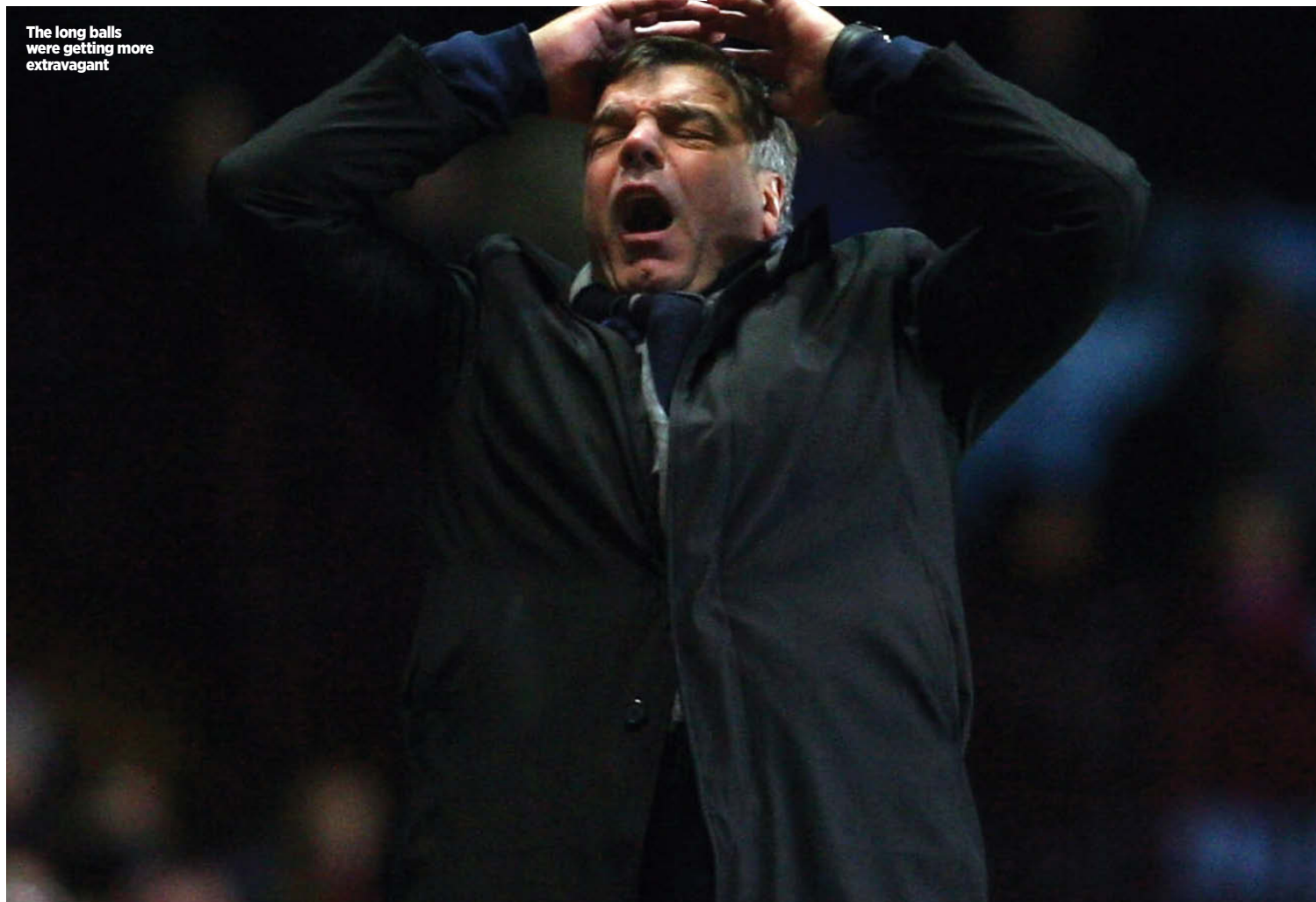


MACCA'S



Britain's top football columnist, Paul McCarthy, gives his views on the big issues in football, only in *loaded*

The long balls
were getting more
extravagant



TIME FOR FANS TO TAKE ON VENKY'S

It was October 10 2010 and I was minding my own business walking along a canal towpath in the Cotswolds when my phone buzzed with a message.

The text was from Sam Allardyce. "They're going to do me, I know it." This was just days before Venky's completed their takeover of Blackburn Rovers but already Big Sam could read the writing on the wall.

He'd been there before, of course. New owners at Newcastle wanted their own man in and Allardyce and his staff were jettisoned.

The difference being Allardyce could respect Mike Ashley's decision on Tyneside. After all, this was a man who had given his manager a degree of time before swinging the axe and made sure the compensation package meant Allardyce probably didn't have to lift a finger for the rest of his life if he felt that way inclined.

But Venky's? This a company who thought acquiring Blackburn - who couldn't sell out Ewood Park during

PICS: GETTY

**BLACKBURN
IN NUMBERS**

**SEASONS
IN PREMIER
LEAGUE**

18

**VENKY'S
ESTIMATED
WORTH**

£1bn

**FA CUP
WINS**

6

WORLD

Think Macca's talking
garbage? Then send
him a message. Just don't
expect a polite response...

macca@loaded.co.uk

Blackburn fans need to stage "cyber warfare" to bring down owners who have embarrassed their proud club

their first Champions League campaign – would lift their profile and give it a worldwide glitter.

Even before the ink was dry on the contracts, Allardyce had heard the whispers: Venky's thought the Premier League was a closed shop, free from relegation, that players and managers were simple commodities that could be traded at will if they didn't fit the Venky's masterplan.

I tried to reassure him that even this Indian mob couldn't be that dumb, that they *must* have gone into Blackburn with their eyes open, that you didn't make billions from chicken farming if you were business mugs.

Allardyce's sign-off was telling, "Yeah? Well I'm not holding my breath. I'll be out by Christmas." And he was. Eight days before Christmas to be precise while Blackburn lay in 13th place, absolutely safe from relegation and with a decent chance of a top-ten finish.

Some mealy-mouthed statement said the sacking was in the best interests of the club. No it wasn't, it was one of the most ignorant, ill-conceived, cack-handed decisions ever witnessed in an industry renowned for its moronic tendencies.

I'll declare an interest. Allardyce is a mate and a former *News of the World* columnist when I was sport editor there. But even if I didn't know him from Adam, I would have staked money on Blackburn plummeting while the Venky's saw their reputation shredded.

Nobody who loves football can claim to be anything but disgusted at what these people have done to a grand old team which once stood as a beacon for its community but who are now the laughing stock of English football.

This is a disgrace as absentee owners install morons as 'global advisors', fritter millions on agents who bring mediocrity to Lancashire, decimate the reputation of managers who deserve better while betraying fans who have nothing but their club at heart.

But there is hope and it comes in the shape of Portsmouth. Fans mobilised by the shame heaped on them by brain-dead owners, angry to the point of absolute militancy and determined not to take a backward step.

The first move by Blackburn supporters should be to boycott Ewood Park. Travel in numbers if they can't escape their football fix but don't put money into the Venky's coffers, strike a blow for the ordinary fan. Then get vicious on the sub-continent. Bombard Indian media outlets with tales of how badly Venky's have treated their club. If they want a clue of

"Big Sam told me: 'I'll be out by Christmas.' And he was. It was one of the most ignorant, ill-conceived, cack-handed decisions"

how to do that, get in touch with Liverpool fans who will educate them on the cyber warfare which helped sink Hicks and Gillett.

It *can* be done. In Blackburn's case, it *MUST* be done before all those magnificent memories of Bryan Douglas, Jack Walker, Dalglish and Shearer are destroyed by the worst owners in an industry which specialises in stupidity.

sir alex's final hurdle

Ironically, it was at Aintree when I bumped into an old pal of Sir Alex Ferguson. We joked his horse in the Grand National, Harry the Viking, would struggle to beat the ambulance home.

"I guess in a few years time he'll be able to enjoy his horses a bit more?" I asked. The look told its own story. "Are you f***ing mad? Alec can't retire, it's gone way past that now."

Fergie's pal went on to explain that, no matter what the speculation, the Gorbals rottweiler had absolutely no intention of walking away.

He's studied the form. He's looked at his heroes – Stein, Shankly, Paisley – men who slipped away from full time club management and were never the same, their health in decline, their faculties shot, left redundant by retirement.

He's seen the shells of managers who trot up at every function and dinner but who have nothing to contribute except romantic imagery of their salad days and a bitterness for a business that had left them behind.

Horses, fine wine, exotic holidays, great literature? They don't get the blood pumping. They can't provide the adrenaline Ferguson needs. There's nothing that can stimulate him like working with fine footballers every single day of the year.

Then there's Ferguson's father. He worked in the Govan shipyards from boyhood only to survive a mere year or so after retirement.

According to his friends, that is the only thing that can strike dread in Ferguson. And he's not about to give into that fear until he has to.



sweet fa cup for mancini?

The minute the new regime took over at Manchester City, I thought it would be interesting to see what they'd do if Roberto Mancini failed to win a trophy this season.

Now I reckon it will be more intriguing to see what the big spenders from Abu Dhabi do if he *does* land a pot. Will it be enough to save him?



hardly the dark ages

For those of us who feared for our safety watching football during the '80s and '90s, this so-called return to the dark ages of football violence is nothing more than a sick joke. A few pissed-up, coked-up Millwall fans ruck at Wembley and it's the downfall of society?

Try getting from Fulham Broadway Station to the Bridge without either being gobbed at, punched or smacked by a copper's baton. Or attempting to take a bus from Lime Street to Anfield without opening your mouth for fear of giving the game away.

Then compare that with the sterilised, anti-septic, pampered world of the football fan today and even the most furious knee-jerkers must surely realise how ridiculous this wailing and gnashing of teeth sounds.. ■ **loaded**

football

**LEAGUE
TITLES**

3

**MANAGERS
THIS SEASON**

4

**MANAGERS
SINCE 1996**

11

**POSITION
WHEN BIG
SAM LEFT**

13th

MOYES AFROS & ME

Everton's one-man midfield mountain on getting stuck in, starting out in goal, winning the battle of the Premier League bouffants and why the Belgians are talking over

"Put some muscle into it, man!" Sporting a chef's hat and apron, *loaded's* introduction with Marouane Fellaini is rather off-piste. It turns out the versatile Everton man isn't only a tremendous footballer but just as fine a cook, condemning his finely-sliced ginger to the pot with a broad smile.

We find ourselves going toe-to-toe with the Toffees totem in a Thai cooking lesson, only to quickly learn he's a champion in the kitchen too. With his curry and our lacklustre effort on the boil, *loaded* caught up with the man whose name is destined to be on everyone's lips this summer. Just where the 25-year-old Belgian will end up next season is anybody's guess.

With his enormous frame and lustrous fro, Fellaini-Bakkioui (to give him his full surname) was always going to struggle to keep a low profile – and that was before he became one of the Premier League's most imposing players – but as we quibble over his height (half an inch makes all the difference even when topping 6ft 4in) we can't help but marvel at how humble Everton's stand-out performer – who arrived from Standard Liege in 2008 – is.

His father Abdellatif was a goalkeeper before ending up driving buses in Brussels to support his family, so it seems Fellaini was destined for football. His position constantly questioned, some early advice could point out why.

"When I was young my father said it was better to play outfield, because your role is freer," explains Fellaini Jnr. "It's difficult in goal because you're the last line of defence, but we never targeted a position."

Fellaini, it seems, has become a master of all midfield trades: box-to-box, ball winner, anchor, playmaker. Signed primarily as a defensive midfielder, he can also play centre-



back, centre-forward and, most recently, off the striker. Does this pose a problem for Moyes? "For me, my role is defensive," he chuckles, with a nonchalant shrug of the shoulders. "But, if the manager wants me more attacking then I'll adopt to an advanced role."

"It's all for the benefit of the team. Of course I prefer to play defensively but I don't really mind where the manager puts me. I'm better in front of the back four, but I'll play anywhere."

the belgians are coming

The Brussels-born behemoth has become as ruthless in front of goal as he is in defence, breaking double figures for the first time in

the blue shirt this season, while still leading the league's fouling charts. Just don't expect him to apologise for getting stuck in.

"There are so many hard defenders out there, you have to," he says, with a smirk. "The Premier League is so physical. Against the likes of Thomas Vermaelen, Nemanja Vidic, Vincent Kompany or Chris Samba, it's so tough."

"Then you've got the skill specialists. Gareth Bale at Tottenham is a wonderful winger, but Eden Hazard is for Chelsea too. There's so many names out there, but what an advert for the league because it's so competitive."

We can't help but notice Fellaini mentioning several of his countrymen when giving

"I prefer to play defensively but if the manager wants me to play a more attacking role, I will"



football

"I may be the worst dressed, according to my teammates, but my afro is my style! It keeps me unique"

only mean good things for the national team." He singles out particular praise for club mate Mirallas who has scored four league goals in an injury-hit first season in English football.

"It's only a matter of time until he reaches double figures," Fellaini says of his fellow 25-year-old, who bagged 20 for Olympiacos last season and boasts having never been on the losing side for the Toffees. "Expect him to score goals next term and don't be surprised if he becomes an Everton great."

the moyes effect

Ignoring the transfer speculation, Fellaini's bushy head is definitely not in the clouds. The passionate team player only has Everton on his mind this season, helped in no small part by a calm and collective manager at the helm.

"Of course, like every other manager, David Moyes can shout but it's often through nerves," says Fellaini. "If we play bad, you can count on him shouting at us. Usually, though, he's very calm. He might keep his distance in the training ground, opting to coach on the side lines rather than get stuck in, but he's a fantastic coach."

Since his arrival in 2008, Fellaini quickly became a Goodison favourite... and a bit of a cult figure everywhere else.

It's not everyday a rival fan comes face-to-face with a Premier League great, but that's exactly what happened to one

Liverpool supporter. With his car

suffering a puncture en-route to the airport, the conspicuous Evertonian knocked on the door of Paul Feeney, fan of arch-rivals Liverpool, for assistance. Sliding his fingers through his sculpted barnet, Marouane shifts in his seat, adjusts his posture, and lets out a roaring laugh as he recollects the tale. "It's a long story! That's life though, man. I needed help, I asked, he helped. Thank you that man!"

head and shoulders, anyone?

But enough of all this laughter, onto the serious business. Apparently unaware of the camera flashes around him, Fellaini revels in a question he amazingly claims he's yet to be asked.

"A Head and Shoulders advert would be good! When I arrived to England my hair was already grown out, and that was the style you first saw. I liked it and didn't see any point in changing it. It keeps me different, unique, and if it happens to be a talking point then so be it."

So how do the likes of Chelsea's Brazilian defender David Luiz and Spurs midfielder Tom Huddlestone compare?

"Are they rivals? No! I may be the worst dressed, according to my teammates, but my afro is my style and I've had it since I joined."

Disinterested in pre-match rituals, superstitions and, clearly, his own vanity,

Fellaini is a quiet man in the dressing room.

On matchdays, he'll block out Tim Howard's music and take little notice as Mirallas and Bryan Oviedo hog the mirror. As transfer speculation mounts, the man at the middle of it all's mind is only on the game ahead. "I just look forward to playing. That's what it's all about, after all." ■ **loaded**

Marouane Fellaini was appearing at Chaophraya Liverpool on behalf of Chang Beer, the official sponsor of Everton Football Club, to celebrate the festival of Songkran, Thai New Year. Visit changbeer.com for more

examples of the Premier League's quality - at both ends of the pitch. When he joined Everton's ranks last summer, Kevin Mirallas - who, like Fellaini, is versatile, operating out wide, "in the hole" or upfront - couldn't pinpoint the reason behind the influx of Belgian talent or why their success rate is starting to rocket. Before this season, no Belgian had hit the 10-goal mark in the Premier League; by February, three had done it. Aston Villa's Christian Benteke being joined by West Brom's Chelsea loanee Romelu Lukaku and Fellaini, while Hazard has eight as *loaded* goes to press. Even Spurs defender Jan Vertonghen has five for Christ's sake!

Fellaini grins, an image we're quickly getting used to.

"It's a pretty good takeover," he adds. "There are some great players coming in and we're scoring a good few now. It can



DEATH, MARIO & LUCKY PANTS

Manchester City and France's flying full-back Gael Clichy has seen it all over the last decade. But racism and a heart-stopping experience have given him a unique hunger for success

Mario Balotelli brawling with the gaffer and razzing round in a £160,000 camo Bentley. Thierry Henry and Robert Pires blundering in a failed attempt to score a 'clever' penalty. Carlos Tevez bugging off to play golf for a couple of months mid season. Mid-World Cup meltdowns in the France squad. The majesty of players like Dennis Bergkamp, Robert Pires, Patrick Vieira, Sergio Aguero and David Silva. Gael Clichy has seen it all as part of Manchester City's title-winning team, Arsenal's famous Invincibles side and internationally for *Les Bleus*.

But what, amid all this madness and brilliance, has surprised the French flyer the most? Easy: Arsenal right back Lauren and his socks. "He would be in the changing rooms and, at exactly the same time, he would do very strange things. He'd look at his watch and do this routine. At seven minutes past, he would stretch his sock out, then look at his watch.

"At the exact minute, he would pull the laces out of his boots or shoes. Then he'd put on his

shorts at an exact time. It would go on and on, it was very funny. He would do this every time before we played.

"He had to do it. He was very careful in his movements to make sure he did everything right. Everyone would just look at him and laugh but he'd just get on with it."

Speaking fluent English, polite Gael, 27, apologises for being half an hour late for our interview after training at a hotel near Manchester Airport. He doesn't share any quirks, he says. "I don't believe in having lucky pants like many players, because what happens if you forget them? You might get worked up. I do like to throw my jersey down on the bench before I go out to play, but there's no magic trick – you just have to believe in your ability."

His lack of superstition is all the more surprising considering that he nearly died on Friday the 13th when he was a junior player at AS Cannes aged just 15. Taking a short-cut through a building site to the training

ground, Gael ripped his finger off on a fence. He was rushed to hospital but during the seven-hour operation to sew it back on, he suffered an allergic reaction to the anaesthetic. Gael developed a problem with his lungs, and his heart stopped for 15 seconds. He fell into a coma and was only brought out of it by a medical team as he was being flown by helicopter to a specialist unit.

The experience only strengthened his belief in God. The Man City star says: "It was a stupid accident. But it makes you realise that there might not be a tomorrow."

"I know that someone did not want me to leave this world. Life is short and you don't know when it's going to end. I was lucky that day. It makes you think that tomorrow you might not be around to enjoy the things you do. Now I make sure I cherish every moment. "There is no negativity in my life. Football is a great sport – it's a great life. Now I just want to continue playing and do my best. Perhaps it was what I was put here to do and I want to continue playing. I do not think what I will do when I retire."

Asked about Balotelli, he reveals that the man best-known for his eccentric ways wasn't quite the

"It was a stupid accident but it makes you realise life is short, there may not be a tomorrow"

WORDS: STEWART WHITTINGHAM PICS: GETTY





Clichy tussles with Eden Hazard in the FA Cup semi

loon he's painted to be by the media. "Mario was actually quite quiet in the dressing room. He was not as crazy as people make out. He was a good guy but I think he liked the attention. He was not loud. But then when there were a lot of people around he came alive. I think England was not a good place for him. You can see that now he is happier in Italy.

boro - tastier than istanbul

Football has always be part of Clichy's life, he says. "My dad played, although not professionally. I think I kicked my first ball when I was three. So I'm not ready to give up yet! I have a long way to."

He came to prominence after Arsene Wenger spotted Gael at third-division Cannes and brought him to England aged just 18. There, he became the youngest players to pick up a Premier League medal as part of The Invincibles. Two FA Cup wins also followed before his move up north. And under Mancini, City ended a 44-year wait to lift the title.

Bitter rivals United reestablished their dominance this season, and Gael wants revenge next term, rating the title above the Champions League in his priorities. Clichy, speaking at a Puma evospeed Nature of Performance event, said, "I'm someone who likes the Premier League better. I am more about the title," he says. "If you win it you are definitely the best team. The Champions League is something amazing but not every player can have it. Chelsea won it last year, but they were not the best team. Maybe I will not win it. But I want to win the league title again - that's my focus."

It's the day after the Manchester derby at Old Trafford, which City won 2-1 in a magnificent win. It has prompted defiance from Gael, despite United's lead.

"You should never give up. You never know what can happen in football. It's a crazy game."

He has settled into English life, even getting into greyhound racing, but has married French beauty Charlene Suric, who he met back home.

"I love the football here, the passion and the excitement, it's the best league in the world"

It's our obsession with football that has really won Gael over to life across the English Channel. "I love the football here, the passion of the fans and the excitement," he says. "It's fantastic to play here. I think it's the best league in the world to play in."

Despite participating in some pretty hairy atmospheres in Dortmund, Madrid and Istanbul during his career, he claims Middlesbrough was the most hostile place he's played at. "I had come over from France where we don't really get these sort of atmospheres. I was playing in the Carling Cup semi-final away in 2004 at Middlesbrough. That was something else. The atmosphere was really special - the fans were going mad. That sticks out for me even now. "I also like playing away at Newcastle United too. That's always special and I think their fans are amazing"

Born in Toulouse in the south of France, Gael has family roots to the French island of Martinique in the Caribbean. He has nothing but praise for England's tolerance and tough stance on terrace abuse. Gael suffered racial abuse in Ireland, when bananas was thrown on the pitch



during a pre-season friendly game for City against Limerick. "There is talk of things going back to the way things were. But for me England is the best country to play in now, matter what their nationality.

"In France you sometimes have people trying to make stupid jokes that can be racist in the stadium. But in Italy and Spain it can be more serious. We have to watch out that this does not creep into England but we are doing well."

retirement

Gael is mystified by England's regular failings on the international scene. "I'm disappointed in a way, because the starting XI is one of the best teams in the world. I know because I play with them. However it is the players beneath that that have to find a way to do better."

France, like England, may face the lottery of the World Cup play-offs as they trail all-conquering Spain by one point in their group after a 1-0 defeat in Paris.

"It's going to be difficult as I can't see

Spain dropping points," admits Gael. "If they don't we have to finish second to get in the play-offs. We could face England but they would have to finish second too. It would not be funny as it would be a tough game. I just want to get to the World Cup in Brazil as it would be a dream come true to play there."

France had a disappointing Euro 2012 and especially World Cup 2010 in South Africa where infamous bust-ups sparked talks of a strike. "We were really low after the last World Cup. We are progressing but to say we will win the world cup is a bit early. We are quite a way off winning it. You have to say that Spain, Germany, Brazil and Italy are in much better shape and have more of a chance of winning.

"But this generation of French players has potential. It is just whether we can realise it"

Gael is a bit stumped when asked for the best player he has played with. "That's a tricky question. I guess Thierry Henry springs to mind. He was just a fantastic player who brought so much to Arsenal and English football. He was probably the best striker in the world at the time. Consistently scoring goals and making assists for years.

"But then there was Dennis Bergkamp who was phenomenal and Sol Campbell, who was the best defender I have played with. And at City we have David Silva and Kompany." The left-back still has mates at Arsenal. "I'm friendly with Lauren Koscielny and Bacary Sagna because they're French. And I have a big friendship with Joleon Lescott here at City."

He grins: "I do not know whether I will still be friends with them in ten years time. But I hope to be when we finish playing so I can see them with their beer bellies!" ■ **loaded**

Gael Clichy wears the PUMA evoSPEED boot, available from ProDirectsoccer.co.uk. To find out which PUMA boot matches your game, head to Facebook.com/PUMAfootball

"I thought they said they'd arranged a game in heaven, not Devon..."

PELE DOES PLYMOUTH

In 1973, the West Country was the unlikely destination for Brazilian superteam Santos. What followed was a story of blackmail, tasty tackles and giantkilling

It's a funny old game. Or at least it used to be before the advent of the Premier League and the riches of television brought the world's biggest start to these shores. Alas, with so much money at stake, it's a serious old game these days, albeit a much more glamorous one – and not just in the top flight. Players from all parts of the world can be found at every level of the English professional game, something that crystal-ball gazing fans from decades past would have found hard to foresee.

Pre-Prem, football was about turning every week, often standing in the pissing rain, to watch mainly 'honest' British players of varying ability, out of little more than pure dedication

to your club. A funny old game? Certainly. Glamorous? Not one bit.

Which is why, in 1973, the prospect of the greatest footballer of all time turning up for a kickabout with your local team seemed out of this world. But that's exactly what happened to fans of Plymouth Argyle when Brazilian superteam Santos arrived in the West Country for a friendly game. While The Pilgrims languished in the old Third Division,

Pele's boys were one of the most famous clubs in the world, featuring several of Brazil's legendary 1970 team, including Clodoaldo, Carlos Alberto and, of course, Edson Arantes do Nascimento himself.

And even though Santos' early-'60s heyday was behind them – with many of the aforementioned stars were past their best – and this being 'just a friendly', surely there could only one outcome...

Plymouth were in the old Third Division and Santos featured several World Cup winners



football's harlem globetrotters

Plymouth Argyle weren't the only English club to take on Santos that year. Riding high on years of competitive success – both national and international – not to mention the spotlight of the world's sports media, 'The Fish' became football's first major globetrotting team, playing exhibition games in numerous countries. And with as many as eight Brazil internationals in their squad at the time, they were met with huge fanfare wherever they played.

It wasn't just fun and games for Plymouth Argyle, though. What was billed as a mere friendly proved anything but, particularly off the pitch, where the brand-aware Brazilians held Plymouth's officials to a small ransom.

Such tours had proved massively profitable for the two-time South American champions (they won a third in 2011), even refusing to take part in a continental competition one year in favour of a lucrative series of international friendly games.

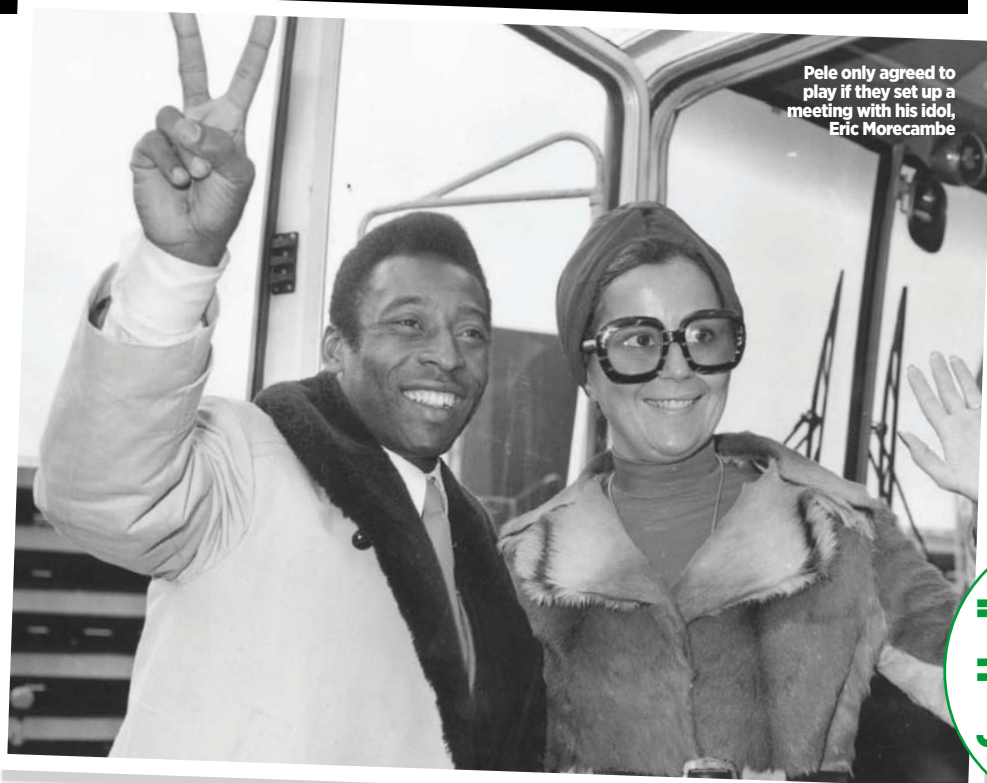
Their arrival would also mean big money for the clubs hosting them, with huge crowds paying good money for the opportunity to catch a glimpse of world-renowned stars on their home turf. As the Plymouth Argyle program for the game said, "Just the merest mention of Pele is enough to bring a queue of clubs ready to sign fat contracts to play them – and even bigger queues of fans flocking to buy tickets to see the world's greatest player in action."

Unfortunately, would cost Plymouth much more than they bargained for.

green army versus green backs

For Santos' previous game at Fulham, they had been contractually entitled to half the gate money. With an estimated attendance of 11,000 it would prove a good day's work for the team.

So when Santos arrived in Devon on March 14 1973, the match was set to be equally lucrative, with an appearance fee of £2,500 agreed for the



Pelé only agreed to play if they set up a meeting with his idol, Eric Morecambe

"Just the merest mention of Pele is enough to bring a queue of clubs, fans flocking to buy tickets to see the world's greatest player"

visitors. But with a staggering 37,639 expectant locals descending on Plymouth's Home Park, Santos' management saw an even bigger money-spinning opportunity and ordered their players to remain in the dressing room until Argyle chairman Robert Daniel agreed to double their money – or the game was off.

Daniel had no choice but to cough up the money, reportedly handing it over in £50 notes wrapped in cellophane packets at the post-match reception at the Holiday Inn.

Plymouth Argyle might have been out of pocket, but they'd have the last laugh on the pitch. The Pilgrims went 1-0

up after just three minutes when midfielder Mike Dowling scored with a blistering drive. Striker Derek Rickard made in 2-0 with a well-placed header, though Santos claimed the goal was offside. Santos' goalkeeper even charged to the halfway line to contest the decision with the linesman.

No doubt expecting the game to be a breeze compared to some of the heavyweight club clashes they were used to taking part in, the Brazilians were taken aback by how committed their hosts were – "they started getting a bit upset," recalled midfielder Mike Dowling – and

when Cláudio fumbled the ball Jimmy Hitch took advantage to make the game 3-0. Plymouth were in dreamland.

pele saves the day

At half-time there was further drama. Upset by Plymouth's tasty tackling, the temperamental Santos players threatened walk out if the referee wasn't replaced. But as legend has it, Pele – known not just as a god of the game, but also a gentleman – restored peace amongst his teammates and saved the day for the Plymouth fans.

Returning to the pitch, Pele led the Santos fightback, scoring from the penalty spot and setting up a goal for Edu. Even at 33, with his best years behind him, the three-time World Cup winner was untouchable, the perfect blend of grace, power, and skill the like of which the English Riviera had never seen before.

To mark the 40-year anniversary of the game, Home Park held a small reunion for players who had taken to the field that night. This time, however, they were treated to Plymouth's current vintage beating Fleetwood Town in League Two, a victory that helped Argyle escape the relegation zone – a less high-profile game but perhaps more important considering the club's recent financial woes and subsequent Football League freefall.

But even with the glamour of modern-day football, complete with its wealth of international talent, any club – let alone a struggling team like Plymouth Argyle – would have trouble matching the spectacle of having Pele's Santos come to town. Not to mention making football history by sticking three goals past them. ■ loaded



Brazil '70 featured several Santos stars



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An example Match Pack

loaded gets its hands on the football advice service that provides you with the inside knowledge used by bookies

Like all punters, we've always wished we could get our greasy mitts on the sort of stats the bookies use so we could be quids in and deemed as properly in-the-know by our mates. Sadly, up until now, that information has been closely guarded by bookies (we imagine, by a gang of well-ard Ray Winstones in cheap shiny suits, piss-stained shoes, slicked back hair standing there menacingly as they tell us to "bet in play or fuck off...nah").

But now **loaded's** sister magazine **ZIP** - a new weekly must-read on sport and betting - has teamed up with football stat specialists **PowerTableSports.com** to launch a brand spanking new bookie beating text application

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With specialists working across the English Premier League, Serie A, La Liga, Bundesliga, Champions League and the Europa League, with Match Packs, it is now possible to get the

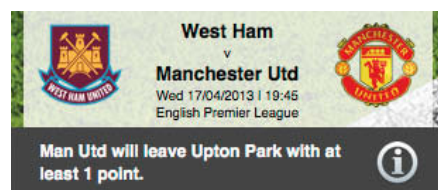
facts, stats on everything you need to know about the game - before the game - sent to your phone. It's easy, just head to the Power Table Sport website, pick the game you want and text them the code. They'll then send you all the details in a link. ■ **loaded**

ZIP is out every Friday. Visit PowerTable Sports.com for more information

HOW IT WORKS

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2. Find the game you want stats for
3. Text the code to **83222**

football



HOME GOALS	WEST HAM	
Minutes	Conceded	Scored
0-15	7	8
16-30		6
31-45	1	4
46-60		2
61-75	2	2
76-90	6	3
90+	2	1

AWAY GOALS	MANCHESTER UTD	
Minutes	Conceded	Scored
0-15	1	4
16-30	4	9
31-45	1	4
46-60	6	4
61-75	2	3
76-90	1	7
90+	1	2

Last 6 League Results

West Ham			
#	Opponent	Result	Score
1	Southampton	D	1-1
2	Liverpool	D	0-0
3	West Brom	W	3-1
4	Chelsea	L	2-0
5	Stoke	W	0-1
6	Tottenham	L	2-3

Manchester Utd			
#	Opponent	Result	Score
1	Stoke	W	0-2
2	Man City	L	1-2
3	Reading	W	1-0
4	Norwich	W	4-0
5	QPR	W	0-2
6	Everton	W	2-0

Team Facts

West Ham

- West Ham have won 47% and lost 27% of home games this season.
- West Ham have scored in 93% and conceded in 73% of home games this season.
- 60% of West Ham home games have produced over 2.5 goals this season.

Manchester Utd

- Man Utd have won 73% and lost 13% of away games this season.
- Man Utd have scored in 88% and conceded in 63% of away games this season.
- 31% of Man Utd away games have produced over 4.5 goals this season.



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RHIAN SUGDEN Words HAYLEY COYLE Photography JAMES RUDLAND Styling LUCAS ARMITAGE

SMOKING

Loaded has a special treat for you waiting on our executive office chair. And we can guarantee Miss Rhian Sugden is far, far sexier than Alan Sugar...

HOT

Rhian Sugden admits she hasn't even seen *Basic Instinct*. However, that's apparently the first thing she is going to do next weekend – after she's finished recreating the famous movie poster of Sharon Stone, recently mimicked by Tiger Wood's new girlfriend. When *Basic Instinct* was first shown in cinemas, it probably wasn't entirely suitable family viewing, as lucky Odeon-goers got a brief glimpse of Sharon Stone's tuppence while she did a series of unprintable things to Hollywood actor Michael Douglas.

Despite not having seen the 90s classic, Rhian was full of admiration for Stone, who at 55, is still hot.

"She still looks great!" Rhian adds. "If I looked like that in my fifties, I'd be doing pretty all right! But I didn't really like having my hair all slicked back to be honest. And not having much make-up on."

Rhian – whose skin is glowing after a recent holiday in Tenerife – also says that she always goes fully topless for shoots.

"It's not something that you haven't seen, after all," she giggles. "I do Page Three for *The Sun* anyway."

Rhian has been a professional glamour model since she was 19 and, like many before her, just sent some pictures into a paper and got lucky. She's been making a living from her assets ever since. ✈



features



She's also putting pen to paper and writing under a pseudonym in a bid to forge a new career as a writer.

"I really enjoy it, it's different," she says. As well trying to be a scribe and getting naked for a living, Rhian has also done the almost-obligatory stint on reality TV. Namely *Celebrity Big Brother* last year.

"It was horrific. But that was because of the idiots I was put in there with!"

And she does have a point. Her fellow housemates included Julian Clary – "he was lovely", apparently – while fashion model Jasmine Lennard is somebody she describes as having "trouble with".

Despite being burnt by *Celeb Big Brother*, Rhian said she wouldn't mind having a go on *I'm A Celebrity... Get Me Out Of Here!*

"I think I'd prefer that, actually doing something and not just sitting around a house gossiping and bitching," she says. "I don't have any set plans in the pipeline but my manager has put me forward for a few things. At the minute, I'm just writing away up north and doing my modeling. I'm also the face of a Polish underwear brand called Obsessive Lingerie."

out of africa

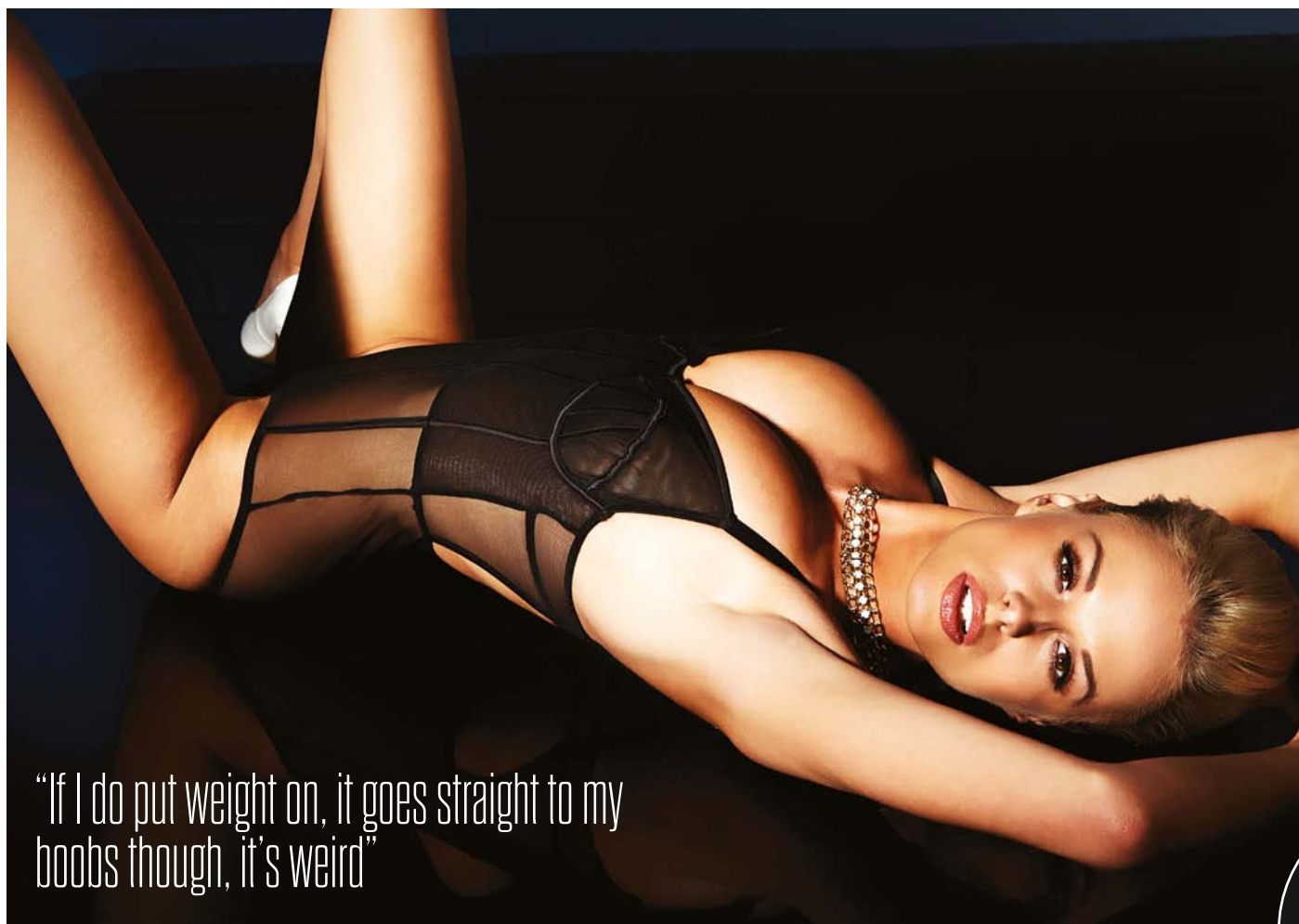
Rhian must be the envy of all the other models too in that she says she stuffs her face with junk food but still manages to stay very slim.

"I eat just like one of the boys," she says. "It's true, I just can't put weight on and I love junk food. And I never go to the gym. I'm a size six or eight on the bottom and about a 14 on top. My bra size is 32 E. If I do put weight on it goes straight to my boobs though, it's really weird. My organs must be in my boobs!"

Rhian is sadly off the market – she's been seeing someone for about a year – but he's not in the entertainment industry, he's just a Regular Joe.

"I just go for normal blokes really. I'm not into showbiz types. I've been linked to famous men but none of it has been true. I met my current boyfriend in a bar. He was a barman there. I thought he was hot so I did a bit of Facebook stalking!"

Well this bloke sounds like a bit of a wrong 'un to *loaded*. The sort of shady character we wouldn't want a young lady to be frequenting with on a night out. But before we consider picking up the phone and getting the cops to slap his arse with a restraining order, we've just realised she's on Facebook. And we've added her. ■ **loaded**



"If I do put weight on, it goes straight to my boobs though, it's weird"

features





“My boobs are not something
you haven’t seen, after all, I do
Page 3 for The Sun”

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features

He normally lets his fists do the talking, but a pre-fight Froch tells us about motors, mobbings and his mum (who fancies his biggest rival)...

During fight week it's been rumoured that Danish boxer Mikkel Kessler will sail down the

Thames in a Viking boat. Imagine the World Champion proudly drifting down the river, Diamond Jubilee style, ahead of facing his toughest opponent yet in the mega match of the year. A bit like a Disney hero.



The man pitted against Kessler in just a few weeks, however, is 100% no-nonsense. He's a Nottingham native, IBF super-middleweight World Champion and self-titled tough guy who looks like he eats Disney princes for breakfast. When the news that Kessler could be planning to swan up and down the Thames like some sort of Norse god came out, it was suggested by certain "geniuses" that seeing as Froch (rhymes with crotch) is from Nottingham he should do some sort of Robin Hood party trick. "Get him in some green tights!" they cried. Or better yet, have him sporting a bow and arrow for a photo shoot with his lovely girlfriend in tow dressed as Maid Marion. His team told *loaded* they didn't even bother to run the idea by Froch as they knew the response would be a resounding: "No fucking way."

too hard for a sniffle

No gimmicks, no bullshit, no theatre, is Froch's ethos. He's a deadly serious fighter and this match, dubbed 'Warriors' Call', is probably his last chance to avenge his original defeat against Kessler in 2010.

The May 25 match sold out in three hours and is set to be one of the most exciting this year. Unifying the IBF and the WBA super-middleweight belts is the prize and by Froch's own admission, him and Kessler "will go all the way to the trenches".

The pair are almost identically matched in terms of brawn and skill and it's expected the battle will last the whole 12 rounds, with a last minute KO. Froch and Kessler met in Denmark a few years ago, and the "Cobra" lost very, very closely on points. It was the first of only two defeats during his whole career and one he is seriously keen to rectify.

Froch turned up to the loaded shoot at his childhood gym in Nottingham, the one where he still trains, in quite a spiky mood. He always come across quite a stern man and on this cold, wet morning in April he was particularly tricky at first because he had a bad cold.

loaded had to be spray him a lot with water for the photos and we did, gleefully, knowing it was winding him up. "Don't take the piss," he said menacingly, but with a smile. Sort of.

Froch is dryly funny, but relentlessly focused. Even though he was ill, he wasn't letting up on his training regime. "You lose your fitness in one third of the time it takes to get it," he says. "So it's not worth me taking time off and lying in bed feeling sorry for myself. I train through it." *loaded* asks Froch how he's feeling about the Kessler fight. "I'm very confident and excited but a bit apprehensive. But this is what I do so I'm looking forward to it. The o2 Arena with 19,000 people will be the biggest venue I've ever fought in. But I don't think it's scary.

"IF THE SAME FIGHT HAD BEEN IN ENGLAND, I'D HAVE WON"



I'm proud, it's an honour. I'll be apprehensive but it's my home country so I'm excited to see what the atmosphere will be like."

volcanic anger

The two last came head to head in Denmark in 2011. Froch says if the fight had been on his own turf, he'd have won: this is a chance to set the record straight. Froch was also flummoxed by the fact that a volcanic ash cloud disrupted the fight schedule and he had only two days in Denmark before the fight to prepare.

"I flew into his country very late under the cloud. It messed my plans up. I should have been there two weeks before the fight, but I was out there two days before. It was 100 per cent one of the reasons I lost because I had to

take weight off at the last minute. If you lose two per cent of your hydration, you lose about 20 per cent of your fitness. I had to sit in a hot bath for four hours," he says. "If the same fight had been in England I'd have got the decision. But it wasn't, it was in Denmark so he did."

While Froch and Kessler aren't exactly best mates, they are friendly and have a great deal of respect for each other, he says, and get on outside of the ring.

So is it hard battering the shit out of someone you admire? "No, not at all," he says. "Because you're in the zone, you're thinking 'I've got to win, it's either him or me'. If it's someone who does the same sport, you do you don't look at them as a friend, you look at

them as an opponent, you want to beat them, you both have the same goal. It's very gladiatorial. Sometimes back in the day gladiators fought each other and they had to fight to the death. Sometimes they were mates or brothers but it had to be done."

Loaded also learned on the way up to the shoot that Froch's mum, Carol, has a bit of soft spot for his opponent. Thinks he's handsome.

"Do you mind?" we ask. "Yeah she likes him. He's a good-looking guy. He's a gentleman," he laughs. "I don't mind at all my mum fancies him a bit. He's a nice man, there's nothing to not like about him. We're very much cut from the same cloth - same style, same morals."

Froch describes himself as a "fighter", which is apparently different to a boxer. A fighter will stand there like a warrior, throw hits and take hits, while a boxer will dodge and weave more.

bundled in b&q

Froch and Kessler's strength and durability are closely matched, and Froch predicts they will see all 12 rounds through.

"We're probably going to go the full distance but I think I'm going to stop him late on wear him down. On our first fight the last couple of rounds he was very, very tired and sort of hanging in there, and he just managed to last till the twelfth round.

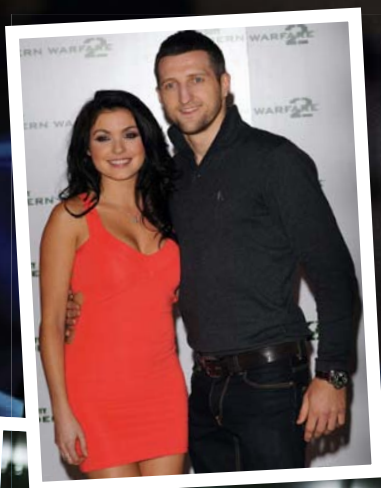
"We both get hit and we both land our shots and try and knock each other out. Some fighters try and box and just move out of the way but every real boxer wants to knock the other one out. It's an early night in't it? You don't have to work overtime!" he says.

Before a major fight Froch give himself three months to get into killer shape and his daily training session includes a three to six mile run in the morning, followed by a two-hour session in the gym. He trains in both Nottingham and Sheffield, alternating days, but remains steadfastly loyal to the gym he grew up in.

"I'm very clean living. I don't drink and I don't really go up in weight. I don't go heavy



"I THOUGHT - I'M NUMBER TWO IN THE COUNTRY AND I HAVEN'T EVEN REALLY BEEN TRYING"



between fights. My body's always in a good place," he says. When in Nottingham he runs locally, out in the open. Does it bother him getting recognised? He recently got mobbed in B&Q, because he went to a different branch than normal and they "weren't used to him".

"I run in and around Nottingham and keep out of the way. I wear a headband and sunglasses and keep my head down but I do get noticed. But I don't mind at all, it's all part and parcel of it.

"I'm at the latter part of my career now so I'm very well known - so it's nice to be seen as a champion," he says. "I don't mind especially if it's kids or genuine fans or pretty girls - but that don't often happen! If you don't appreciate your fans, what's the point? They make you who you are."

ten year old hard nut

He was recently a guest on *The Jonathan Ross Show* ("it was good, I enjoyed it,") but Froch clearly isn't one to be easily impressed. Having boxed from 10 to 15 before taking a four year break after his family moved out of Nottingham. But it was only when he returned to the ring age 19 he knew he could make a career out of it.

"When I was about nine years old I walked

into this gym we're in now and was just fascinated. I thought I'd have a go. I loved it. I started competing when I was 10 and was good at making the guy in front of me miss."

The first year after his hiatus he managed to get to the ABA final without even really putting that much effort in. The following year, he won it. "From about the age of 15 to 19 I didn't really box. But I got back into it. I got to this final but lost on points to a very good fighter, Chris Bessey, who is a Commonwealth Games gold medalist. And I had come from out of nowhere.

"I wasn't really training properly but got to a national finals. So I thought 'well I'm number two in the country and I haven't even really been trying'. After that I started to take it more seriously then I won the ABAs twice."

He then got picked to box for England and said the highlight of his amateur career was winning the bronze medal in the world championships. "I was the first Englishman to ever win a medal in that tournament. I was fighting all the Russians and the Cubans. It was hard to win on points against all these top nations," he says.

Befitting for a world champion, Froch's girlfriend Rachel is a bikini model and former Miss Maxim. They have a son, Rocco, and

Rachel is just about to give birth to their first daughter. They were set up on a sort of blind date about five years ago and the rest was history, says Froch. "We met through a mutual friend. Her friend knew she was single and I'd just come out of a relationship, and said 'I think you'd get on really well'. She'd seen me fight and I'd seen pictures of her. So I we met up and that was that. We got on really well. We're both Cancerians. Our personalities match."

Froch has no desire to move away from his beloved Nottingham, though his property portfolio is in the double figures, he says. "I don't fancy London. My family is still round here - and I don't want to live anywhere else. My house is like a castle, it's massive, purpose built. I've been very fortunate. But I have property everywhere and when I finish boxing that will keep me busy."

snapped hand

Like most boxers, Froch has sustained some fairly serious injuries, but one stands out. Fighting Brian Magee in 2006, Froch broke his hand - but still managed to last 11 rounds and knock Magee out with an upper cut.

"I landed a right hook in round two and my hand snapped. I knew it was gone and that it was bad, I felt sick. It stopped hurting about



features

round five or six and I still knocked him out though I couldn't do it with a straight punch," he says. "You've got to fight through the pain. I've boxed with broken ribs, and I know boxers who have fought with a broken jaw but carried on. The adrenalin takes over and you get through it. You get in the zone, you're in fight mode. Embrace the pain!"

Froch also tells *loaded* about one of the most dramatic fights of his career – also the first one that his new girlfriend (at the time) came to see. It was the first and only time he "tasted the canvas"... but managed to floor his opponent with only seconds to go.

"One of my most dramatic fights was against Jermain Taylor in 2009. It's always nice to be involved in a really dramatic fight. That's a good one and it really stands out because it was the first time in my career I'd ever been put down. It was a bit of a shock. I got put down in round three," he says.

"It was quite a big deal, going out to America for the fight and getting put down. It was my first world title defence and it nearly went terribly wrong. But I climbed off the canvas and had about 14 seconds to go in the last round and so I really needed to knock him out," he adds. "So I did."

Froch is happy to talk – for a bit – but his

"I FELT SICK BUT YOU BOX THROUGH THE PAIN. ADRENALIN TAKES OVER"

passion isn't gossiping about his career. His passion is training and boxing. Right now he's keen to get back to prepping for facing up to the challenge of Kessler.

But just before he leaves to pound the streets and weights, *loaded* asks who's left to fight on his hitlist before his retires.

Without hesitating, he says: "Andre Ward."

"If I've only a few fights left in me, they need to count," he adds. "The only other guy to beat me is the number two pound-for-pound best in the world fighter underneath Floyd

Mayweather. Andre Ward. He's doesn't get beat. He won an Olympic gold medal and has won everything since he was 12 years old. His style is very tricky and awkward. He's not a fighter, he's a boxer. It would be nice to try and avenge that defeat. That would be a very difficult fight to win but if I got it right on the night I could do it."

Before we say goodbye Froch wants to show *loaded* his new toy. A brand spanking new 75k Mercedes. It is very, very loud.

He grins like a little boy, proudly gunning the engine in the car park outside the gym. It startles a group of passers by, while Rachel looks on, rolling her eyes.

Just before he leaves he says: "Kessler's a proper petrolhead, too. He had his Ducati 911 stripped down and the engine retuned, so it's got more brake horsepower. He can pull a wheelie at 120 mph. He's fucking crazy. He's not quite wired up straight and I know he's got that reckless edge."

"But we're both tough and we can both back it up. This fight will settle the score."

No more talk. Bring it on. ■ **loaded**

Carl Froch vs. Mikkel Kessler II is live on Sky Sports Box Office on May 25 from the O2 Arena in London in 'Warriors' Call' in association with Betfair.

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HANGOVER PART III Words DAN BRIGHTMORE

The first two *Hangover* movies are now the stuff of legend. And *Part III* promises a dramatic conclusion to the series

“I had a gadget in my hand, and if I pushed a button the Bellagio fountain turned off!”

Todd Phillips, the man behind the camera on the highest-grossing ‘R’-rated movie franchise of all time, is chuckling with disbelief remembering the night when Las Vegas Boulevard was closed down over Hallowe’en. It’s the kind of stunt that might well have featured the third instalment of *The Hangover Part III*.

STARRING

We bagged a rare audience with the mastermind behind one of the 21st century's greatest movie franchises, and he chuckles at the power the films have afforded him.

"That was so cool," he beams. "They wouldn't have done that for us on the first film but now they roll out the red carpet!"

"There's a sequence where we had to have the help of five different casinos so they worked together for us to bring this to the screen. When *The Hangover* came out in the summer of 2009 the recession was just hitting and I got calls from casino CEOs saying 'Thank you for bringing young people back to Vegas', so we used that good will.

"Caesars is our home in Vegas."



'TOODLE-OO MOTHERFUCKER!

MR
CHOW

When *Loaded* meets Korean funnyman Ken Jeong, he's wearing a smart shirt and tie and jokes, "I saw Todd Phillips earlier and he said, 'You look great today. Are you going for an interview with IBM after this?' I'm not cool like Chow. I'm just a happy nerd!"

His Twitter page modestly chirps, "I'm that guy from that thing," but the former Doctor dreamed of becoming a comic actor and combined his studies with stand up gigs to hone his rib-tickling skills. So does he have much in common with his alter ego?

"I do like to laugh, like excitement and love life. I don't get naked that much though!"

The room fills with an infectious, Chow-like chuckle.

"When the camera's on I'm just Chow and when it's off... I'm shy on the beach. I don't even like to take off my shirt. I'm like, 'Does this make me look fat?' I found a way to respond to Chow... I think there's something wrong with me, something pathological about me!"

So what is Chow up to in *Part III*?

"Chow just loves mayhem. He's the favourite character I've ever played because you get so much freedom. In this one you get to see so many shades of Chow. He breaks out of prison and he's darker in this movie because when he reunites with Alan he takes advantage of his blind loyalty..."

In a case of art imitating life, Jeong made his big screen debut playing a doctor for a scene in Judd Apatow comedy *Knocked Up*. So he should know... is laughter the best medicine?

"That's an old joke... No, medicine is the best medicine! To have a good sense of humour in life is healthy, but as a doctor I was actually quite serious.



I didn't have the personality to be like, 'You've got herpes but I've got your nose!' I didn't want to make jokes that would be mean. Humour has to come out organically. When you're with your friends you don't plan a day of laughter, you just laugh. With patient care, when it's life and death you act accordingly and you treat accordingly.

"None of my patients knew I did stand up comedy on the side. If anything I was even more self-conscious about being professional. I was a legitimate doctor and good at what I did - always went the extra mile. That's no different to how I am with my acting - same work ethic."

But Ken admits his white jacket days are over now he's hit the big time and spotted wherever he goes...

"People are always shouting out Chow lines at me. Twice, when I was at an ATM at the bank near where I live, a guy draws up in a convertible. As the light turns green and the car leaves, he shouts, 'Toodle-oo motherfucker!' I laugh my ass off!"

"It's all gone to shit. Again"



Back in 2009, the chances are you hadn't heard of any of the actors in *The Hangover*, but after taking over a billion dollars at the box office Bradley Cooper, Zach Galifianakis and the boys are household names. Phillips had previous with the Will Ferrell mid-life crisis comedy *Old School*, but his mad story following a gang of fellas on a Las Vegas stag weekend struggling to unravel the events of the night before, find the groom and get out alive escaping Mike Tyson and his tiger, has become a cultural juggernaut.

reboot

The 2011 sequel felt like a Bangkok-bound reboot but Phillips says the final chapter will bring back the vibe of the original: "We were hoping to top ourselves comedically, really push it and be aggressively funny again, but at the same time deliver a story that had some weight to it."

So come on then Todd, at least give us a hint!

'ULTIMATELY THE FIRST TWO THIS MOVIE IS ABOUT ALAN

"Well, ultimately the first two movies revolved around Stu, while Alan was unmoved. This movie is about Alan getting better (the guys stage an 'intervention' when he stops taking his meds). In the face of this, Chow (Ken Jeong) comes back into the Wolf Pack's lives fucking shit up on another level!"

Alan gets better? How's that even possible?

"Alan grows up, which has a lot to do with how he connects with a character played by Melissa McCarthy (from *Bridesmaids*) in the way that only two left-footed people really could. For Alan it's like, 'I don't really have to change, I just have to find somebody as fucked up as I am!'"

So how much of the three films come from the director's own Wolf Pack experiences?



"Say your prayers"



"We're going for Men in Black. With booze"





MOVIES REVOLVED AROUND STU, WHILE ALAN WAS UNMOVED. GETTING BETTER. THEN CHOW COMES BACK FUCKING UP SHIT!

features

'VEGAS ISN'T THE MOST FUN PLACE FOR ME TO GO NOW. THEY THROW BEERS AT MY HEAD IN VEGAS'

DOUG

For all the affection these movies invoke in fans, not all of the *Hangover* chaps have found such an adoring public as Ken Jeong.

"People swear at me and throw stuff at me," admits Justin Bartha, who plays Doug. "I don't have a lot of fans out there but they do mention they're excited about the new film – after they've thrown things at my face!"

We've all got a mate we keep losing on a night out. Just like Doug. But for anyone who has ever wished for Hollywood fame and fortune his experience shows, it's not all a bed of roses.

"Now people go to Vegas to experience what they think *The Hangover* was. It's not the most fun place for me. They throw quarters at me."

Shouldn't he be considered a treasure there?

"You'd think so, but it's a lot of throwing beers at my head... But I never throw back because like Doug I'm just a nice guy!"

So how does he deal with it?

"You don't go the bar. If you don't like being bothered then don't go to the place that you get bothered, it's not that hard really. You can't avoid people. You can't avoid anything in life but you can tailor your lifestyle so if something

really bothers you then you don't put yourself in certain situations."

But unlike some celebrities, Bartha doesn't want your sympathy: "Anyone that complains about that kind of stuff is probably full of shit!"

So does Doug finally get to be involved in the thick of the action this time? "There's a funeral and something horrible happens to Doug – that's the kick off for this movie... I'm in the 'thin' of the action in this one. The set-up of this movie is similar to the first so if you're a fan of that film you're gonna love this. I don't think it's as dark as the second one..."

If you're like us then you're probably fed up of film trailers giving the game away and spoiling the main event. Justin agrees, telling us that the plot doesn't really matter anyway.

"You know it's gonna be funny and the reason people really love these movies is because of the characters, so they wanna laugh at the mad stuff and hear the funny lines. The pleasure comes from the element of surprise so you want this to be fresh."

"You go to hang out with the characters that you now love and to laugh along with

them and to feel like you're on that ride."

Meeting Bartha is a breath of fresh air. This fella is so 'not' Hollywood...

"I don't take the handouts and free stuff. But I like hats. I got a cap from the film that says *H3*."

"I think the other guys might have gotten a car or something. But I got a hat. Which I'm happy with."

The realistic fat suit hid his six pack well





'I GET INVITATIONS TO PEOPLE'S WEDDINGS EVERY WEEK ASKING: "WILL YOU COME DRESSED AS ALAN?" WHAT A NIGHTMARE!'

It's not easy being Alan. Or even Zach Galafianakis, the man who plays him. We'd all love to hang out with these guys. They need never buy a beer again. But it does get a bit much...

"The most common request we get is just to get shitfaced with people," agrees Ed Helms. Zach Galafianakis, meanwhile, wears the planet's most famous beard, and that doesn't always help if you want to go incognito.

"People have cameras on their phones and they're in your face shooting away while your sitting in a restaurant," says Zach. "That's bizarre. So I film them back. Then they get it," he cackles. "And I never get a doctor coming up to me - it's always the guy in a 'Who farted?' t-shirt!"

Ed seems more relaxed about it... "For a little bit there, especially right after the first film, there was this kind of, terror for a minute... 'Wow! My life has just changed in a way that I don't fully comprehend and I can't go back!'

"It's like when you lose somebody in your life your reality becomes different and that's a terrifying thing. But as I've settled into it over the last few years I've realised that you have to let stuff go and roll with it."

So how do they cope with such a crazy level of fame? What about when they were shooting the new film?

"Ed and I were walking through Caesar's Palace," remembers Zach. "And out of the corner of my eye I saw a bunch of strippers and I just ran. I'm always scared I'll say something that's gonna offend someone so let's just run from it!"

"We had dinner in Vegas at a Casino," Ed chips in. "And we walked out on a Friday night and right away we get spotted and a big crowd forms

and the camera phones come out.

"We start to hustle away but people are chasing. Then I hear Zach and he's taken out his phone and he's saying, 'Oh my God! When's the funeral?'"

The two actors both come from stand-up comedy backgrounds and got to flex their funny bones on set.

"We're good at coming up with jokes," says Zach proudly. "It's scripted, but we try and add to that.

"When we started this journey we were three actors that people didn't really know. I love to watch actors I've never seen because that way I don't link them to something else.

"Jokes are surprises. They just have to catch you off guard and Todd's so good at surprising the audience."

Mental fans find it hard to separate actor from the characters they play, but are they anything like theirs?

"Stu has some anxiety issues," ponders Ed. "He's a little bit tightly wound and I'm certainly that way sometimes. I struggle with my impulsive nature and can relate to Stu. His heart is in the right place and I try to be that way too... but Zach is exactly like Alan..."

Zach looks at Ed with mock surprise.

"We both have beards," he says haughtily. "It's fun playing Alan because he doesn't have to conform to social norms. I was wilder in my younger days but not like Alan - that guy's really stupid!"

And how will they remember *The Hangover* experience?

"That feeling that we were part of something special was really exciting. I've made friends for life," gushes Ed.

And Zach?

"It's nice to be able to buy my Mom a coffee maker..."



"I have fucked up friends in my life for sure," smiles Todd. "But everything on screen is just an exaggeration of wish fulfilment for some, and a total nightmare for others!"

goodbye

The poster for *The Hangover Part III* proclaims, Harry Potter-style, that "It all ends..." Surely not?

"It's hard to say goodbye," admits Todd. "But it's a satisfying conclusion. When we were making the second film we talked about making a trilogy work and have all the movies tie together. So in *Part III*, when John Goodman's character is introduced, we flash back to the first film and the guys are talking about him and now we finally get to meet him."

John Goodman's line in the trailer hints at the plot: "Leslie Chow stole \$21m dollars from me. I figure the Wolf Pack has the best chance of finding him. Doug is my insurance."

And what about Mr Chow?

"The characters have more control over their destiny in this movie because there's nothing they've forgotten. They haven't lost time. No blackouts. The charm is the camaraderie and the emotion of trying to help their friend Alan get better. Chow ends it in a very dark place..."

Oh really? Well, we can't wait to go there. ■ loaded

The Hangover Part III is in cinemas on May 24

'HE HAS THIS COMMAND AND PRESENCE - IT'S WHAT MAKES PEOPLE MOVIE STARS'

PHIL

So says Todd Phillips about the now Oscar-nominated actor (for *Silver Linings Playbook*) Bradley Cooper.

"In the first film Bradley exudes confidence as Phil," he adds. And like his co-stars, Cooper sees *The Hangover* trilogy as the ultimate buddy movies.

"Phil always winds up being the guy who loves his friends more than anything and puts them before his own well-being trying desperately to hold things together..."

So has he got any advice for the ultimate stag weekend?

"Everybody says what happens in Vegas stays in Vegas. So leave the cameras at home! And never try to have a wild night because when you do things go wrong. Just let it happen naturally..."



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russia



SHOES NEW LOOK, BRIEF'S STYLIST'S OWN
NECKLACE BY FREEDOM AT TOPSHOP

RED HEAT

RUSSIA Words HAYLEY COYLE Photography JAMES RUDLAND Styling by LUCAS ARMITAGE

The greatest country in the world? Russia, of course. Here's five good reasons why...

Mother Russia, the Soviet Union or as it was once succinctly known – before The Iron Curtain came down – the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Whatever the modern handle, the land formerly in thrall of the hammer and sickle kicks all others out of the water – or vodka, in *loaded's* humble opinion.

Muscular, but beautiful, hookers with a nice line in domination, cool furry hats, widespread corruption and cash-rich oligarchs with an eye on the Premier

League's biggest clubs – what's not to like? From the icebound wastes of Siberia, we proudly thaw out their latest export of note: a curvy Cossack that goes by the name of Kimski Avanotherpop, A real-life Princess Anastasia. Simply say hi to her.

She's *loaded's* first act of retaliation in a new Cold War sparked when one of our down-market rivals decided upon an 'All-American' issue recently. You'll surely agree our homage to the world biggest country is better – and saucier. And to prove why we have decided that the Beast from the East is the greatest place on earth, team *Loaded* came up with a list.





BEAR HATS

Who doesn't look cool in a bear hat? The official – and much more exotic – name for them is an 'ushanka'. Normally made of rabbit fur or sheepskin, they are symbolised by ear-flaps that can be left down or tied on to the crown of the hat. During the 1939 Winter War (between the Soviet Union and Finland) many Soviet soldiers died from hypothermia so the Red Army introduced the ushanka into their uniform because of its toasty qualities. Stylish and practical.



LEFT: BOOTS BY KAREN K, SUSPENDER BELT BY AMERICAN APPAREL RIGHT: UNDERWEAR SET BY PARFAIT



RASPUTIN (GRIGORI)

Russia's greatest love machine, as the song famously stated, was a sex-mad mystic and advisor to the ruling dynasty, the Romanovs, during the last imperial reign. Such was his power over the royal family that it's rumoured he was shagging the Tsarina Alexandra and her four daughters. The hat stand holy man – who was born a peasant in Siberia in 1869 – also had a reputation for knocking back the firewater, helped bring down the Romanovs, survived three assassination attempts and had a 13-inch cock, which is kept in a museum in St Petersburg. Whadda man!



VODKA

Reasons why vodka is brilliant: it gets you hammered, you can mix it with nearly anything, it doesn't give you a beer belly and if you're hard enough to drink it straight it makes you look like a badass member of the deadly KGB. Distilled from water and ethanol

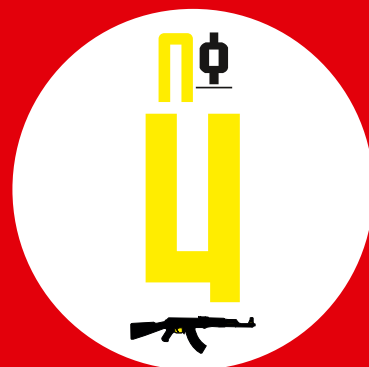
(ground alcohol) it's traditionally drank neat in places on the vodka belt (Russia and some of those other vodka-loving Eastern European lands, especially Poland) but is also one of the staple ingredients of hundreds of cocktails. It was introduced to Russia in the late 14th century and according to legend a monk from the Kremlin actually

distilled the first Russian recipe of the stuff. The other good thing about vodka is that if you're too much of a girl to handle it neat it comes in literally thousands of, er, amusing flavours including marshmallow and smoked salmon. Yes, we checked, you can actually get smoked salmon flavoured vodka. Go knock yourself out.





RIGHT: NECKLACE BY FREEDOM AT TOPSHOP



RUSSIAN BRIDES

If you're a fan of that particular brand of icy beauty then you can't go wrong with a Russian girl. You can buy a Russian girlfriend or wife online if you can't be bothered to go there and actually meet one. It will cost you roughly just over two grand (visa, travel costs, subscription to a website etc). It's quite a lot to splash out but at least you'll know she's definitely keen. And hot. Here's a few cool Russian women to think about: Ronaldo's missus Irina Shayk, tennis totty Anna Kournikova and Maria Sharipova and that one off *Strictly* who goes out with Joe Calzaghe.



CORRUPTION

The Russians love a bribe. In fact in a 2010 poll, 15 per cent of Russians admitted to paying a bribe within the last year. Corruption was legal in Russia before 1715. Under Stalin, the country established a black economy to keep the downtrodden masses smiling at the snow. During Putin's reign the amount of bribes allegedly rocketed to more than \$400 billion a year. Russians are also the people voted most likely to bribe when away on business. And to make Russians even more cloak and dagger, high-profile figures are often found dead in mysterious circumstances around London and the Home Counties.



THE ICE M CO



AM METH

MICHAEL SHANNON Words TOM FORDY Photography JAMES CHEADLE

Boardwalk Empire's Michael Shannon talks playing the killer who froze his victims' bodies...

In every generation, there are just a handful of actors who command respect like Michael Shannon. For these few, the journey to Hollywood stardom is not fuelled by good looks and blockbuster heroics, but by good old-fashioned talent – the kind that invokes memories of De Niro, Pacino, or Nicholson, a lineage of actors to which Michael Shannon undoubtedly belongs.

Now, almost two decades after his on-screen debut, Shannon embarks on arguably the most important year of his movie career. First he stars as real-life mob hitman Richard Kuklinski in *The Iceman*, then he plays the villain in a modest little movie about some bloke in a red cape from Planet Krypton. Though the films sit at opposite ends of the movie spectrum – one set in a frighteningly realistic criminal underworld, the other in a fantasy world – they have one thing in common. Both give Shannon an opportunity to continue doing what he does best – playing characters whose mental states can charitably be described as “on the edge”. ✈

features



EVER

since his 2009 Oscar nomination for a particularly unhinged performance in *Revolutionary Road*, the 38-year-old actor has become best known for his intensity and ability to brilliantly portray an unbalanced state of mind – it's made him a phenomenal presence in the likes of *Take Shelter* and HBO's *Boardwalk Empire*. But despite some similarities between his roles, he's far from a one-trick pony. Choosing characters that inspire him in different ways, Shannon always brings something fresh to his portrayals, even if the subjects are as batty as each other.

"I did all those pictures for such different reasons," he tells *loaded*. "I did *Revolutionary Road* because it's one of my favourite novels ever, I did *Take Shelter* because I have a lot of anxiety about the world and the environment and what I'm leaving behind for my children, and I thought that was a very beautiful and poetic way of expressing that. I did *The Iceman* because once I laid eyes on this man Richard Kuklinski I couldn't stop thinking about him. He wouldn't leave me alone."

Now there's something to keep you awake at night. After all, Kuklinski was a 6'5", 300lb mass murderer, a man who claimed to have killed well over 100 people for both business and pleasure. He's the last person you want haunting your every waking thought.

Kuklinski's rampage of violence lasted over 30 years, a story so grisly that it's a wonder

Hollywood have taken so long to put it on the big screen. But rather than just go for the blood and guts version, *The Iceman* tells a more personal story about the duality of Kuklinski's personality – on one side, a ruthless murderer, and on the other, a dedicated family man.

"He had a very prolific career as a hitman," says Shannon, "but he maintained that his wife and children had no idea he was a killer, and the film is attempting to explore his double life."

"I wouldn't have been interested in doing 90 minutes of somebody just killing people. That would have been pointless."

under the killer's skin

Whereas the movie was a passion project for writer-director Ariel Vromen, who had been working on the script for several years before production began, Michael Shannon had never heard of Kuklinski until he came on board – but he soon found a connection with the story through a series of chilling interviews the hitman gave before his death.

"There was a documentary on HBO," says Shannon, "and when I started watching the interviews I found him to be incredibly mysterious and captivating. You're never quite sure what he's thinking. He's a bundle of contradictions. Underneath it all I think he was a very sad and confused human being."

The contradictory nature of Kuklinski's stories means no one can be completely sure how much is true – if a man is capable of such awful levels of violence, he's surely capable of telling the odd porky. But despite all the uncertainty, Shannon seems to tap into a very real emotional depth within the killer.

"I don't claim to know him any better than


anybody else," he says, "but I do feel like he had genuine love for his family. When he said he regretted doing what he did to his family I do believe that. And if you watch that segment in the interviews it's heartbreaking. That's what drew me to him rather than stories about how he killed this guy and that guy. I'd never condone in a million years what he did or the way he lived his life, but I felt I could understand how he became who he was."

creating a monster

Of course, Michael Shannon is no stranger to playing complicated and unstable characters, but playing one based on a real person, one who lived such an extreme life, comes with a whole new set of challenges. Preparing for the role takes a combination of research and creative guesswork.

"I didn't go around attempting to murder people," says Shannon. "There's a lot you have to rely on your imagination for, a lot of experiences I've never had and can never know for sure what they're like. We weren't allowed to speak to his family. I don't think they were very keen on sitting around and talking about what their father did. I wanted to be able to be able to do an accurate impression. I studied his voice and mannerisms, but ultimately for it to be compelling you have to go beyond simply mimicking a person. There needs to be some elemental truth or understanding."


In putting these aspects together, Shannon has created a character of enormous depth and complexity – his Kuklinski may be a cold-blooded assassin, but he's also vulnerable, showing a surprising amount of humanity through his family relationships,

A close-up portrait of actor Michael Shannon. He has dark, slightly messy hair and is looking directly at the camera with a serious, intense expression. His hands are pressed together in front of his mouth, with his fingers spread, as if he is about to speak or is in a state of shock or silence. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights on his face and hands against a dark background.

michael shannon

features

*"WHEN KUKLINSKI SAID HE
REGRETTED DOING WHAT
HE DID TO HIS FAMILY, IT WAS
HEARTBREAKING"*

A close-up, high-contrast portrait of actor Michael Shannon. He is looking down and slightly to the left, with a serious, contemplative expression. His hands are clasped together, with his index finger pointing upwards near his chin. The lighting is dramatic, with deep shadows on the right side of his face and forehead, and highlights on the left side of his face and hands. He is wearing a dark, textured shirt.

michael shannon

*"I FOUND HOLLYWOOD A
TERRIFYING PROPOSITION.
I KNEW A LOT OF PEOPLE
WHO HAD GONE THERE AND
HAD A REALLY HARD TIME"*

particularly with his wife Barbara, played by Winona Ryder.

In fact, the success of *The Iceman* owes a great deal to the stellar supporting cast, which in addition to Ryder includes Ray Liotta, Chris Evans and David Schwimmer.

"I've been a fan of Winona for a couple of decades now," says Shannon. "She's a great choice because she's so tiny and delicate and fragile, so our relationship was very instinctual in terms of me wanting to protect her."

"The director could have cast a brassy New Jersey housewife, but I liked the fact he went against the stereotype. And Ray Liotta is a real wildcard – he's very instinctive and has a good bullshit meter. He keeps you honest. And Chris Evans... I think he was really excited after *Captain America* to get a little sleazy."

With the long-awaited *Man of Steel* only months away, Shannon is also about to make the opposite journey – from gritty, dark roles to his first major part in a big-budget blockbuster, which promises to do for Superman what *The Dark Knight* did for Batman. In other words, it's going to be huge, and Michael Shannon will be front and centre, playing Supes' longtime nemesis and fellow Kryptonian, General Zod.

"It's going to be an interesting summer, that's for sure. I can't figure out if I have to get some disguises or I'll still be able to walk the streets."

THOUGH

he was raised in Lexington, Kentucky, Michael Shannon's acting career began in the theatres of Chicago, taking parts in shows like *Killer Joe*, *Winterset* and *Bug*. As a committed stage actor, he continues to perform regularly in the theatre. But he maintains that he wasn't always destined for a life as an actor.

"When I was a boy I never in a million years thought I'd act," he says. "I started off playing music, piano and orchestra. But when I was a teenager I got involved with drama. Then I moved to Chicago in the early '90s and the theatre scene was really cooking. There were some incredibly talented people there, like Tracy Letts who wrote *Killer Joe* and is largely responsible for my career. That's when I started to feel like it was my calling."

It was in the mid-'90s that Shannon made the leap to more regular film work. Despite the initial intimidation he felt about heading to



Playing Richard Kuklinski

tinseltown, he took a number of supporting roles – check out comedy classic *Groundhog Day* for a blink-and-you'll-miss-him cameo from the future Iceman.

"It wasn't until after I did *Killer Joe* in New York that I got a manager and he encouraged me to go to Hollywood and give it a shot. I found it a terrifying proposition. I knew lot of people who went to Hollywood and had a really hard time."

For Shannon however, it worked out perfectly, culminating with his 2009 Academy Award nomination. He'd paid his dues and delivered a barnstormer of a performance, grabbing the attention of not just the Academy, but also Hollywood's greatest living director, leading him to bag arguably his most important role to date – Special Agent Nelson Van Alden in HBO's epic crime series *Boardwalk Empire*.

an audience with a legend

"I got a call from the casting director," says Shannon, "She said Martin Scorsese wants to meet you... that's not a proposition you say no to. So I met him at the Waldorf Astoria. I said, 'You want me to be a hooligan or to beat people up?' But he said, 'No, I want you to be the guy cracking down on all this sinning.'"

"I found that very compelling because that's not something I'm asked to do very often... little did I know what I was in for."

Though technically one of the good guys, the puritanical Van Alden is prone to the odd



Straightjackets: autumn/winter collection

psychotic breakdown, making him as dangerous and unpredictable as any of the gangsters he's chasing down, such as Steve Buscemi as Atlantic City kingpin "Nucky" Thompson, or loaded favourite Stephen Graham as Al Capone.

"I love Van Alden," he says. "He gets infinitely more complicated the more I play him."

The character fits perfectly into the mould of Michael Shannon's best work – wild-eyed, mentally unstable and bubbling over with raw intensity. But is he getting typecast?

"Directors get ideas based on what they see you in," he shrugs. "I never get too down on opportunities. I'm just grateful to work because a lot of the friends that I started out with haven't been as lucky as I have."

Fortune favours the brave, though. And if he makes his role in *Man of Steel* his own, he'll have gone from psycho killer to intergalactic supervillain in one giant leap. ■ loaded

The Iceman is out in cinemas 7 June

features

KUKLINSKI – ICE IN HIS VEINS **Michael Shannon's new film *The Iceman* tells the true tale of one of the mob's most ruthless hitmen**

Born in New Jersey to a Polish father and Irish mother, Richard Kuklinski's childhood was racked with violence. Abused by both parents (his elder brother died at the hands of their father), by his mid-20s he was already well known as an explosive and violent street thug. During this time, he claims to have set fire to a man who'd simply made an offhand remark about him in a bar.

He soon acquired a taste for killing and became a dangerous predator, preying on vagrants to perfect the art of murder.

Eventually Kuklinski began working as a hitman for Gambino mob family and other crime syndicates. Kuklinski used numerous methods to kill, and experimented with freezing bodies to disguise the time of death, earning himself the "Iceman" nickname.

It was an appropriate title – Kuklinski was so cold he reportedly killed close friends. While some doubt the credibility of his stories (he even confessed to killing Jimmy Hoffa) the FBI didn't, using an undercover agent to eventually catch and convict him. He

was sent to the same prison as his brother, also serving life for the rape and murder of a 13-year-old girl. Richard Kuklinski died suspiciously in 2006, just before he was set to testify against a member of the Gambino crime family.





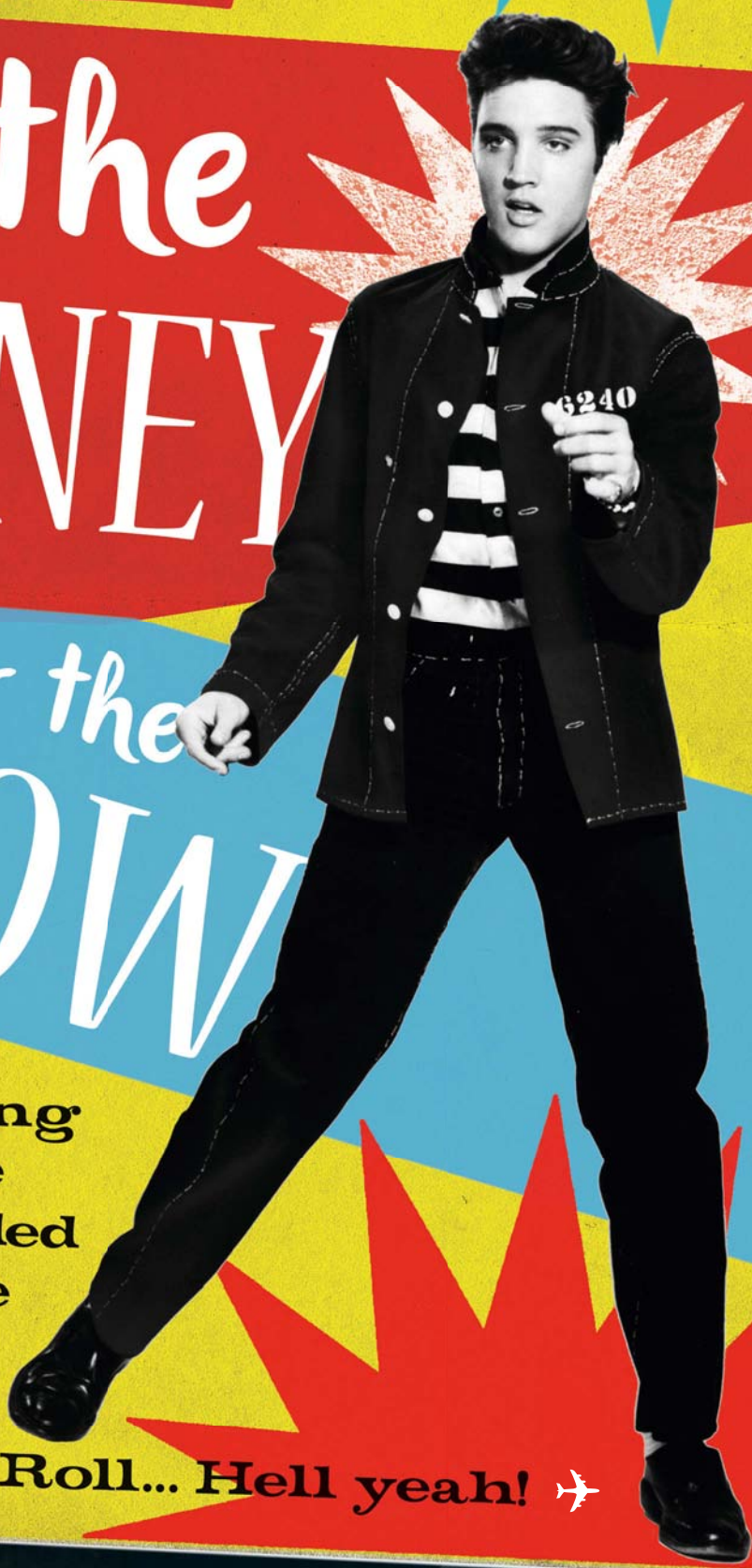
ONE

LOADED
PRESENTS...

for the MONEY

Two for the SHOW

After trawling through the ghetto, Loaded pay homage at the grave of the King of Rock and Roll... Hell yeah! ✈



features

ELVIS SHRINE Words MATTHEW "BLUE SUEDE" DRAKE Pics MITCH "HOUND DOG" WILLIAMS

Streaming through the imposing gates, the devout dissolve into a weeping mass before they reach the sacred white columns flanking the doorway of their temple. United in grief, they take the final steps of a pilgrimage many have spent their whole lives imagining.

Clutching a broad array of unique offerings from floral reefs and multi-coloured candles to cute teddy bears and personal food parcels, the faithful, heads bowed, file inside their sun-dappled place of worship.

Yet this is no snapshot of a poignant gathering at the Golden Temple of Amritsar, The Vatican or any other traditional place of worship. Oh no.

This is the fabled Graceland mansion in Memphis, Tennessee, and the final resting place of the swivel-hipped King of Rock'N'Roll, Elvis Aaron Presley.

Welcome to the world's biggest rent-a-shrine, where enduring grief keeps the tills ringing.

Forget Diana, Michael Jackson, Amy Winehouse and their insignificant memorials: Graceland is the real deal in mega-moneymaking remembrance.

hard-headed woman

Arriving at the 128-room Heartbreak Hotel - "Let Elvis rock you to sleep" - across from Graceland, *loaded* are disappointed to find it is not down on the end of Lonely Street as in the song, but set back on a road out of town, known as Elvis Presley Boulevard.

While the boutique hotel with its crisp '50s/'60s retro décor also caters for over 100 trailers in its parking lot at the rear, it is happy to host pilgrims in a range of Elvis-themed suites including the painful sounding, but probably treatable, Burning Love Suite.

"There was something that can't be explained about The King - he was a spirit," an obese churchgoer from Carolina tells her lardy brood as they sit watching a rerun of the Elvis Comeback concert from 1968 in the foyer.

"Today is so special for my family, we lost a loved one recently who should have been here with us.

"I miss him, I love him," she adds before waddling off and forgetting to make clear if she means The King or the relative.

We make our way to the visitors' centre, where the whole experience promises to "come alive".

Fans from as far afield as Fiji and Finland snap up trinkets of every size and shape and gather under a large tent across the street from the mansion to listen to performers belt out Elvis tunes - "One for the money, two for the show," threatens a smiling man taking round a "bucket for your bucks."

"Every time I go in there, I feel like Elvis is going to come down the stairs any minute," his ex-wife Priscilla has said of the mansion they once shared.

It's an unlikely event, because if he is alive - and not working in a chip shop - he'll be too busy counting the loot to bother hosting.

Seeking to spot our own apparition of the man himself, *loaded* mosey on in to a sterile photo gift shop between the blues-themed diners and Elvis and his Automobile exhibition.

"Can I help you gentlemen?" a huge female assistant finally asks, as she sits slurping an industrial tank of soda and chatting on her phone.

"Yes you can," chips in the exasperated *loaded* snapper. "Get us both in this shot with Elvis," he says pointing confidently at a picture in a brochure showing excited children and their parents posing with Elvis in shots taken during his rise and fall.

"I'll have to call you back," sighs the assistant to her pal. "Stand up against the plain wall one after another and keep still. That'll be \$27."

Quarter of an hour later and we are imposed in a grainy black and white image standing either side of the Old Hound Dog in sequins. And to think that you are told as a child you can't buy happiness.

On the opposite side of the street, a long redbrick wall and white railings mark the scarred façade of the estate. Trillions of sentimental messages are either etched or written on the wall. "Love him tender Lord," reads one, possibly daubed in Tippex. Another in lipstick crudely hails "The King". To insiders, it is referred to simply as "the wall".

baby let's play house

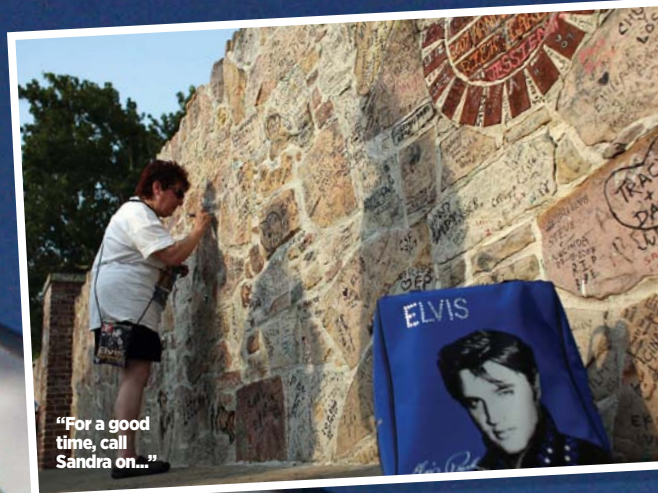
Elvis died, bloated and heaving on a toilet seat, on this 13-acre farmland estate on August 16, 1977. He had purchased the colonial-style property amid the Methodist and Baptist chapels on the eastern outskirts of the musical city of Memphis 20 years before, for \$100,000.

Complete with its own stables, multi-screen TV room, squash courts, shooting range and the



A kidney-shaped pool. We dare say Elvis's actual kidney didn't look quite so pretty





“IN THE UNLIKELY EVENT THAT ELVIS IS ALIVE, AND NOT WORKING IN A CHIP SHOP, HE’LL BE TOO BUSY COUNTING HIS LOOT TO BOTHER HOSTING”

features



elvis' shrine

A pink cadillac.
That's it. Just
a car. Nothing
more to say,
really



Thankfully, they
don't give guns
to just any crazed
loon in America
these days





"I don't care if you are The King, you can't cue off from there"

famed Jungle room where he held court, The King gorged on pills and pulled pork here amid gaudy opulence. Grammy awards and multiple gleaming gold discs bedeck the walls of America's second most famous residence.

Now you can view all his automobiles and his two planes – *Hound Dog One* and the *Lisa Marie* jetliner named after his daughter.

Yet as he lay sprawled on the bathroom floor after rolling a seven at the age of just 42, the best-selling solo artist in pop history was beset by crippling debts and hardly worth a dime.

crying in the chapel

His death only made things worse. Graceland soon became a huge burden on his family due to high estate and inheritance taxes. The bank wanted it closed.

Yet his widow Priscilla had other ideas. Using Disneyland as her inspiration, she flung open the gates for the first tours on June 7, 1982.

That might seem a cynical exploitation of the great man's legacy, but it's relatively dignified compared to the vulture-like stripping of The King's corpse five years previously.

A senior embalmer from the Memphis Funeral Home sold at auction the scalpels, scissors and knives from the kit used for The King's autopsy alongside the "John Doe" toe tag they tied on him, as he lay cold.

Every item from the funeral preparations went under the hammer, from rubber gloves and forceps to a comb and eyeliner. Even the coffin invoice and the hanger used to hold Presley's burial suit was flogged.

Grief is a lucrative little number. Graceland keeps Elvis's legend alive while generating \$32 million a year in revenue. And we're about to head to its central attraction, across the road.

"PASSING THROUGH GRACELAND'S ROOMS FEELS UNNATURAL AND INTRUSIVE"

3764 Elvis Presley Boulevard stands shining on a hill as it welcomes over 600,000 fans and freaks alike to traipse through the kitchen, downstairs bedrooms and blink away tears as they try to focus on "the window" upstairs where he finished his final encore. (The second floor is the only part not open to the public.)

Very little is sacred here. You can hold parties here, corporate conferences and even tie the knot in Graceland's Chapel in the Woods, which is nestled in trees to the side of the house. An adult VIP ticket will set you back a frankly heartbreaking \$70 – as will entrance for anyone over the age of six.

are you lonesome tonight?

"You feel him on your skin the minute you step foot inside," says an elderly woman in a pink Jailhouse Rock top and matching baseball cap.

"What you young fools fail to understand when you sit around smoking dope and listening to your rap music... is that without Elvis you wouldn't have anything. You wanna be thankful."

Ma'am, you can be sure we are.

Tissues at the ready, *loaded* step over the threshold, to be confronted by a rare insight into the world of celebrity overdrive. Hardly anything has been touched since the man lived here.



Passing through the rooms feels unnatural and intrusive, but the museum pieces in the back bring you face-to-face with Elvis Presley's army uniform, the over-the-top outfits he donned during his electric stage performances and the piano he sat at to play a gospel version of *Unchained Melody* to friends on the day he died.

As we turn to take in the final stage of the tour, the strain of *American Trilogy* performed at the record breaking Aloha from Hawaii concert pours into our ears. "Look away Dixieland..."

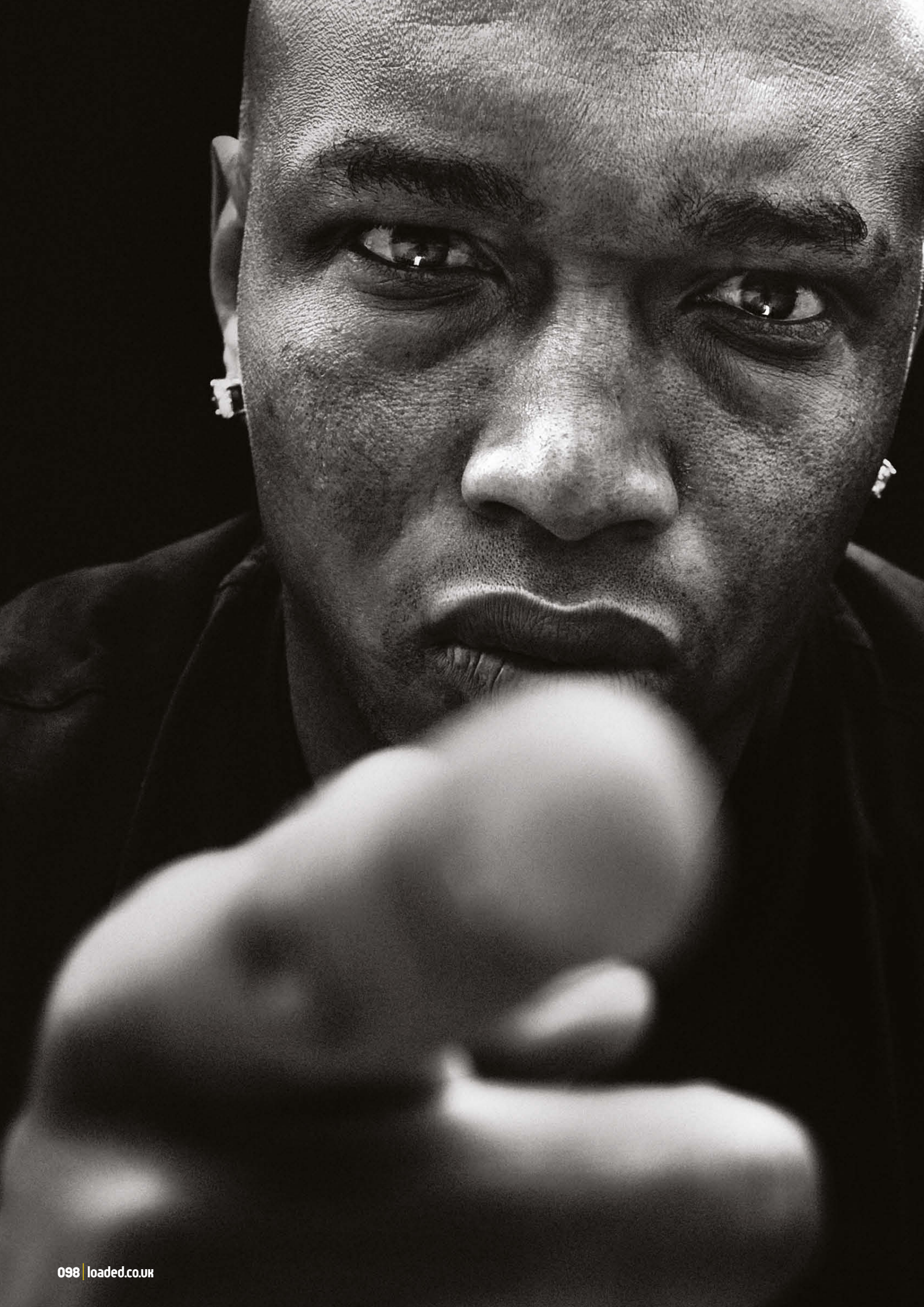
Dabbing our leaky eyes, we file towards the gravesite of Elvis, his mother, father and grandmother.

Adorned with flowers and cards of tribute, the headstones sit beside a fountain surrounded by stately trees and landscaping dotted with lighting to illuminate the mansion at night.

We stand for a moment and allow ourselves to drink in The King, his myth, the stream of cash still pouring in and the sheer tacky redneck splendor of it all. We don't break out in song.

Instead, at his feet we pay him the ultimate tribute: "Good work fella, we salute you."

Then on we go, walking in(to) Memphis, as The King has taken all our dollars. ■ **loaded**
loaded stayed at lovely Courtyard Memphis Downtown hotel, visit marriott.com for more



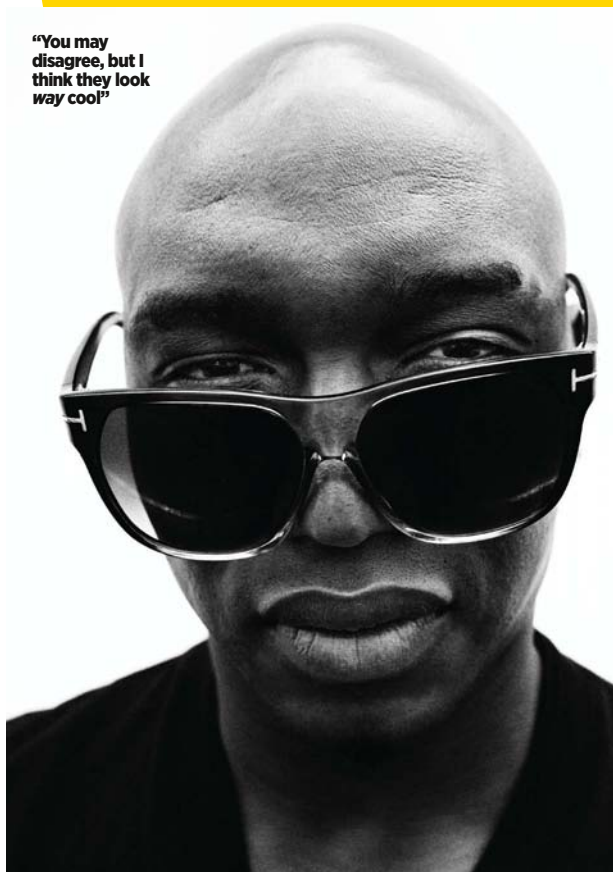
e l-Hadji Diouf has one hell of a rap sheet. From spitting at fans to driving his Ferrari without a licence, the Senegalese striker has earned himself lifetime gold-plated VIP membership of football's bad boy club. Neil Warnock once branded him "lower than a sewer rat"... and then apologised to sewer rats. ✈

EL-HADJI more fucking

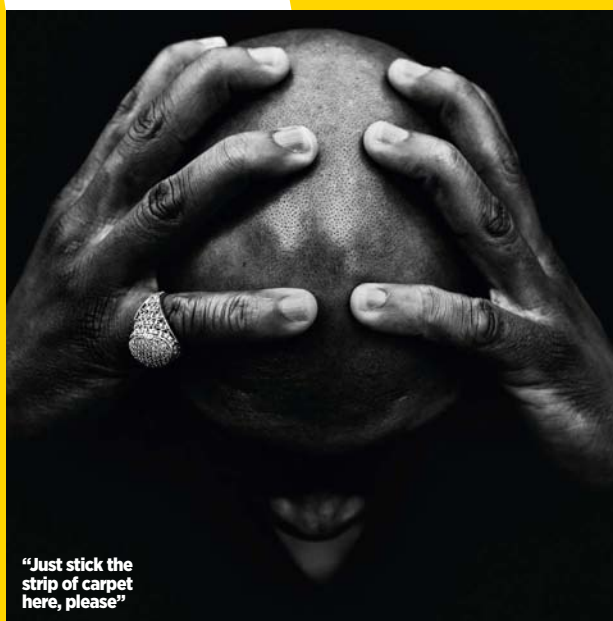
EL HADJI DIOUF Words ROB POLLARD Photography LEE JEFFRIES

After a decade in British football, Senegal's favourite loose cannon claims to be a changed man. But thankfully he's still got an enormous gob on him...

"You may disagree, but I think they look way cool"



"Hmmm, shall I go over, or shall I score?"



"Just stick the strip of carpet here, please"

with it until my last breath. But I say again I'm sorry to the people I hurt. People forget, when I did those things, I hurt my family first."

Diouf owes a lot to his family. Raised by his grandparents from the age of eight after his father, also a footballer, left home, his childhood was poverty-stricken, but, like many Africans, he saw football as a route to a better life.

"Life used to be hard. My grandparents didn't have much money, and they tried their best to look after me, my brothers and my cousins," he says. "It was hard because I didn't go to a school like my child goes to here in England, and learn a lot of things. Everything I learnt is from the streets. But they did everything they could for me.

"From being a kid, I loved football. Everywhere you'd see me, I'd be playing with a ball. When I was 11, I told my grandparents I was going to buy them a beautiful house and take them to Mecca. I didn't know if I was

"I'M SORRY TO THE PEOPLE I HURT. BUT PEOPLE FORGET, I HURT MY FAMILY FIRST"

going to make it, but I always had a feeling. I always believed I had a chance, and if I did, my first priority was not to win titles, it was to make money and help them."

life-changer

Make it he did: As a native French speaker, he starred for French sides Sochaux, Rennes and Lens before his career went interstellar on 31 May 2002. That day he and his Senegal teammates beat the French World Cup-winning team of Henry, Desailly and Vieira in the opening match of the World Cup. The Lions of Teranga went on to reach the quarter-finals, and suddenly, everyone knew who El Hadji Diouf was. He was still only 21.

"The 2002 World Cup is the biggest thing in my life," he says. "Before we played, people were asking where Senegal is. But me and my generation of players made a big impact for our country. Nothing is bigger



and yet 18 months later, Warnock signed him for Leeds United. Because for all his misdemeanours and misadventures off the pitch, Diouf's fire and skill make him an irresistible force on it. Now 32 and minus the mohican, he seems to have finally calmed down, and is

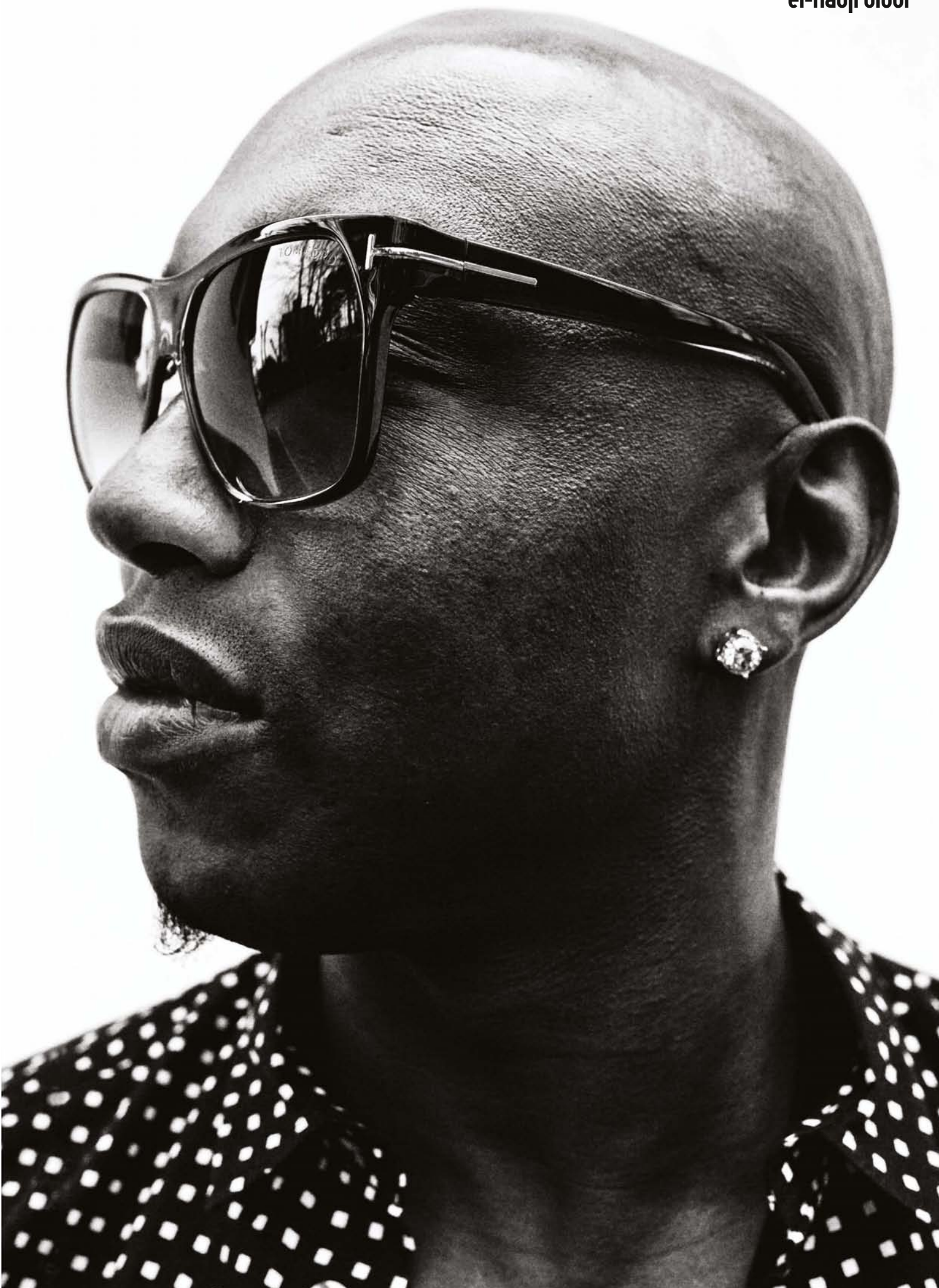
lending his experience to the Elland Road club's Championship campaign.

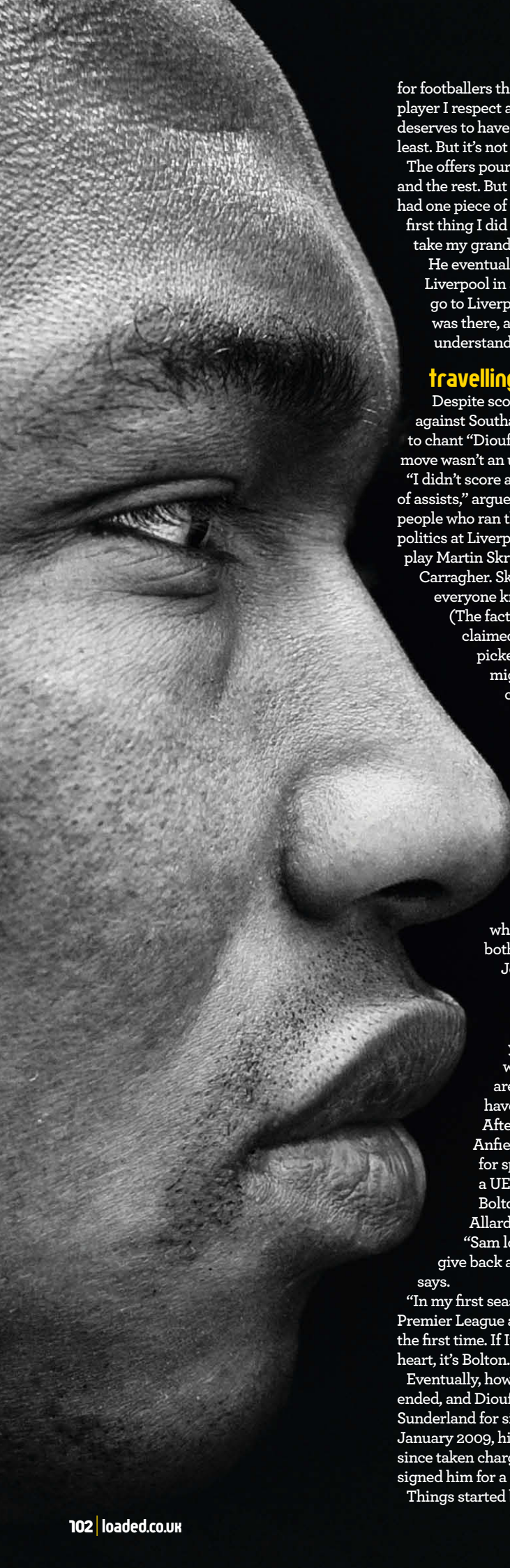
out of africa

In real life, Diouf is nothing like the hellraiser who's spent much of the last decade being splashed across the back pages. In fact, as he tells *loaded*, he's full of regrets about his erratic behaviour during his career.

"I used to be young and crazy, thinking everyone is against me. I made mistakes and I paid [for them]," he says.

"Now you don't see me do that any more, but my reputation will follow me. I have to deal with it, and I'll deal





for footballers than the World Cup. One player I respect a lot is Ryan Giggs, and he deserves to have been to one World Cup at least. But it's not a gift for everyone."

The offers poured in: AC Milan, Real Madrid and the rest. But before he could decide, he had one piece of unfinished business: "The first thing I did after the World Cup was take my grandparents to Mecca."

He eventually decided to leave Lens for Liverpool in a £10million deal. "I had to go to Liverpool because Gerard Houllier was there, and he is French, and he can understand me," he explains.

travelling man

Despite scoring twice on his debut against Southampton – prompting the Kop to chant "Diouf! Diouf! Diouf's on fire!" – the move wasn't an unqualified success.

"I didn't score a lot of goals, but I made a lot of assists," argues Diouf. "I didn't like the people who ran the club. There is so much politics at Liverpool. Even today, they don't play Martin Skrtel, they play Jamie Carragher. Skrtel is ten times better,

everyone knows that, but it's politics."

(The fact that Carragher once claimed Diouf was always last to be picked for teams in training might, *loaded* suspects, have coloured his opinion.)

"The reason Liverpool are behind Manchester United is because no one is bigger than United and no one is bigger than Alex Ferguson. How many young boys go to Liverpool and fail? And how many go to United and make it? That's why, when Liverpool and United both wanted Jones [Phil

Jones], he called me and I said, 'go to United, Fergie will look after you.' Every day he calls me to say thank you. Liverpool is a big club with beautiful fans – the fans are unbelievable – but United have been the best for 20 years."

After two frustrating seasons at Anfield, which brought him a ban for spitting at Celtic fans during a UEFA Cup tie in 2004, he joined Bolton, where manager Sam Allardyce got the best out of him.

"Sam loves me like his son, and I give back all I can. He's a great man," he says.

"In my first season, we finished sixth in the Premier League and we played in Europe for the first time. If I've got a team today in my heart, it's Bolton. People love me there."

Eventually, however, the Bolton fairytale ended, and Diouf joined Roy Keane's Sunderland for six ill-fated months. Then in January 2009, his mentor Allardyce, who had since taken charge at Blackburn Rovers, signed him for a second time.

Things started brightly there, but Allardyce

was replaced by Steve Kean, and Diouf joined Rangers on loan, a glorious period where they won the SPL and the Scottish League Cup.

"You feel pressure at Rangers in every game. You have to win and make the fans happy, because people travel around the world to see Rangers," he says. "I played there for six months, won the title and played for a big manager, Walter Smith, and also for Ally McCoist. I had a good time there."

He signed for Doncaster on a free when his Blackburn contract ended, but after a season that ended in relegation from the Championship, he moved to Elland Road.

It seemed an unlikely deal, given the history between Diouf and Leeds boss Neil Warnock. After an FA Cup tie between Blackburn and QPR in January 2011, Warnock, then at QPR, made his infamous "sewer rat" comment, accusing Diouf of abusing Jamie Mackie while he lay on the pitch with a broken leg.

But Diouf is philosophical.

"That's why life is beautiful," he says. "A lot of things had been said, but we work together perfectly. He respects me, I respect him. He's a great man, a passionate man, and a winner."

Not enough of a winner, though. By the time *loaded* meets up with Diouf, Leeds are

"THERE'S POLITICS AT LIVERPOOL. I DIDN'T LIKE THE PEOPLE WHO RAN THE CLUB"

slipping out of the hunt for a play-off place, and Neil Warnock is heading for the exit door. Shortly after our chat, he's gone.


"I have one more year on my contract," he says. "If we don't make the play-offs this time, I think next season we'll go up automatically."

"I could go to West Ham tomorrow" – that'll be the Allardyce connection again – "and I had other Premier League clubs calling me before I came here, but Leeds is a team I've always liked. It's a big club. You have pressure every day when you play for Leeds. It's one of my biggest challenges in football."

"When I came here, the Leeds fans didn't want me, but I know I'm strong and skilful, and now the fans love me. Everywhere I go, they sing my name. The fans deserve it (promotion) because they're wonderful."

club and country

Back in November, Diouf had to endure monkey chants while playing for Leeds at Millwall. He also once claimed that bananas had been thrown at him at Everton (although none were ever found), and had to deny claims that he had himself racially abused a ball boy at Goodison Park. Not surprisingly, he has strong opinions on racism in football.



"In 2013, people thinking like that are stupid. If someone should be racist it's us [black people] because of the history, but I don't like talking about this because I have a lot of friends who are all different," he says.

"My best friend is [former Southampton winger] Fabrice Fernandes, a white guy. Racists don't know anything about life."

Time after time, Diouf refers to his country, and the pride he feels in having played a positive role in its history. When *loaded* asks him about the reception the players received when they returned to Senegal after the 2002 World Cup, he says he still gets goosebumps just thinking about it. Millions lined the streets to welcome them home.

"I've never seen anything like that. Normally it takes 20 minutes to go from the airport to the palace, but after the World Cup it took 12 hours. I've still got the DVD at home, but every time I watch it I cry.

"I can't go anywhere in Senegal without people saying 'thank you very much'.

"That's why Africa is wonderful, because they always give so much back when you do something for your country.

"In England, you see footballers who they don't look after any more. Look at Paul

"WHEN I CAME HERE, LEEDS FANS DIDN'T LIKE ME. NOW EVERYWHERE, THEY SING MY NAME"

Gascoigne. He did everything for England. Maybe if he'd got a good job he wouldn't be where he is now. [Tony] Adams needs to have a good job in England. In Africa, Titi Camara used to be the Minister for Sport."

Diouf is now doing everything he can to give something back to his people: "I have a charity called The El Hadji Dioufy Foundation, and I have one with Akon [the hip-hop star who grew up in Senegal] called Confidence," he says. "In Senegal we have a problem with dialysis, and people with dialysis have to check their blood weekly, but it costs £100, which is big money in Senegal.

"Last year, I organised a football game which raised thousands, plus the money I gave to the hospital, and it bought the machine and blood needed to help those people where I come from."

Diouf has had to be a strong character just to endure everything life has thrown at him.

"The media here is so big – the biggest in the world – and that's why, when you come to play here, you have to be strong. I've been here now for ten years, and I could live here all my life because I know I am strong.

Nothing can stop me." ■ **loaded**

Visit leedsunited.com for more

‘Freeway’ Rick Ross, the USA’s first crack cocaine millionaire, arrives for his interview with *loaded* in a beat up 20-year-old blue Dodge Neon that looks like it’s been dragged from a car crusher five seconds after the “start” button was pressed. Dressed casually in jeans and a T-shirt, the smiley 53-year-old greets us warmly and ushers us into the lobby of the clothing business he now runs in south central Los Angeles.

It’s a long way from when he controlled an industrialised drugs empire that stretched from California clear across the States, employing thousands and enabling him to amass countless businesses, spend \$120k a week on girlfriend “upkeep” and earn a personal fortune of over \$600 million. But it’s one that also landed him with a life sentence and a murky connection to a notorious CIA conspiracy. As Ross says with a wry smile, “Nothing in life is certain, and that goes especially for the cocaine business.”

Rick Donnell Ross, or “Ricky” as he became known, was born in a little town in east Texas and moved with his family to Los Angeles as a kid. Growing up poor in what he describes as the “ghetto”, Ricky always thought his way out would be that most white-bread of sports, tennis.

“We lived in a house that had rats, roaches and a hole in the floor where



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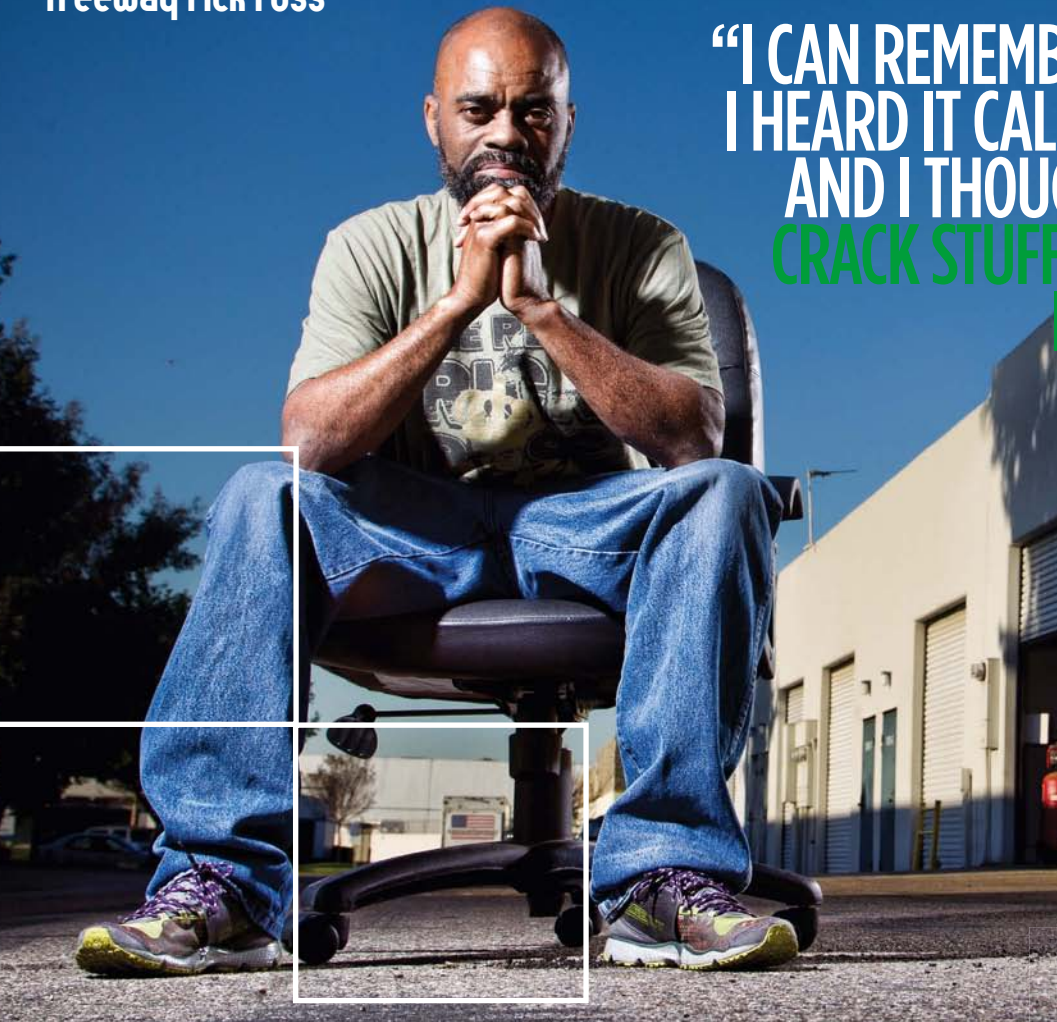
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features

Growing up in the projects, Rick Ross wanted to be a tennis player. Until he saw how the other half lived, and had an idea...

FREEWAY RICK ROSS Words MARTIN PASHLEY Photography JAMES CHEADLE

“I CAN REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME I HEARD IT CALLED ‘CRACK’ ON TV AND I THOUGHT, ‘WHAT’S THIS CRACK STUFF THEY’RE PUTTING IN THE COCAINE?’”



you could see the ground. But I was a good tennis player and thought I’d get a university scholarship.”

His dream of being the new Arthur Ashe was shattered when admissions officers for the university discovered that Rick was illiterate and wouldn’t accept him on the course. Ironically, Rick claims that being involved in tennis made him a better drug lord. Something we’re unlikely to hear Andy Murray say any time soon.

“I started playing tennis at 12,” says Rick, as we sit out the back of his new business, soaking up the Californian sun. “So I wasn’t around at the age when kids joined street gangs. I was mixing with a different crowd than in South Central – middle and upper class blacks, people who’d made money through legitimate business. I saw their success, so when I got back to the ghetto I knew there was money there. I just had to figure out how.”

freebase - how low can you go?

The plan Rick eventually came up with was inspired in its simplicity, and he put it into action with a few trusted relatives and friends. He would take powdered cocaine – which then had a posh reputation and was thought of as a drug for those with money – and ‘cook’ it into little cheap nuggets that users could smoke.

While freebase cocaine had been around for a few years, Ross decided it was a perfect delivery system to reach a vast untapped market: those that didn’t have the money to splash out 50 bucks for a gram of coke but would pay 15-20 dollars for a hit of crack. In other words, the populations of all the ghettos in America.

“People say I invented crack,” says Rick, “but that’s not true, I just popularised it. I brought it into the mainstream. We didn’t even call it crack

back then, we called it ‘Ready Rock’.

“I can remember the first time I heard it called ‘crack’ on TV and I thought, ‘What’s this crack stuff they’re putting in the cocaine?’”

Either way, Rick was in the perfect position.

“It was like I’d discovered a gold mine. And I was in the right place at the right time – people had no money and were depressed because of the economy in the early eighties – but I had a tremendous work ethic”

cooking up a storm

Rick began slowly, but soon the streets of southern California were jumping with demand for the little white rocks and Rick began industrialising his cooking process.

He recalls, “When we first started we paid a cook to make rocks on a kitchen stove. But as it got bigger and bigger I learned to cook myself [he says he was a “master”] and we wound up using giant cooking pots like they use in food factories. You couldn’t stir it with an ordinary spoon, you needed a giant one. We found one that looked like something you’d paddle a canoe with.”

Rick says that a rock of cocaine produced this way would be the size of a table and it’d have to be broken up with an axe. Rick clocks me picturing in my mind’s eye a rock of crack the size of a table, and laughs: “Pretty big, huh?”

Broken down, the rocks would roll across Southern California and beyond. Through a network of affiliates and street gangs (Ross himself had ties with the Crips) it was a sharp operation



utilising stash houses near motorways (hence the nickname "Freeway") that for a few years was completely under the police radar. Rick puts this down to careful planning and being in one of the poorest neighbourhoods in America.

"The police didn't have a clue for a long time, and why would they? We were 22-years-old living in an area where the houses cost \$10,000 – why would the police think millions of dollars of cocaine were being moved there? It was just beyond their understanding."

Rick still has the modesty, lack of showiness and thoughtfulness he claims he had when he was one of the richest men in America. Unfailingly polite, he holds open the door for other people, answers questions with "thanks for asking that" and often takes an age to formulate a response. It's like talking with an urbane CEO of a company rather than a man who flooded a continent with narcotics.

"I've never been the kind to show my wealth," he explains, "Didn't wear gold, didn't have fancy cars – someone once gave me a Ferrari and I just sold it on without ever driving it. I didn't want anyone to know who I was. I remember going to a club and someone came up to me and said, 'Freeway Ricky Ross is in here tonight.' I said, 'He is? Wow. Where?'"

There are various estimates on how much Ross's empire was making at its height, but the usual figure is a million dollars a day. Rick himself says that at points it was closer to \$2 million but averaged out, it was probably in the high hundreds of thousands: "My lawyer says that at points I was earning the highest daily pay of any individual in America. Richer than Sam Walton (Wal Mart) or Bill Gates. Difference is they didn't have to carry a gun to work."

all about the benjamins

Most of the cash he earned went on buying property, hotels and businesses, explains Rick. Counselling by dealers higher up the chain to invest in tangible assets, he went on a spending spree (he once paid \$250K for a house in one dollar bills) to the point where he couldn't remember how many properties or businesses he owned. "It was somewhere between 20 or 30," He says. "My goal was to go legit and get out. But he concedes, "I don't think I could have left at that time. Drugs were a mental crutch. When users were feeling sad they would take drugs, when I was sad I would sell drugs," he grins. "And that would make me happy."

Rick claims he was never violent, but did have to make some "Critical life or death decisions" which he won't elaborate on. "Violence is bad for business," he explains. "Someone gets murdered and you've got the homicide cops all over you. You lose money, and for me it was all about the money. Not power, just money."

I ask why he was so successful while countless others got killed or were in prison before they came close to the sort of money he was making.

"The drug business isn't that difficult if you're disciplined enough to put your money back into it," he says. "I thought through every move I made, the ramifications of every decision. But I guess the best advice is don't waste money on

cars and women, and work hard and you'll move up."


Though there were women – five of them each receiving \$25K a week from Ross as spending money – he's philosophical about it: "If someone says money can't buy you love, tell them to come talk to me."

After a couple of years, Ross's operation's demand for cocaine had far outstripped what local suppliers could handle and, through an intermediary, he hooked up with a group who were funding a civil war in the central American country of Nicaragua by trafficking Columbian cocaine.

What made it even stranger was the involvement of the CIA. According to an investigation by Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist Gary Webb, they were, with tacit approval from then President Ronald Reagan, actively helping to ship the cocaine into the US in return for anti-communist gun money. And to give it an extra wrapping of tin foil (like it really needs one), they were deliberately targeting the black community on the basis that no one really cared what happened to them anyway.

the plot thickens...

Rick claims he was unaware of the CIA connection until years later, but does admit he knew that his Nicaraguan partners were funding an insurgency. One in particular, Oscar Danilo Blandon, would be particularly open about their motives: "He'd talk about it and say 'this is to stop the communists' and 'we're doing great work here'. But I never took any notice. I never knew about it 'til years later when someone showed me a newspaper clipping. I laughed – imagine me dealing cocaine with the government. Only in America."

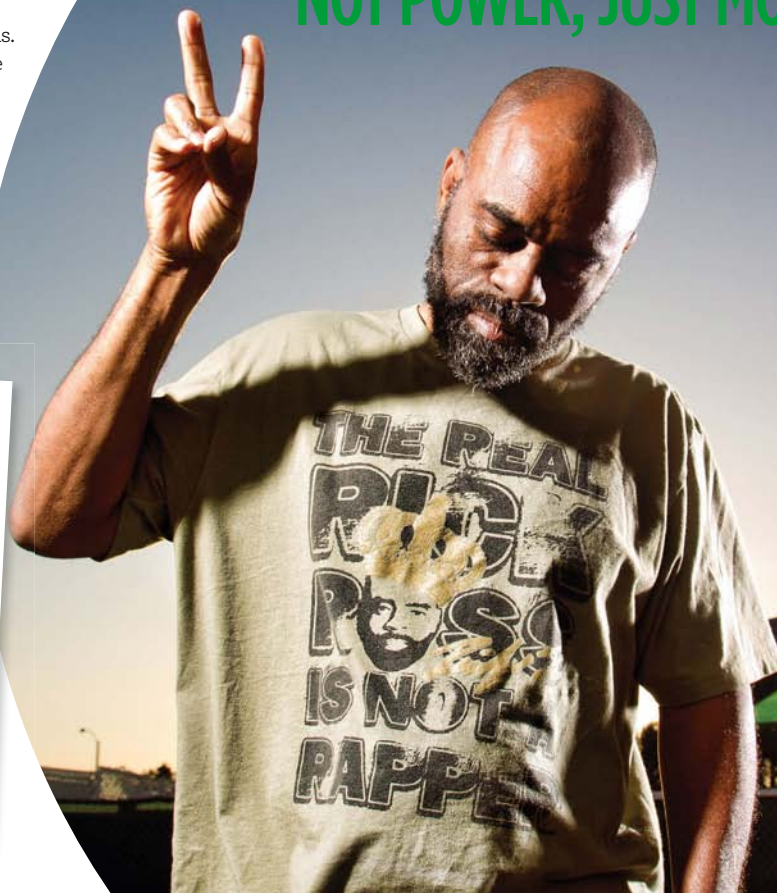
But if the 

**"FOR
ME IT WAS ALL
ABOUT THE MONEY.
NOT POWER, JUST MONEY"**

features



Michael McIntyre found plenty of loose change down the back of his sofa



freeway rick ross

Nicaraguans were the pipe through which Rick's fortune flowed, in the end they were the one who drowned his operation.

It's murky as to what really happened – Rick claims he was set up by Blandon for reasons unknown. "It really hurt," says Rick. "Oscar was like a father figure to me, and to do that..."

Rick was arrested trying to buy 100 kilos of coke and was sentenced to life. The empire was dead and Rick was looking at living out his days in what he describes as a "concrete coffin".

Back in the late afternoon sunshine, I ask Rick if he'd managed to stash any of the cash from his glory days. He laughs, "No, the money's long gone. Long, long gone."

I ask if any of it went on paying for protection inside. "No. Everyone liked me. I got on with serving my time and trying to figure a way out."

And find it he did – after spotting a legal mistake with his case his sentence was reduced from life to 20 years and Rick was freed early because of good behaviour. Since then he's tried various business ventures, from importing human hair from China to managing hip-hop acts, but nothing has come within a universe of bringing him the sort of cash he once earned.

no regrets

Throughout the interview I have mixed feelings. After all, drug kingpins, are supposed to be evil incarnate, whereas Ross is charm itself. I find it hard to reconcile his fearsome reputation with the mild mannered guy in front of me. He claims he hasn't changed.

"Oh I've always been like this. It was the people around me that were frightening. You would have been scared if you'd met them. But I was more interested in making money."

I ask if he has any regrets. He answers plainly, "No, though I wouldn't do it again. We weren't putting guns at people's heads forcing them to buy it." But what about the damage it caused the black community, as the murder rate for young black men went through the roof? Rick goes quiet: "Crack isn't racist," he says.

The interview begins to wind down – Rick has to leave to go and talk business about a film he's developing about his life. It's one of the many projects he has on the go. He says he is a natural businessman and crack was just an "illegalised" product he happened to be involved in. So does he miss anything about it?

He laughs and says, "Yeah, the money." Then a serious look spreads across his face.

"Listen, I still dream about selling drugs. My subconscious is missing something that took care of me for so long. It's saying, 'Why are you struggling when you don't have to?' Why not go back and start up again?' And that's a question I have to answer every day." ■ **loaded**



The magnifying-glass-in-the-sun trick always raised a laugh

RICK-ROLLED!

Mention multi-platinum selling rapper Rick Ross to former crack lord Rick Ross and you'll get a stream of invective that makes you glad you didn't cross him back in the day.

For Rick, the rapper Rick Ross, former prison guard William Roberts

who named himself in homage to Ross's exploits is "a parasite", "the fat man" and "a hip-hop cop poisoning people's minds by making drug dealing seem glamorous".

Ross is currently suing rapper Ross for millions in damages: "I'm not saying I'm going to win, but how would you like it if someone like that was getting rich using your name?"



"I'VE NEVER
BEEN THE KIND
TO SHOW MY
WEALTH. DIDN'T
WEAR GOLD,
DIDN'T HAVE
FANCY CARS"

RIGHT PROPER CHARLIE



As Larry Lavin examined the teeth of the wealthy clients who used his Philadelphia surgery, nobody could have guessed he was living a double life as a millionaire drugs kingpin.

Yet below the respectable veneer, the Ivy League-educated dentist – nicknamed ‘Dr Snow’ – was head of one of the USA’s biggest cocaine rings. For several years Lavin even managed to fool the authorities. But the renowned risk taker was finally caught... after taking one risk too many.

A new documentary, screened this month, tells the story of how Lavin used his position as a straight-A student at the University of Pennsylvania to shift from a minor weed dealer into a major cocaine baron. A series of exclusive interviews reveal Lavin’s drive came from the “shame” of seeing his father made bankrupt while he was at school.

Despite managing to get into college in the mid-1970s, Lavin was penniless – and started selling marijuana on campus. “At first you’re buying small amounts. It wasn’t long until I had my hands on 100lbs.”

However, a police crackdown in the late-1970s choked his supply, and as cocaine use coincided with the change in popular culture, Lavin changed tack. His suppliers were former pot-dealing friends from Miami, and he used fellow students to run cash and coke in return for substantial payment... and even sitting exams for them!

Larry’s coke dealing became an overnight sensation – yet he continued his studies. “It was 24/7. We now had a large ongoing criminal enterprise that was producing millions of dollars’ worth of revenue.”

But after graduating, Lavin craved a respectable life and tried to distance himself from the cocaine trade. He handed over the daily business to friends while taking 50% of the cash, and opened up a dental practice.

But he found it hard to let go. With so much money washing around, Lavin

turned to a dodgy accountant to launder his money. But the accountant made sloppy mistakes and soon the FBI came sniffing.

When a phone tap on a known dealer linked Lavin’s name to coke in September 1984, the Feds swooped. Facing life in prison, Lavin skipped bail and went on the run with his young family and \$1.6m cash, creating dozens of false identities to protect his assets and shake the law off his tail.

And while the FBI hunted nationwide for Lavin, he was less than 500 kilometres away from Philadelphia in Virginia Beach. Posing as Brian O’Neal, Lavin fed his new friends cover stories and became a man of leisure.

In fact Lavin felt so relaxed he let his guard down – and bizarrely bragged to an old friend on a tapped phone how he had befriended a former FBI agent. Investigators knew if they could find the retired officer, they would find Lavin, and sent his mug shot to hundreds of ex-FBI men.

When Pat O’Donnell received the photo in the post, he was straight on the phone, and in May 1986 Lavin returned from a day’s sea fishing to face a SWAT team. “A couple of guys jump onto the boat and grab me and say: ‘Are you Larry Lavin?’

“There were helicopters, boats in the marina, cars... and there were agents with guns out. I couldn’t believe it.” Prosecutors were astonished at the size of the operation. They found more than 1,000 kilograms.

The trial attracted huge attention and Lavin pleaded guilty to drug dealing and tax evasion, but refused to cooperate.

The trial coincided with the hardening of public opinion against cocaine, and Lavin was hit with the maximum sentence – 42 years, later reduced to 21 on appeal – losing everything: money, family, his dental licence.

“You have to realise at some point that you’re not gonna win,” he concludes. “But I came pretty close.”

King Of Coke: Living the Highlife, is on the National Geographic Channel Tuesday May 14 at 10pm

mexican cartels

100 MAN SH



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features

MEXICAN CARTELS Words HARRIET NOTTON

Think being a journalist is fun? Write about Mexico's drug cartels and you'll be risking more than a libel case...

"After a shooting, they target the reporter," says Alfredo Corchado, a renowned authority on Mexican drug cartels. "They will threaten them, kill them, or get that person to work for them as a spokesperson.

"Whether you're a Mexican or American, if you write information that threatens their business, that's when they get mad.

"They don't mind people writing stories about how legendary their status has become – they like that stuff. However, if you say, 'such-and-such a cartel is investing money in Dallas, Texas and here are the people in charge,' that's when they get mad, that's when they come after you. And they will come after you."

Yeah? Well, they can't scare us. *loaded* has but one master – THE TRUTH. We believe... hang on, is that gunfire outside?!





OK, only kidding. Or are we? Because when we heard the chilling words of Corchado, Mexico bureau chief for *The Dallas Morning News*, we must admit to having the odd second thought about writing anything about Mexican drug cartels, or talking to him about his memoir *Midnight in Mexico - A Personal Account of my Homeland's Descent into Darkness*. I mean, we may be on the other side of the world, but you really don't want to get on the wrong side of these guys...

In his role as a reporter, Cortado has built a reputation for refusing to shrink from reporting on government corruption, the scores of mysterious murders in Juarez, or the ruthless drug gangs that often seem to have held large swathes of his native land to ransom.

Midnight in Mexico is the story of one man's quest to report the truth about his country as well as saving his own life.

a dangerous game

Since the 1980s, more than 300 journalists have been murdered in Mexico and dozens more have disappeared. On that basis, it is a more dangerous place to report from than the Afghanistan war zone. But one man decided that he needed to expose the devastation that continues to plague his beloved homeland.

"I wasn't obsessed with the idea of writing a book," he tells *loaded*, "but I had a responsibility to do this. I had to flee my homeland as a child, and in fleeing, I struggled with one question: 'What went wrong? Why do I feel betrayed by Mexico?' I went back hoping to try to find the answers, trying to find out what happened to my country. Journalists were not in the business of trying to instil hope in readers, but I myself felt that I needed to find the answers."

The Mexican Drug War is an ongoing armed



"MEXICO IS MORE DANGEROUS THAN AFGHANISTAN FOR A REPORTER"

conflict among rival drug cartels fighting each other for regional control and against the government forces. Although such drug manufacturing, dealing and trafficking organisations, have thrived there for several decades, they have become more powerful since the demise of Colombia's Cali and Medellín cartels in the 1990s. Cartels from cities such as Culiacan and Matamoros dominate the wholesale illicit drug market by controlling 90% of the drugs entering the US.

Ruthless and savage gangs such as Los Zetas have been known to kidnap and brutally murder anyone who stands in their way. They torture enemies, cut them into pieces, drop

bodies into barrels of acid and even capture their exploits on video to be sent to TV stations or YouTube. Essentially, they are terrorists without a political agenda and shockingly, they are now recruiting children as young as 12.

baby hit men and teenage mules

There is a good reason for hiring kids. In Mexico, minors under the age of 14 cannot be arrested for gang activity and so some of the most dangerous men in the country are luring children in to a life of gang culture with the promise of money and power.

The gangs' most common use for these teens is to force them into transporting cocaine across the borders and around the country.

And it's an increasingly popular tactic. In 2008, 19 Mexican minors were arrested at the border for possession of drugs. By 2010, that number had risen to 190.

In March of this year, 13-year-old 'hit man' Jose Armado Moreno, who reportedly worked for the Los Zetas gang, was found murdered and tortured by the roadside; his mother was also found next to him, slain and





“LAST MARCH, A 13-YEAR-OLD HITMAN WAS FOUND TORTURED AND MURDERED BY THE ROADSIDE, WITH HIS MOTHER LYING SLAIN AND TORTURED BESIDE HIM”

features





“YOU WORRY ABOUT YOUR LOVED ONES, YOUR GIRLFRIEND. IF THEY DON’T CATCH YOU THEY COULD GO AFTER THEM”

tortured. As if that weren’t shocking enough, in December 2010, a 14-year-old boy born in San Diego, known only as “El Ponchis” was arrested in December 2010 in central Mexico. He told reporters he had been kidnapped aged 11 and forced to work for a cartel. He said he participated in at least four beheadings.

Zetas were often Mexican military personnel who had been trained by the U.S. Military to fight the cartels. However, they were lured by the bigger salaries offered by drug kingpins and formed the gang that operates today. It was said that the Zetas knew 43 different ways to kill a person in three minutes or less, and they do not appreciate reporters interfering with their business.

“These guys have two agendas,” Corchado explains. “They want money and power. The way to get both is by controlling the roads that lead to the States and to Europe, where they can sell the drugs. The second thing they want to control is information – if you want to send a message to a community, to officials, the best way to do that is control the press.

As an outspoken reporter himself, he explains just how close he has come to ending up in the hands of these ferocious gangs:

“We face threats from the key cartel leaders – it’s either shut up, or they’ll put a bullet in your

head. I’ve had that threat at least four times.

“Every time I’ve been able to leave the country for periods of time to try and let things settle, and I still don’t know whether someone was ready and waiting to carry out the threats or whether it was meant as a message – ‘We’re watching you and know where you are’.

“Yes, you worry about your loved ones, your girlfriend, your friends, because you know if they don’t catch you they could go after those closest to you – there were times I was afraid they were going to do that, but each time I tried to hide out. At one point, I left for over a year, and I thought, ‘It’s over – I’m not coming back, this is not the story I want to cover.’

“However, ultimately I felt that I needed the answers – I needed to understand what had happened to my home.”

a lucky escape

In an excerpt from his book, Corchado describes the moment that he got told he was being followed:

“Where are you?”

“In Mexico.”

“Where exactly?”

“In my apartment. Why?”

“They plan to kill an American journalist within 24 hours,” he said. “Three names came

up. I think it’s you. I’d get out.”

Far from becoming hardened by such episodes, Corchado is still affected every time a new atrocity is unearthed.

“Everything about Mexico still shocks me,” he admits. “Writing this book hasn’t changed that. However, there are two things that manage to still affect me deeply: The savagery and the brutality that humans can inflict on each other in Mexico, and also the level of corruption.

“The whole country doesn’t face the same violence; the violence is concentrated in the northern states that border Texas. But the whole country faces the same threat of conditions that will lead to other parts falling apart. The cartels operate in the States, obviously, otherwise they wouldn’t have a business, but they’re finding ways to adapt to the rules north of the border – they use different tactics in order to not attract attention.

“In Mexico, they bully institutions because they are so weak, and they simply can’t do that in the US. They’ll bribe people, but you just won’t see the same kind of violence in the States that they employ in Mexico.”

Despite such horrors, Corchado remains positive about his homeland.

“I don’t think many of us knew how deeply ingrained it was – the corruption, I mean. It really surprised me that in spite of all the bad things that have happened, my people continue to stand up for what they believe in – and for the first time people are standing up to authorities and are willing to try and hold the government accountable.”

While most authors would welcome a translation of their book into Spanish, the



features

second most widely spoken language in the world, this development is a bitter-sweet one for Corchado.

"Having the book in Mexico is a mixed blessing. I am happy that many of my friends and relatives can read it, but it also worries me because it's forced me to come clean to my parents. They really didn't know what I was doing out there and so now, I am telling them little by little what's happened, how it has affected me. The one thing they didn't want me to report on was the drugs culture in Mexico because they knew the dangers I'd be forced to face, and I went against them on that one. The biggest problem I have to come to terms with is whether I'll ever be able to live in Mexico now. I'm hopeful that a few key people will be arrested or will be gone by the time the book comes out and we can all breathe a sigh of relief. But there's a part of me that still lies awake at night and wonders: 'what is going to happen to me now?'"

In a country where rules are rarely followed and the authorities rarely respected, will Mexico ever be able to break free of this nightmare? Corchado remains consistently optimistic, refusing to believe that Mexico will remain at the mercy of the gangs forever.

"I am absolutely certain that this nightmare will end. I'm just not so sure I'll be alive to see it. I'm not saying someone is going to put a bullet in my head; I mean it will take many, many years for Mexico to become the country that we all think it can become.

"Mexicans are very productive people but they just live under a system that needs to change. The changes will come slowly, the country is doing well because it keeps improving economically. However, until Mexico can start dealing with the weak institutions it has in place, change will struggle to materialise. Young Mexican people say, 'I'd rather live 5 years as a king than 50 years as an ox,' and that's the kind of mindset that Mexico has to take care of. Amid all the darkness, you see a little bit of dawn and someday we'll find our light of hope." ■ **loaded**

Midnight in Mexico: A Reporter's Journey Through a Country's Descent into Darkness is out May 30



SOPH PHWOAR, SO GOOD

SOPHIE ANDERTON Words TOM LACHEM Styling LUCAS ARMITAGE

SOPHIE ANDERTON PROVES SHE
CAN GROW OLD... DISGRACEFULLY

ALL CLOTHES COCO DE MER



features



UNDERWEAR BY NYLA, EARRINGS BY FREEDOM AT TOPSHOP, WHIP
AND CUFF (SMALL PHOTO) BY BOX OF GREY - BOXOFGREY.COM

Sophie Anderton has spent the last few years telling anyone who'll listen that she's clean. Except that's not strictly true. The former supermodel is back... and dirtier than ever.

Back in 2009, Sophie reached the nadir of her addiction to cocaine, and had to go cold turkey to give it up. She hasn't touched the devil's dandruff for four years, but it's this new-found self-restraint, she says, that has tempted her into embracing the dark side once more.

So when we got a call asking if we fancied doing a shoot with Sophie – “she doesn't want to do girl-next-door, she wants it to be filth,” explained her publicist – it naturally tickled our fancy. And with her being a proper *loaded* legend, having graced these pages no fewer than four times before, how could we refuse?

The result is Sophie's kinkiest photo shoot ever.

“*50 Shades Of Grey* has got a lot to answer for,” she says. “I find it fascinating – that whole thing about trust between two consenting adults.

“Something about it scares people, but for me I think it's perfectly normal for a woman and a man who respect each other and are consenting adults to experience that.”

cracking the whip

Don't think all this is all just for our benefit, though. During the shoot, Sophie picks up a cat o' nine tails, whips her own hand with it and cackles, “I'm going to have a great weekend with all this stuff.” Our eyebrows arch, and we can't resist asking Sophie just how kinky she is in real life.

“Any boyfriend of mine would be very, very lucky because they will discover that I have a box with all sorts of toys and ropes and stuff,” she replies without batting an eyelid. “There's also this amazing contraption that you attach to the top of the door and attach yourself to, which is kind of fun, but I'm not going any further than that as I'll get into trouble. I also have a very vivid imagination. I would say any man who is with me would certainly not be complaining.”

Warming to our theme, we ask Sophie to name the wildest place she's ever had sex. “It was probably in the boot of my Mercedes in broad daylight

features

“ANY
BOYFRIEND
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OF TOYS LIKE
THIS”





**‘I HAD
SEX ON A
BEACH LAST
SUMMER.
I BLAME 50
SHADES OF
GREY...’**

when I lived in South Africa,” she recalls.

“We were driving through the countryside and had the roof down on a boiling hot day. We decided to stop off... and ended up doing it in the middle of a field in the boot.

“I don’t know if people saw us, although I wasn’t really looking as I was quite preoccupied.

“I also had sex on a beach last summer. I was with this guy I was dating at a beach party, and we went for a walk along the beach. One thing led to another and we ended up doing it on a beach bed.

I’d had a few drinks but to be honest, I didn’t need any Dutch courage. I actually blame *50 Shades* for that, too. It was a nightmare sitting by the pool, in the sun, in a bikini, reading it...”

sex and the single girl

After spending a couple of minutes trying to get that image out of our heads, we ask Sophie if there’s a man in her life right now.

“Not at the moment,” she replies. “I’ve been single since I left my last boyfriend last May. I’m dating but I’m not going out with anyone. One guy lasted seven weeks but then I found a flaw. I have this cut-off point. I’m quite militant about it, and if there are any negatives that affect my life then that’s it.”

It’s pretty clear that Sophie isn’t willing to jump into bed with any old person. “How many dates would take to get me into bed? That’s a good question. I don’t know. I’d never have sex on the first date because I have far too much self-respect.

“I might find something out about someone after five dates and never see them again, so it’s more about the individual.





"Most men play games, but I don't have time for that. With me, what you see is what you get, so I need someone who thinks the same way. When I became single my friends made me write a list of what I wanted in a man. There are about ten points on it and so far I've only met two people who make about six or seven, but I'm not willing to accept less than ten out of ten."

If you think you measure up to Sophie's high standards and rate yourself as a perfect ten, just don't tell her you read the august publication that you're holding right now.

"I'm sorry, I wouldn't date a *loaded* reader," she says, "And I very rarely meet people on nights out because I don't go to clubs."

"If a guy hit on me while I was out, I'd immediately get quite protective because I've been drawn to unsuitable men in the past because my life was unsuitable. But it hasn't made me a man-hater. I love men."

"Thankfully now I'm a different type of person and I don't attract those people."

"You wouldn't believe how many times I get asked out on Facebook and Twitter. Would I ever date anyone off there? I have some amazing Twitter followers and I am very lucky but I have had three stalkers, so no."

"I have been stalker-free since 2009, but that's because they can't find me. No one knows where I live and it's fantastic."

For a long time, Sophie got burned by men whose only intention was to kiss and tell.

"Of course I've been devastated by people selling stories. Wouldn't you? Working as a model, I appreciate that media interest comes with the territory. But when people have sold lies or an ex-boyfriend has sold stories about our sex life, I've found it hard to stomach."

"My mother goes on the internet and she doesn't want to know about my sex life."

the party's over

After some tough times, it seems Sophie is now in a good place. At the height of her modelling career, she was snorting £400 of cocaine every day, and blew millions partying.

"My past life was amazing fun," she says. "I wouldn't have been doing it if it wasn't. But the party had to finish at some point and the drugs ended up taking their toll on me. I was a wreck and went bankrupt in every way – emotionally, spiritually and financially."

She finally got herself off the drugs by ditching her old friends, moving away and avoiding all temptation. "I tried every way, shape or form to change my lifestyle. Nothing worked. I suddenly realised what I had to do. I had to stop working, I had to move out of London and get rid of everybody in my life. For

a year it was really painful. I was very lonely but it was a huge learning curve."


Since then, Sophie has kept herself clean and is lending her experience to the Amy Winehouse Foundation, and also helping fight cuts to womens' refuges. She is modelling again, and has a ten-year plan to develop her business ventures. But one thing she feels unable to do is directly counsel other addicts.

"I've had one or two celebrities call me, but I won't talk to them because I find it too hard. I feel I have to scrub my skin afterwards when I've spoken to someone who has something in their system. So I don't hang out with them."

"A person helps you by saying 'unless you sort yourself out, I'm not sticking around any more'. That person doesn't help you by bailing you out and giving you money. It's called tough love and it's the only way to do it."

"I was lost in my twenties," she admits, "and it was only once I changed my lifestyle that changed, and it still took me three years to really get to the point where I am happy to be on my own and not in a relationship."

"But I have no regrets about that life because



I'm a better woman for it. I'm strong, I'm independent. Getting clean is my biggest accomplishment."

life begins at 30

Now 35 (yes, really), Sophie tells us she's never felt more confident or secure in her own (still hot) body.

"I think it's amazing I'm still doing this at 35, and these are the best pictures I've ever done," she says.

"I'm also comfortable with my sexuality. In your twenties you're riddled with insecurities. By the time you get to your thirties, you don't sweat the small stuff.

"Nowadays I know that whoever ends up with me is one lucky man. And I've been told I'm good in bed.

"Sex in your thirties is phenomenal. I didn't know what I was doing in my twenties. In your thirties, you know what you want and how to get it. As a 35-year-old woman, you can take control."

And if you want to be photographed in handcuffs. Who cares what anyone might think? ■ **loaded**




 Sam Trickett

PLAYS

HIS CARDS

features

RIGHT

CARD SHARK Words ADAM THORN Photography ALASTAIR PULLEN

Meet Sam Trickett: the party-loving 25-year-old poker player who bluffed his way to a £20m fortune. He can also fix your radiator, too...

It's a stuffy January evening in Macau, China, and sat around a dimly-lit table, Sam Trickett is in a spot of bother. He's playing a high-stakes game against an elite group of the world's most ruthless card sharks. Scattered in the centre are bets worth an austerity-mocking \$1 million. But as he lifts the corner of his cards, he finds an 8 and 6 of clubs. This, combined with the 10, 7, 3 and Jack 'community cards' on the table, adds up to a hand worth, um, fuck all. Some of the money already in the pot is his own, but when his opponent confidently throws in a further \$500,000 bet, there is only one logical option – to fold, cut his losses, keeping the \$1 million he still has in his stash. But Sam has other ideas. And as his opponent's piercing stare analyses his tiniest flinches, he pushes his remaining million forward. Even for a self-confessed competitive "degenerate", it's a ballsy move.



A black and white photograph of a man with short, dark hair, smiling at the camera. He is wearing a dark suit jacket over a light-colored dress shirt and a dark tie. He is holding a dark glass beer bottle with a white label in his right hand. The background is dark and out of focus, with some glassware visible on the left side.

“IN THREE
YEARS I’VE WON
\$30 MILLION.
IT’S GONE FROM
NOTHING IN
2010 TO THAT”

Fast-forward a year, and Sam is recalling the moment in a Nottingham casino, and he's managed to make even *loaded's* rottweiler photographer put down his camera.

"I had no chance of winning if he'd called me," explains Sam, in his thick, everyman northern accent, attempting to justify his quite bonkers thinking. "So I had to bluff big. I was really confident the guy was going to fold so I put \$1million of my money in, praying I was right.

This beautifully executed moment of bullshit worked perfectly. His opponent bottled it, folded and left Sam to haul in the chips, and make a \$1million profit on that hand alone.

"It was the first time I felt emotion in a game," he says. "My hands shook as I stacked the chips."

rags to riches... to rags

That, though, was all in a day's work for Sam. He may have accumulated a just plain unfair career winnings of \$30 million, but as he comes bounding in today – bang on time and without an entourage – to the casino where we're shooting him in Nottingham, he sounds, looks and acts like any other twentysomething bloke, while his chilled-out and polite demeanour hardly flaunts his fortune.

His Ferrari sat outside, though, does.

"When I said I was shaking, that was the adrenaline," continues Sam, when we probe him further on his most audacious moment. "I lied afterwards because I didn't show my cards. You don't want to reveal how you played that hand because you might want to do that again six months down the line. I never show my cards – I don't want to give them information."

But his rise to being able to wager those sums of money are a far cry from his humble upbringing in Retford, a town inbetween Sheffield and Nottingham. After leaving school at 17, he was doing well playing semi-pro football for his home town in the Baris Northern Counties East League, the tenth tier of English football. The team's star striker, his career was cut short not long after it started when he broke his cruciate ligament. The break was so severe doctors told him that if he ever played again he may be partly paralysed.

"They said, 'if you carry on, you might not be able to walk later on in life,'" he recalls.

From the highs of playing professional football, he started working as a gas plumber. It was quite some fall from grace, but it allowed him to save money for his new passion, poker.

"My friend invited me to his local pub where they held a monthly tournament with 20-30 players, and there were sheets on the wall telling you what the hands meant.

"I started practising on the internet, playing £5, £10 tournaments. I picked it up quickly, won that pub tournament, then I went to the casino and started playing in £10, £20 tournaments."

Soon he was playing every day and every night improving his game. He soon rose up the leagues, winning a local £1,000 jackpot one night, before winning £2,000 soon after. He chucked in the job and started playing full-time – and he was raking it in. He gambled big and left no money for security.

In his wildest early days, his bank balance would swing from a couple of grand up to 30 and back again within days. By the age of 21, he was ready for the World Series in Las Vegas.

And there he smashed it. In his first tournament, which cost \$1000 to enter, he won the \$80k jackpot. He took that momentum home with him, coming fourth in another tournament to win \$250k.

He started going on enormous benders – getting shitfaced on expensive champagne while lapping up the attention from girls. His ego inflated and he'd stagger into casinos betting on roulette and blackjack. Within a couple of months he had ended up £40k in debt. Before long he was, agonisingly, back doing gas plumbing again.

"I didn't tell my family or my girlfriend as I was so embarrassed," he says. "People were asking me for money, my parents... it was tough. I didn't even have money to play poker. At the time I couldn't even afford trainers. I had to sell my BMW to pay back people I owed."

He fled to Cape Town, South Africa to take a job teaching local businessmen the game.

Despite having nothing, he was playing more poker than ever before, and taking his already formidable game to another level. It wasn't long before his talents were spotted, and he was sponsored to enter the world series in Vegas again. Where he won it all back.

"My mentality had changed," he says. "I am not one for repeating mistakes."

He started investing his winnings in property, and rationing out what he spent on the poker. Before long, he started entering million-dollar tournaments, and winning them.

"In the last three years I have won \$30 million [in prize money]," he says, casually. "It's gone from nothing in 2010 to that."

twitches and tells

But forget the fall-and-rise life story – we're more keen to find out exactly how he wins so much money in a game we'd always assumed was mostly luck. Sam has a reputation for outsmarting some of the biggest names in the poker biz with his mix of Derren Brown-style mindgames, Gandalf-like powers of reading people and, as he openly admits, some Del Boy-style market stall bullshit.

"There's a lot of aspects to it," he explains.

"Maths is a part of the game, but not as big as people think. It's important to know the odds of your hand beating someone else's. Ultimately, you can either get dealt the best hand or bluff a bad one. So it's about working out whether your opponents have weak or strong hands. The good players figure that out more often."

As Sam explains, the actual cards you are dealt have little to do with the game going on in the players' heads. And just like in a Bond movie, there are also "tells" – behaviour that betrays an opponents' thinking, both 'live' (during a hand) and otherwise.

"There's classic ones," he adds when we ask for some examples. "Inexperienced players go for their chips quickly when they have a weak hand. If someone goes prematurely he is weak and is trying to come across as strong. If people are friendly, that's another weak sign.

"But this is for inexperienced players – you don't get that in the bigger tournaments. A lot of it is being aware who is winning and losing – are they gambling to get their money back?"

"Another classic tell is if his chips are well organised he is playing tight."



WIN A CHANCE TO PLAY POKER ON WEMBLEY'S PITCH

You could play in a tournament with a huge €1 million jackpot



Fancy playing poker on Wembley's hallowed turf against some of the best card sharks in the world? And what if we told you there is a guaranteed €1 Million prize for the winner? We thought you'd be interested....

loaded is offering ten lucky readers free entry into the €300 Day 1 of the most audacious poker tournament in history, hosted by Dusk Till Dawn (the Nottingham-based card room where Sam started out) and The International Stadiums Poker Tour.

HOW IT WORKS

Players have the option to play multiple live Day 1's at Dusk Till Dawn and/or online Day 1's on dusktilldawnpoker.com with a buy in of €300 (€270 + €30), these will start with 5000 chips and blinds 10 - 20 so 250 BB. The top 10% will then carry their chips through to Day 2 live at Wembley Stadium. It is also possible to buy in directly to one of the Day 2's on May 31st/June 1st for €3,000 (€2,700 + €300); in this case a player will receive an average stack of at least 50,000 and therefore a minimum of 250 BB as blinds start at 100-200.

HOW TO ENTER

There is a choice of Day 1's either live at Dusk Till Dawn in Nottingham, on May 11th, 18th, and 25th at 2pm. Alternatively, to play your Day 1 online, visit dusktilldawnpoker.com on May 12th, 19th, 26th and 30th. Online feeders start from €2 to gain entry into the €33 satellites where you can win €300 entry to the live and online Day 1's. Imagine turning just €2 into the guaranteed €1,000,000 first prize. All new and existing players will also receive a free €3 token to play our online MEGA FEEDERS with 50 x €33 tokens

guaranteed each night. For full information visit: dusktilldawnpoker.com/ispt/



features

“IN MY MIND
I’M THINKING
‘HOW DO I ACT
TO MAKE MY
OPPONENT
FOLD?’”

“If I’m playing tight (cautiously), people will think I haven’t picked up a good hand all day. But I’m just making out I haven’t. I also lie about the hand I’m holding. I’m making the others believe I’m not playing tight. I’m trying to appear as a loose (reckless) player – by throwing down my chips quickly and casually.”

bluff, bluff and triple bluff

With so much attention focused on even the slightest move, the game of poker starts before a card is dealt. Sam carefully considers his “table image”, for starters.

“I am confident at the table. I feel like there is a fear factor against me now. I handle pressure well; all the time I’m at the table, I’m feeding them full of bullshit. Everything I say is done to get an edge. I will tell people ‘I want to win your money’ – I want that to affect their game.”

“A big factor is memory and remembering situations. If you played someone two years ago and you were bluffing, he’ll think you’re a different player so you have to play differently. I know how they perceive me and play the

opposite, and they make bad decisions.”

But with so many bluffs going on, the best players learn to double-bluff or triple-bluff each other to manipulate the game. It sounds like something out of *Inception*...

“That’s reverse tells,” he reveals. “It’s knowing what ‘level’ to be on. You have to realise how your opponent perceives you and go the level above them. The other day I played a magician who is one of the best poker players in the world – he is very good at live-reading people, I was bluffing him on the river and he stared at me. In my mind I’m thinking ‘how do I act to make him fold?’ I decided I was going to fidget around, make a move in my seat to look nervous. He then thought I was engineering that move to look weak because I actually had a strong hand. It’s about going one better.”

It sounds like the actual physical game is irrelevant at his level. “That’s exactly it,” he agrees. “There is cards but it’s everything else you take into it. That one little movement with the magician made him think ‘he is *trying* to look uncomfortable’, which made him fold. The

good players know how to act and react.”

Sam’s success, then, mostly seems to stem from how calm he is around the table. He understands that he can’t win every hand, and knows that so long as he is making more good decisions than bad, he will make money.

“In poker there are only three decisions (check, bet, fold) and generally, a bad player is making too many incorrect decisions.”

Now we know all this, we can’t leave before challenging him to a game. In which he duly beats us. Lucky we only bet £1...

And it isn’t just him beating us that is scary, but the way he tears apart our every move.

“I didn’t want to raise you, because I have just been telling you for 20 minutes how I bluff,” he says. “I’m remembering what I told you so I can’t bluff because you’re not going to fold anything. I know what you’re going to do.”

Blimey. So if you ever meet Sam, remember one thing: don’t play him at poker, and don’t ever, ever tell him any fibs. ■ **loaded**

Follow @samtrickett1 on Twitter and check out loaded’s casino, loaded.plus-five.com

PICS: GETTY

POKER’S MOST AUDACIOUS MOMENTS

Sam isn’t the only card shark raising havoc at the table. Meet the players who lost a fortune, cried at the table and even made *loaded*’s man Trickett look silly...



On July 4, 2012 in Las Vegas, the biggest-ever tournament prize was won – more than \$18 million. The winner was Tehran-born Antonio Esfandiari, at the time aged 33. And guess who he beat? Our Sam Trickett. Esfandiari entered on the last day of the tournament and him and Trickett were the only two left remaining. Unfortunately,

Esfandiari’s three-of-a-kind prevailed over his flush draw.

During the Million Dollar Challenge tournament in 2009, American Tom “Durr” Dwan made one of the biggest bluffs of all time. Dwan bet \$479,500 into a pot of only \$162,000, against Sammy “Any Two” George. Dwan was bluffing against George’s two pairs

and after much consideration George decided to fold. Bad move: he went on to lose \$750,000

When American Mike Matusow got three-outed at the WSOP Main Event in 2004 he actually cried. Matusow is known for talking shit but after he was ridiculed he took to his blog to whine: “I don’t need you ripping me.” Man up bitch.

THE SUPPORT GROUP

The first-ever online sitcom written around current weekly football events

Ever find yourself laughing at Di Canio's power slides, Joey Barton's dodgy French accent or Big Sam's claims he really does play attractive football? Then tune your laptop to *The Support Group* – a new weekly, topical sitcom about football-obsessed work colleagues, with storylines driven entirely by the game they love.

Scripted every Monday, each episode revolves around Geoff, Spencer, Ronnie and Martin with actual events from the football world reflected in the goings-on of their fictional office; from Spencer the Chelsea fan having to put up with a temporary boss ("I'm just not that interim") to Geoff speaking in a French accent ("Doing a Joey").

These five minute specials, created and written by Chris Little (*A League of Their Own*, *British Comedy Awards*) and Jonathan M. Stern (*I Want Candy*, *St Trinians*) and produced by Bwark Productions, have already garnered over half a million hits and will run until the end of the season.

Meet the gang

Ronnie

A Red superfan, he's in his early twenties but you suspect he still sleeps in a Liverpool duvet. He's certain that this is the



year his beloved sleeping giant will wake up, pop in a pair of diamond earrings and trample their way back to the top of the Premier League.

Martin

A middle manager and supposedly a Manchester United fan – but it's pretty evident that he knows very little about football. What he does



know is that it gives him something to talk to Geoff, Spencer and Ronnie about and that makes him feel accepted. Why he wants to be accepted by Geoff, Spencer and Ronnie is anyone's guess, but it beats spending his entire time trying to get them to get a bit of work done and shut up about football.

Geoff

An Aston Villa fan and as such has had to learn to deal with disappointment in life. In fact he's come to expect it. He's



smart and funny but a natural-born cynic, worn down by his job and his colleagues. Like Villa, there was once a time when he had the world at his feet but in recent years he's become stuck in a rut and those glory days seem ever more distant.

Spencer

Doesn't really like anything in life except for Chelsea Football Club. He hates Rafa, he hates Financial Fair Play and he hates pretty much every



other football team and fan on the planet. He's a massive wind-up merchant but just because he dishes it out, doesn't mean he can take it. He has a tendency to explode when the boot is on the other foot.

Check out loaded's favourite new show every Thursday lunchtime on YouTube and Yahoo! plus other top football websites such as Football365 and TeamTalk. Plus look out for Geoff and Spencer's hilarious scores forecast on Fridays.

THE SUPPORT GROUP

Sponsored by Domino's



In your faith

JEW PUNK Words STEVE BRENNER Photography FRANK WANG

HASIDIC JEWS. KNOWN FOR CURLS, SKULL CAPS, AND NOW... HARDCORE PUNK?!

Think of highly-religious hasidic jews and you'll probably think of several things. Side curls, skull caps and beards might well come pretty high up the list. Punk rock most certainly will not.

But New Yorker Yishai Romanoff and his group Moshiaich Oi! – the world's only Jewish punk band – are on a mission to change that.

Not that you'd notice at first glance – no mohawks, tattoos or piercings for these lads. When *loaded* meets up with Yishai, Michael, Mordechai and Pesach in the Crown Heights area of Brooklyn, they fit seamlessly in with the ultra-religious inhabitants of a suburb which is almost entirely Jewish. There are street and store signs in Hebrew. It's like



"MOSHIACH OI! IS LIKE A PUNCH IN THE FACE OF GODLINESS. A WAKE UP CALL"



stepping back into an Eastern European ghetto before World War II.

But these boys don't care about conformity. Put them on stage, stand back and feel the noise. Music is forever trumpeted as a way to find one's soul, give people a voice and make a change, and that has never been more true than with these four. They want to breathe life into their native culture on a journey of education and illumination. Uniquely, screaming, headbanging punk is their vehicle.

anarchy on hasid

For lead singer and band founder Yishai, the power of punk has restored a life hurtling off the rails and given it fresh meaning. Brought up in a highly Orthodox family, in his mid-teens he turned against his faith and went to a darker place after quitting



He wasn't looking forward to his first outdoor dentist's appointment

Yeshiva – a college centred around religious learning. Drugs and punk became close friends. Spliffs turned to smack. It took a reawakening of his beliefs through music to save his life from gurgling into the gutter.

"Looking back, I had lost my focus," says Yishai, 26. "It was all part of my journey though. It brought me towards who I am now.

"I had been in the punk scene for years, then I became religious so I thought, 'now is the time to start a Jewish punk band'.

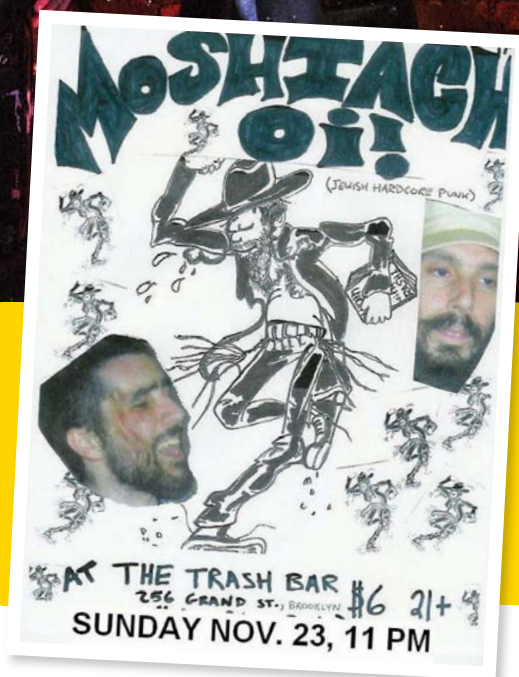
"For others it may seem like a novelty but for me it doesn't. We are the only ones.

"My life has a focus now. Trying to bring redemption to the world. Moshich Oi! is like a punch in the face of godliness. A wake up call,"

Moshich Oi! belong to a strand of Judaism called Hasidim – a more spiritual approach to religion, based on the teachings of the late, highly revered Rabbi Nachman, who wanted you to feel energy in prayer. He preached intensity. Does it get more intense than screaming at the top of your voice and jumping around like a crazed loon?

Smash your Idols and *Avraham was a Punk Rocker* are two ditties that rip from Yishai's lungs when we see them play in Brooklyn. A version of the 'Shema' biblical passage also features – like the Lord's prayer on speed.

The echoes aren't so much traditional punks



like the Sex Pistols or Ramones, but the fiercer likes of Black Flag, the Rollins-fronted band credited with creating the hardcore sound, and ska punk outfit Operation Ivy.

"It should be intense," says guitarist Michael, 37, who away from the stage is an executive assistant at a law firm. "The whole thing is coming from a prophetic revelation on a mountain where God is revealing himself to millions of people collectively.

"It is an epic thing, an out-of-body experience - and there is always a prophetic energy, which is always there in some form.

"It's not like you're just sitting there listening to a lecture. You feel it. Punk rock music is visceral – it forces you to confront the music, the message."



"IT COMES FROM A PROPHETIC REVELATION. IT'S AN OUT-OF-BODY EXPERIENCE"





"NACHMAN SAID HE WANTED US

TO SCREAM LIKE WILD ANIMALS IN THE FOREST.
THE HASIDIC MOVEMENT INTENDED TO BRING
ALIVE THE SPIRITUAL POWER OF THE MESSAGE"

features

Michael feels it is their role to inject a more forward-looking radical energy into Judaism.

"People in many Jewish societies today see their role as preserving what they had – treating Judaism like an heirloom. But we are looking at everything with open eyes.

"Nachman said he wanted people to scream like wild animals in the forest. The Hasidic movement was intended to bring alive the spiritual power of the message."

two's a crowd, three's a scene

Of course, religious rock isn't new. Christian bands are prominent while sections of Islamic music have also tried to move with the times.

But naturally, they struggle to be taken seriously. People seeing their show for the first time occasionally think they've stumbled on some kind of comedy act. With Yishai sporting the traditional orthodox look complete with black beard, while wearing his trademark skull cap with the fabled name of Nachman stitched on, quizzical stares are even more common.

They don't bother Moshiah Oï! one bit.

"The first show we ever did there were two people there," recalls Yishai. "Our two friends

we had invited. There were others milling about but they left the room."

"Some people see us and think 'wow this is cool', others don't know what to make of it, think it's sacrilegious.

"But it's good to get different reactions - it shows we are doing something right.

"The nature of punk rock is to go against the grain. Every kid who has ever seen Moshiah Oï! play has been connected to it. My two year-old loves it. He loves punk rock."

Softly spoken bassist Mitchell, the manager at a company that collects vegetable oil for biodiesel fuel, adds with a smile: "We played summer camps and they had to step in because the kids were getting too wild.

"Our music resonates with the generations."

Moshiah Oï! aren't the only ones giving traditionalism a smack in the chops in one of the most culturally diverse cities on the planet. *Punk Jews*, a film by New York producer Evan Kleinmann, which goes on general release soon, delves deep into a new, thriving melting pot of creativity coming out of the usually ultra-conservative Orthodox community. From African American Jewish rapper Y Love to a



collaborative group of wacky street performers called the Sukkos Mob, diversity is sprouting from unlikely sources. A regular weekly gathering of all sorts, from musos to poets, called Chulent, helped spawn this new outpouring.

"It has a reputation of being a little reckless," said Kleinmann. "There are no rules. Isaac, the guy who runs it, calls it his 'disorganisation'.

"That means you get all sorts of characters. A millionaire businessman could be sharing a table with a homeless guy.

"There is so much diversity - but no judgements made, which is so refreshing."

Drummer Pesach knows exactly what Moshiah Oï! are trying to do - and how they've changed his life.

"Punk gives Judaism substance," he says.

"There are no comparisons to what we are trying to do. I have played with other bands and it's been great, but it just felt like music.

"This, though, feels like family."

Amen to that. ■ loaded

loaded

www.loaded.tv



The SuperBike Show

Thursdays @ 21.00

Let's be honest, *Top Gear* is past its best, and everyone knows that two wheels are far cooler than four. So *loaded*'s sister mag Superbike presents the reviews, previews and features on the best bikes on the market - mixed with a bit of banter of course! Hosted by former BSB champion and current Brit Eurosport commentator James Whitham.



Looser Women Live

Wednesdays & Sundays @ 22.00

A new chat show with some of the sexiest girls on your tele talking no-holds barred. Anything could happen in our one hour live episode! With Lucy Pinder and Nicola McLean, this show doesn't stop making headlines! Tweet your questions to ask our guests anything you like!

#looserwomen



Drunk Skunk

Fridays @ 23.30

The sexiest girls *loaded* know with the finest ears for banging tunes review a choice of the latest offerings of music videos. You might not agree with their harsher verdicts - you almost certainly won't to be fair - but you will agree with the way they present their unmissable verdicts and mark up the scores. Did we mention they're gorgeous?



The Pitch

Sundays @ 22.00

Think you could do better than the top television executives when it comes to turning programming ideas to visual gold? Well, step up to the line and put your ideas up. Contestants go up against our tough-nut panel of judges as they pitch the most zany and outrageous TV ideas seen this side of Monkey Tennis.



Friday Night Boxing

Fridays @ various times

Blow for bloody blow. Showcasing the hardest, meanest and most uncompromising pugilists ever to enter the ring, *loaded* brings you live action from several weight divisions as we make Friday nights a night to stay in and imagine you're Rocky Balboa. Ideal for watching with a pizza or kebab.



Dial M

Wednesdays @ 21.30

The latest in new sounds and startling musical performances from the *loaded* music team. Live and exclusive sets recorded with some of the top names in the business and only available on your number one channel for music. Impress your mates with the artists set to breakthrough into the charts in 2013.



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WHERE'S WALLY?

KARL POWER Words JOHNNY CIGARETTES

Meet Karl Power:
the prankster who
played tennis
on Centre Court,
walked to the crease
at Headingley and
snuck into the Man
Utd line-up in the
Champions League



features

The adrenaline was pumping. The roar was getting louder. And as the Champions League anthem rang out across Munich's Olympic Stadium, Manchester United lined up on the pitch for the customary team photo before facing Bayern Munich in the quarter-final second leg. But something wasn't quite right. Somehow, the English

champions had gained a 12th man. And for once in football, it wasn't even the referee.

red-faced nev

Roy Keane was glaring in his direction. Andy Cole was shuffling uneasily beside him. And more worryingly still, Gary Neville was pointing accusingly in his direction and demanding an explanation.

They had good reason to be puzzled. Because the man in the United kit, complete with number seven shirt and 'Cantona' emblazoned on the back, only bore a passing resemblance to the man the fans dubbed 'The King of Old Trafford'.

But his response to Red Nev was short and to the point.

"I just said, 'Shut up, you grass, Eric sent me!'"



Karl 'Fat Neck' Power remembers his finest hour very clearly, even though it was 12 years ago. And it's memorable not just because he got to line up alongside his childhood team. For a long time, he wouldn't have believed he would walk anywhere, least of all on to a football pitch. Because doctors had told him he might never use his legs again.

no shame

loaded tracked down Karl, now 45, to Prestwich, north Manchester, where, as luck would have it, he's putting the finishing touches to a new DVD he's made of his best stunts to date.

"It's kind of like *Jackass* meets *Shameless*," he laughs, and as an imminent autobiography will confirm, he's cut from the same stock as the characters in the latter TV series.

After growing up on a council estate in Ancoats, Manchester, he showed promise as an amateur boxer before being seduced by the high times on offer in the 'Madchester' music scene of the late 1980s and early '90s. He befriended characters such as Shaun and Bez from Happy Mondays, and his relationship with them was commemorated on the 1996 single *Fat Neck*, which they recorded with their new band Black Grape.

"That just came from being out with party people like Bez at the time," he says. "I was mostly involved behind the scenes."

Ironically, though, by that time the fun had been brutally curtailed for Fat Neck, after an assault in 1994 left him virtually paralysed.

"I got macheted in a phone box," he says. "It was mistaken identity. Afterwards I was in a wheelchair and they said I'd never walk again. I was dead on my feet and by the time Munich happened, I'd been doing physio for ages."

Thankfully, by April 2001 he was walking fairly freely, all be it with a pronounced limp.

gotcha

In the intervening years, Karl's childhood friend Tommy Dunn, another Man U fan, had begun following The Reds to European games, accompanied by his teenage son Tommy Jr and a camera. At one point he'd managed to climb into the back of Sir Alex Ferguson's limo, and even film inside the dressing rooms.

So when United were drawn to face Bayern in a two-legged tie, Tommy's old mate Karl was the ideal choice for a stunt he hoped would make both of them famous. Not only did he bear a passing resemblance to Cantona, but he had the natural-born chutzpah to pull it off.

The stunt was plotted, in Karl's words, "military style". In his back garden, he timed himself stripping off his tracksuit and walking the exact distance he'd need to cover on the pitch at Munich. Tommy had studied videos of the routine, and they established Karl's cue to go on as being the moment Andy Cole shook the hand of the last Bayern player.

The plan worked, and the following day's papers were plastered with Karl's mischievous smirk. He lapped up the attention, but behind the scenes, this was only the beginning.

"We're going to do five world-class stunts," he boasted at the time.

The second was to take place that summer, at the fourth Ashes test at Headingley. The plan was for Karl to wait until an England batsman



THE FOLLOWING DAY'S PAPERS WERE PLASTERED WITH KARL'S SMIRK. BUT THIS WAS JUST THE BEGGINING

was bowled out, then stride out, helmet disguising his identity, all the way to the crease.

"I wanted to get bowled at by Shane Warne," admitted Karl. But fate had other plans.

Karl was smuggled into the players' toilets, and the signal to go was three rings on his phone. When he heard it, he walked out. But there was one problem – it wasn't Tommy, but Tommy's niece ringing, to check how the stunt was going. It was only when he was halfway to the crease he received another call from Tommy to warn him off. As it turned out, though, the sight of Karl getting halfway there, turning round, taking his helmet off and answering his phone, all looked like part of the plan. Fat Neck had struck again.

Next up was the Six Nations Rugby Union international between Italy and England.

The plan was for Karl to follow the teams out and front up the England team with an All Blacks-style Haka. Except, it didn't come off...

"The guy who was inside on the pitch told me they'd be coming out of the tunnel on the left," explains Karl, "so I was all ready to take my top off and go on with my kit, and the England players come running out to the right!"

In a panic, Karl just ran on and did his haka in front of a bunch of baffled Italian fans. To uproar and acclaim from precisely, um, nobody. For the first time, they'd really fired a blank. There was only one way to react to it. Bounce back, bigger and better.

This time, Wimbledon's Centre Court was their stage, before an expectant crowd waiting for Tim Henman to come on. Tommy blagged them into the seating area, posing as security for two players, and while Dunn Snr distracted the nearest steward, Karl and Tommy Jr stepped over the advertising hoardings in full tennis whites and began to knock up in suitably theatrical style.

No-one intervened. Watching the footage now, it looks as if the whole world of tennis had frozen, unable to fully compute the idea of two northern scallies lobbing a ball back and forth on their most hallowed stage. Ballboys, stewards and police simply gawped in disbelief.

"We just went on and played for a minute, people loved it," says Karl. "Then we bowed to the royal box and came off! We only stopped because we'd run out of balls!"

Next up they infiltrated the winner's



"WE WENT ON CENTRE COURT AND PLAYED TENNIS. THEN WE BOWED TO THE ROYAL BOX"

enclosure at the British Grand Prix at Silverstone, getting the trio on the podium before Michael Schumacher was due to celebrate another win, to dance a cheeky Riverdance-style jig.

After they once again left the venue without so much as a slap on the wrists, they told the waiting press this was their swansong.

Alas, since Silverstone, life hasn't all been straightforward for Karl. The big pay day he and Tommy had hoped for from the stunts never really materialised.

going down

A 2002 documentary, *Britain's Favourite Hoaxer*, appeared on Channel 4 and in the hour-long film, he reads a newspaper story exposing him for claiming disability benefit during his scams. That led to a DSS investigation, and he was jailed for six months in 2005 for fraudulently claiming over £26,000. Showman to the end, he waved to friends in the public gallery as he was sent down.

Since then, his old muckers the Dunns have been up to their old tricks. They smuggled themselves into Fabio Capello's England set-up

in March 2010, shortly after the John Terry/Wayne Bridge scandal, and filmed themselves asking Terry for an autograph before an England training session, requesting, "Can you put 'To Wayne, sorry'?"

He declined, with an expletive, and wrote 'To Wayne, best wishes'.

More recently, Karl has returned to his first love – music and boxing. He's managing a band, The Beats & Cheats, promising that a label will follow. And in November 2012 he took part in a charity boxing competition, Formal Fight Club, and won his bout.

That encounter is featured in a new DVD he has produced, entitled *Fat Neck*, for which he's currently in search of a distributor.

He's also written an autobiography, *Neck*, with fellow

Mancunian writer Karen Woods.

A bigger claim to fame may derive from the design for the front cover.

"Damien Hirst's done it," he says. "It's an animal's head cut off with blood spurting out of the head with images of all the stunts I've done."

And now Fat Neck is, Hollywood style, threatening to come out of stunting retirement for one last job.

"There's going to be one in Manchester to coincide with the book," he says. "I can't tell you much, but it should be good."

So ultimately, you have to ask: what's the appeal of all this? Fame? Notoriety? The feeling of beating the system?

"It's that first reaction from people I like," he says. "That's the buzz of it. And that night in Munich – it's still the best of my life." ■ **loaded**

TRICKS OF THE TRADE: FIVE STEPS TO GETTING AWAY WITH IT

CONFIDENCE IS A PREFERENCE....

Security people are invariably torn between the need to enforce the rules and the fear of turning away someone important. So if you look and act like someone important, you've got a good chance of not being booted out.

LOOK THE PART

The one thing Karl, Tommy and friends got right all along was attention to detail in terms of their appearance. Their kit was always faultless (apart from the time Tommy Jr refused to wear white socks for the Wimbledon stunt, but he was still learning).

DON'T PANIC

Anything can, and probably will, happen, to disrupt your carefully-laid plans. But if you keep calm and carry on, the chance is that you will win the day. See Karl's nerveless reaction to Gary Neville questioning him, and the Headingley misunderstanding.

DISTRACTION IS THE BEST FORM OF DEFENCE

Many of these stunts would not have been possible without taking advantage of the right people looking in the opposite direction at the crucial moment. See Tommy's masterful kerfuffle at Wimbledon in order to allow his friends to take the stage.

TELL NO-ONE

Loose lips sink ships. If what you're doing is sensational, anyone hearing about it is bound to tell their mate, probably saying 'Don't tell anyone, but...' Before you know it, you're rumbled.

features

After a starring role in *Life's Too Short*, Keith Chegwin talks hi-tech boozing, stolen goods and international espionage...

King of the Grill

CHEGGERS Words ANDREW WOODS Photography JAMES CHEADLE

April 1, 2001: a United States spy plane crashes into a Chinese interceptor fighter jet 70 miles from the PRC province of Hainan Island. The US aircraft is forced to crash land on the island while the Chinese jet and its pilot perish. The Hainan Island Incident – as it soon becomes known – sparks an international diplomatic row with 24 American airmen duly detained by Chinese authorities until their objectives are known.

During the row – which was eventually diffused – the Chinese secret service hacks into western websites on a mission to gain intelligence that could explain what the US were doing in their airspace. Cyber giants such as Microsoft are penetrated by the angry Chinese, as are many of the other major players. One such site is a private, web-based TV channel operating out of a UK residential address, transmitting a show called *Chegger's Bedroom*.



The new
Columbo was
more eccentric
than the last
one

features



“I’d

set up my own TV studio,” explains 56-year-old Keith Chegwin as he hooks up with *loaded*. “I’d got five cameras, two ISDN lines and was running a show based in my bedroom. Viewers would maybe see a celebrity interview, or me making a phonecall, or possibly just eating a bowl of Frosties,” he laughs, in that infectious trademark wheeze. “Then suddenly the website

crashes – we were getting 250,000 unique visitors a day, so it wasn’t that surprising – but it wasn’t my fans overtaking the site and defacing it. It was the Chinese secret service! The Chinese government were snooping about my spare room!”

What information the Chinese secret service gleaned from *Chegger’s Bedroom* – aside from the fact that he was blatantly advertising sugar-coated breakfast cereals and Dyson vacuum cleaners – we will never know, but it’s safe to say that had they stuck around long enough, they, like us, would have fallen head over heels for a much-loved British hero.

The web-based *Chegger’s Bedroom* was ahead of its time in many ways, and simply just one amusing chapter in the life of this bubbly fireball. A child actor (Keith appeared in a Polanski film, TV dramas and once danced with Ginger Rogers), a pop star (as a solo artist and drummer in a chart-topping band), TV celebrity, Radio 1 DJ, breakfast TV pioneer, *Dancing On Ice* contestant, nude gameshow host, Ricky Gervais collaborator on *Life’s Too Short* and web guru, Chegwin has never stood still long enough for the world to catch up.

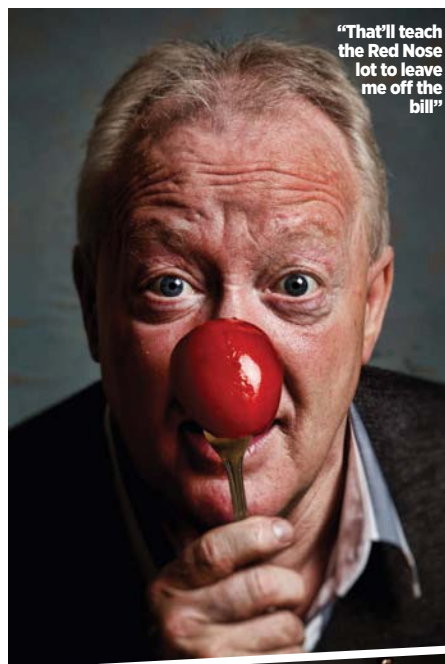
Although he is known as a Scouser of sorts, Bootle-born Keith has spent most of his life down south, where he and his twin brother Jeff moved aged ten – their older sister is former Radio 1 DJ Janice Long. The spotlight was always near as he and his brother – who went on to become a successful music PR for the likes of Marc Bolan and Paul McCartney – bagged acting roles in all sorts. But it was Keith who continued to pursue a life in the public eye long after his brother had moved on.

“I had been in a band called Kenny – never knew why we were called Kenny – who had a hit called *The Bump*. We got on *Top Of The Pops*, but I was sacked as drummer the day before, because I’d asked for more money! Ha ha!”

child’s play

But it was the BBC that established Keith in the public eye. “I wrote to the BBC in 1976 (aged 19) with an idea for a kids TV chat show; like *Parkinson* for children. And I got a rejection letter back saying maybe I could pop in some time,” he recalls. “So I did. That afternoon. I went down to the BBC and met with the producer who seemed quite shocked to see me. He asked me what I was doing there. So I told him I had received a letter asking me to pop in. Well, he looked up and said: ‘We write to everyone, son. I didn’t expect you to come down within two hours of getting the letter.’” You see, Keith lived 600 yards up the road from TV Centre.

Eventually after a tap dance audition the teenage Chegwin landed a £42-a-



“That’ll teach the Red Nose lot to leave me off the bill!”

week role in a new kids’ TV show to be called *Multi-Coloured Swap Shop*. “I had been offered a part in a David Niven film and I asked my agent which would pay the quickest, and he said: ‘BBC. They pay the following week.’”

going live

Keith’s role on *Multi-Coloured Swap Shop* was to host the outside broadcasts at which the general public could come and swap their possessions. For a show clocking up 7 million viewers, with just one rival (ITV’s *Tiswas*) it wasn’t perhaps surprising that the punters went nuts at the chance to get on live TV.

“We’d announce the location live on air and within 40 minutes you had 8,000 people there.”

Although most of the ‘swaps’ involved football boots, soft toys and Kid Creole and the Coconuts vinyl, there were also many tidbits that didn’t make it on screen. “The uni students would be trying to swap sex toys – dildos etc

– and you had kids crying and parents getting upset,” he

laughs. “In Hitchin, Hertfordshire, I swapped a radio for a kid only to be visited by the police. The radio was nicked. I had been handling stolen goods live on air!”

Swap Shop ran for nine years and in that time he had married co-presenter Maggie Philbin, sealed his own show *Cheggers Plays Pop* – “It’s *A Knockout* meets *Top Of The Pops*” – and had a novelty chart hit with *Brown Sauce* (with *Swap Shop* host Noel Edmonds and Philbin). *Cheggers Plays Pop* was racking up 4.5 million viewers on a Wednesday afternoon and was directly

influencing the charts. The show twinned bands such as The Stranglers, Public Image Ltd and The Jam with squealing, spotty kids and giant inflatables. Then when the show was over, the viewers would buy the records which counted towards the chart sales the following day.

When *Swap Shop* ended in 1982 it was Chegwin who moved to *Saturday Superstore* with Radio 1 DJ Mike Read.

Although we now know quite a bit about certain characters of that time, Cheggers personally never witnessed any unsavoury acts involving infamous



Stop the pretence. You’re going to eat the sausage first...

“The students would be trying to swap sex toy and you had kids crying and parents upset”

The fat bastard beckons for yet another course...



"I would drink two bottles of mouthwash to stop the shakes when I was boozing"

children's presenters and pop stars.

"I used to see Jimmy Savile when I was DJ-ing on Tony Blackburn's Radio 1 show," he says, "and he would come into the lounge area and just fall asleep on the couch. He was a bit of a [mumbles]. Let's just leave it at that."

chegger's got talent

Unlike Savile, who went on to work (ahem) with children for many years to come, Chegwin's contract at the BBC was cancelled in 1990, after 14 glorious years. Although Keith thanks the BBC for the "best thing ever happened to me" – it was a sad end, that was to eventually bring some of his inner demons right to the fore.

He went on to host the hilarious *Sky Star Search* – a forerunner to *Britain's Got Talent*. But around this time rumours started to circulate that Keith was an alcoholic.

"I was terrible," he confesses. "I would drink all the time. Two

and a half bottles of whisky a day. I would not go round to people's houses if they didn't drink. I'd clear the plates at the table and take a half-drunk bottle of red, and neck it while I was preparing dessert."

The levels Keith went to in order to get a drink were extreme. "I had photographic surveillance in the house," he says. "I could see everything that was going on with these monitors. Who was doing what and where. The reason? Well, if I knew that Maggie [his wife] was upstairs, then I could secretly drink downstairs. I would drive to the off-licence in my Land Rover and on the way back I would throw the full bottles of vodka into the



features



hedge at various intervals. Then when I got home I would announce that I was going for a bike ride, and I would know exactly where all those drinks had landed.

"I'd always liked a drink and I had the best time on it. I really did. But it got out of hand. I was drinking mouthwash, like Plax and Listerine, to stop the shakes. Night Nurse was my favourite. I would drink two bottles of that stuff. I was in a bad, bad way."

The end came almost by accident. Asked to appear on *This Morning* (while drunk), Keith scorched rumours of his spiraling habit by announcing he had already quit; a claim he then had to back up. On November 5th, 1992 Keith had his last drink and was seeking clinical help.

morning glory

In 1993, Keith landed a 'do what you want' role on Channel 4's *Big Breakfast*, where Keith would turn up and harass celebrities while they were still in bed or appear on the doorsteps of the general public with cash prizes. Cheggers woke up former BBC colleagues Mike Smith and Sarah Greene, which prompted Smith to bark: "If you ever come down my drive again you'll not leave in one piece."

Chegwin replied: "As long as you don't give me a lift in your helicopter, I'll be alright." Smith had famously crashed his helicopter in 1988,



Keith Chegwin with Frank Sidebottom



Cheggers aged 13



"Naked Jungle was terrible. I lost so much work. I had a small part in a disaster"

resulting in injuries to himself and his wife.

"I loved working with Chris Evans on *The Big Breakfast*, he was always willing to push things," Chegwin reminisces. "I remember saying to him off camera that I didn't like my hotel room much and then when we went live, he pulled me up on it. 'I hear your room's crap!' he said. Well, I didn't know what to do, as I hadn't checked out!"

the name's chegwin, keith...

Then in 1995 came the book. "The publishers said it was a great idea and that they would find a ghost writer. I said: 'Sod that, I'll do it myself!' And I did." The autobiography *Shaken But Not Stirred* was critically acclaimed and serialised in *The Sun*. There was no papering over the cracks of his incessant boozing and the failed marriage that resulted. Although Keith is happy to admit his failings there's always one topic guaranteed to get him wincing – *Naked Jungle*.

In 2000, Chegwin is offered the job as host of a quiz show celebrating naturism. It's to be broadcast at 11pm on Channel 5. The guests will be naked. Keith suggests that if the contestants are naked, maybe he too should drop his shorts.

The show Keith thought would be buried in the schedules ended up the centre of a media furor. Debated in parliament, *Naked Jungle* was career suicide. "It was a terrible move," he admits, "no-one has ever forgotten it. I lost so much work because of that. I had a small part (arf arf) in a disaster."

Although he has had his setbacks, Keith Chegwin, like a Great White, never stops moving. Hyperactive and ebullient he is always on to the next thing and as a result life is looking pretty swell for KC now. *Daybreak*, *Dancing On Ice*, bingo games and Ricky Gervais' *Extras* and *Life's Too Short*, Keith even appeared in his own movie in 2011, the schlock horror comedy *Kill Keith*.

He also still writes radio jingles and hasn't entirely given up on *Chegger's Bedroom*. While many older stars have sauntered off to local radio or retirement, Cheggers is always looking for an angle.

"There was a trailer for the recent *Life's Too Short* where myself, Les Dennis and Shaun Williamson are described as three Z-list characters," he chuckles, "Yet... if you add us all together, you get one good D-list!"

With that, Keith starts laughing.

From all of us at loaded – and those of you in China – God bless yer KC. ■ loaded Visit @thekeithchegwin for more



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FASHION

+GROOMING

***Loaded's top 12
items to make
you look good
this month***

1

Champion

'Blast from the past' sportswear brands have had a resurgence of late (first came Fila, then Ellesse, and even Kappa had a go) and now it's the turn of Heritage brand Champion to become trendy once more. On the block as long as any of its big boy counterparts (it was founded in 1914) the logo sweater seen here is a great alternative to a more popular sportswear brand and gives your look some individual coolness.

£22.99, from championstore.eu



Champion

EDITOR'S
PICK

2 Onitsuka Tiger Mexico 66

Bastille is the hot new music act of the moment so what better way to pay tribute than these trainers inspired by Bastille in Paris where runners enjoy, well, running? Confusingly named the Mexico 66 we admit the link is tenuous at best and only the trainer knowledgeable will get the link from your footwear to your on-trend music taste – but we would know.

£65, onitsukatiger.com/en-uk



3 Lacoste Live

Here at *loaded* we're of the opinion you are never too old to read a comic book and we like to wear our heart on our sleeve so opt for this printed number. It's great reading material should you forget your favourite mag on a journey (goes without saying it's this one) the only catch is its fairly difficult to read the back. £85, shop-uk.lacoste.com

5 'Familia' Jacket

Should you decide to stick with 'Blighty' rather than emigrate, a cool jacket is a must. Nicholas Deakins had a collaborative project with historic manufacturers The British Millerain Co. this season and produced this waxed cotton gem. A timeless piece of outerwear with a subtle nod to 19th century techniques will be in your wardrobe for as long as the British Millerian Co. has been making wooden buttons (a long time). £170, nicholasdeakins.com



4 Pretty Green Jesse Wood

Anyone who is the son of a Rolling Stone gets some serious cool points from us and one bonus point for getting Fern Cotton pregnant. Here he adds some cool to Liam Gallagher's label Pretty Green, our go-to brand for cool knitwear and Paisley shirts, but not denim... until now. The brand has added some great new denim to the collection this season so now it's a style triple treat. Available from prettygreen.com



style



6 This tee is dope

You may live in a suburban three-bed semi, but that doesn't mean you don't need a bit of streetwear in your life. We love this cool Dope T and camo cap. Perfect for spring days hanging out in the precinct and trying to get that ASBO you have always dreamed of. The classic logo is also available on navy, grey and black T-shirts as well as adorning a retro-football looking number, with an even bigger variety of matching snapback lids. Available at dopercouture.com



7 My canvas journey

Don't know a hashtag from a hash brown? Get with it – Converse certainly have done! They gave loads of prominent Instagrammers (people who share their photos online at *Instagram.com*, since you ask) one of these cool, snappily-named Chuck Taylor All-Star Canyon canvas duffel gym bags to do what they pleased with and share the results. We like using Instagram, but we weren't among them. Was it something we said? Tchoh! Anyway, search #MYCANVASJOURNEY if you wanna see what all those crazy-ass punks did with theirs (*loaded's* personal favourite is a young lady with a giant ice cream wearing a cap adorned with the words 'TOTALLY FK'N AWESOME', but that's just us).

Visit converse.co.uk

8 Take it to the Max

Who would believe such a well-established trainer could be a spritely 25 years old? Yes, *loaded's* kicks of choice, the Nike Air Max, reach a quarter of a century this month, and we searched high and low for a birthday card with '25' on the front but it seems you only do that at 21 and 30. Oh well, Air Max – only five years to go until you get a '30' birthday card from the best men's mag ever (yes we're talking about us, of course). In the meantime, as is *de rigueur* with special edition fashion items these days, the sporting swooshmeisters commissioned various London artists to interpret some classic Air Max styles. The result: new versions of all our old favourites. All in the world is right again.

Visit nike.com

EDITOR'S PICK





9 Oi, you... four eyes

It's a sad, sad day when that routine eye test turns into a spectacle-buying debacle. Should you not want your spec-service from a polyester-wearing sales monkey, we suggest taking

your prescription and legging it out of the place. We say log on to My Optique, an online glasses boutique which asks you a few quick questions to determine your perfect

frames. Alternatively, shop around their icons section and get the same styles as legends such as Frank Sinatra, Robert Redford and Alan Pardew (only joking about the last one, although *loaded* thinks the Toon gaffer looks rather fetching in his specs, Oliver Peoples unless we're very much mistaken). myoptique.com

10 Boohoo joggers

Let's be honest, us guys only have two casual trouser options: denim or chino. Let's for a moment imagine a third choice... well Loaded Fashion are here to tell you that the humble jogger has become a respected trouser option and not just for mallrats and hoodie clad people. Wear with a clean white T and a pair of trainers for a laidback sporty look. £15, boohoo.com



11 Agi & Sam FC

You may be looking at this football shirt and thinking you don't recognise it? That's because it's actually the effort of obscure designers Agi & Sam and Topman. The collection draws upon football (what a great reference to inspire a fashion collection) and owls (no idea) to score you some serious fashion credibility. Available from Topman.com



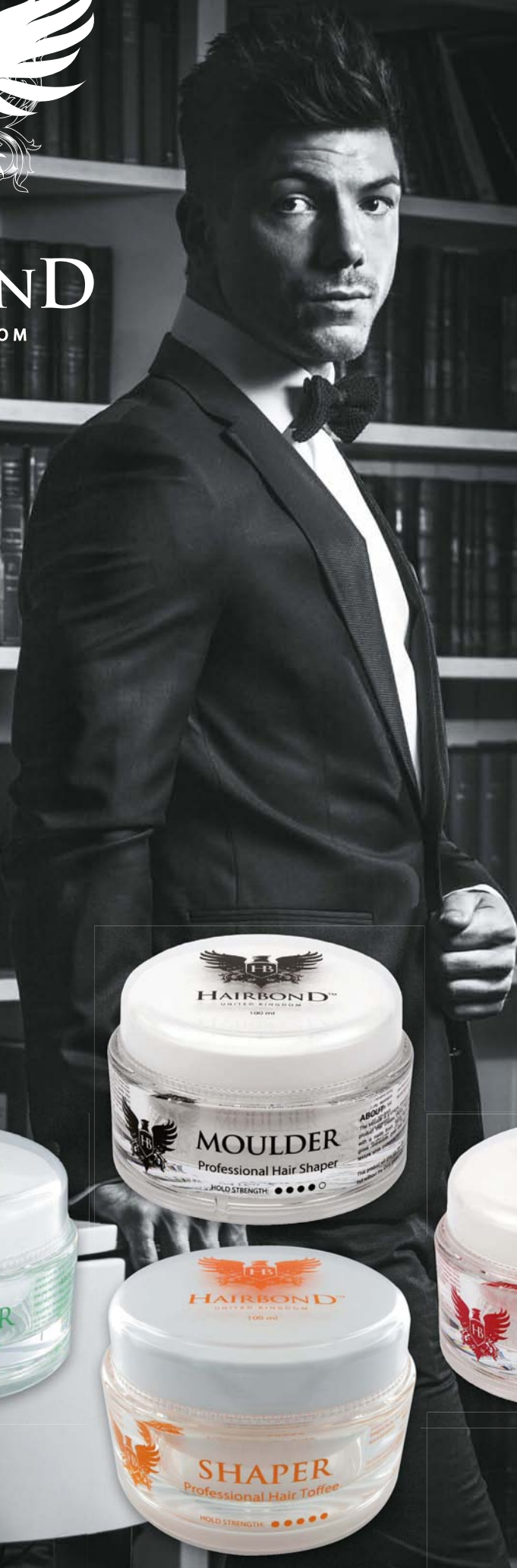
12 Bertie brogues

Should you not have a two-tone brogue in your shoe collection we are here to tell you it is a footwear must for this summer. Our top two-tone choice (try saying that one aloud) is this Bertie effort. The tan and navy give it a casual look whilst you could easily wear with a nice navy suit should smart be required (navy is the colour to get a suit in this season, black screams funeral and no one likes a morbid person apart from a taxidermy maniac). £85, dune.co.uk/bertie

style



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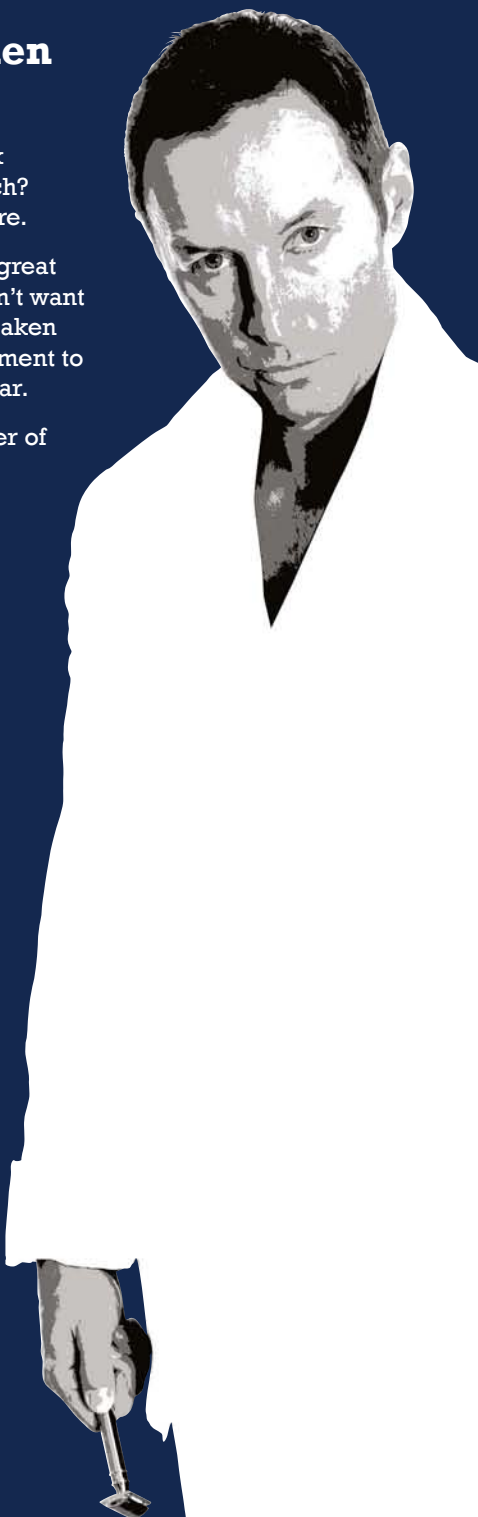
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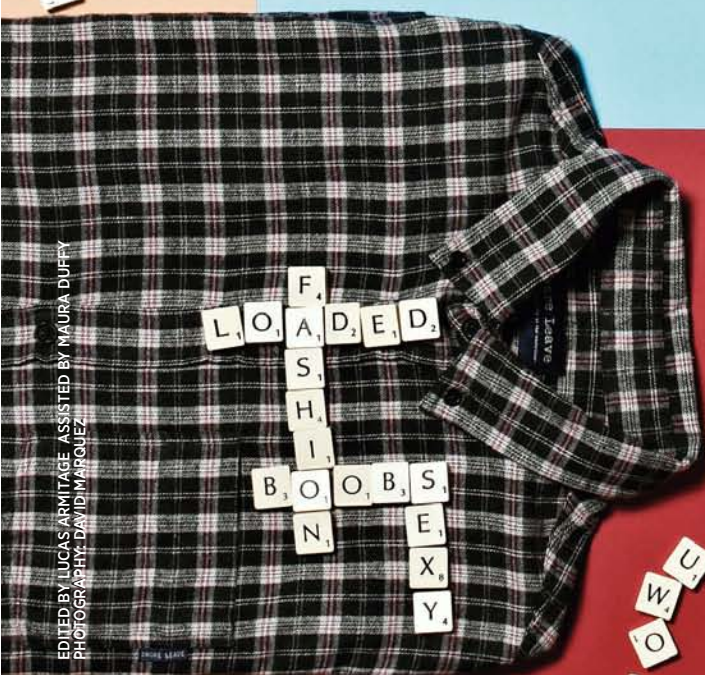
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style



Anti-clockwise: Blue and white checked shirt from Primark, £6; Navy and blue checked shirt from Burton, £28; Blue, red and yellow checked shirt from ASOS, £25; Black red & white checked shirt from Shore Leave available at Urban Outfitters, £50

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| 28th SWANSEA, Grand Theatre | 01792 475715 |
| 29th SKEGNESS, Embassy Theatre | 0845 674 0505 |
| 31st HULL, New Theatre | 01482 300300 |

JUNE

- | | |
|--|----------------|
| 1st BEDFORD, Corn Exchange | 01234 718112 |
| 2nd WARRINGTON, Parr Hall | 01925 442345 |
| 3rd PERTH, Horsecross | 01738 621 031 |
| 4th GLENROTHES, Rothies Hall | 01592 611101 |
| 5th EDINBURGH, Festival Theatre | 0131 529 6000 |
| 6th CARLISLE, Sands Centre | 01228 633766 |
| 7th ST ALBANS, Arena | 01727 844488 |
| 8th KINGS LYNN, Corn Exchange | 01553 764864 |
| 9th CANTERBURY, Marlowe | 01227 787787 |
| 11th TRURO, Hall for Cornwall | 01872 262466 |
| 12th YEovil, Octagon | 01935 422884 |
| 13th TUNBRIDGE WELLS,
Assembly Hall Theatre | 01892 530613 |
| 14th BIRMINGHAM,
New Alexander Theatre | 0844 871 3011 |
| 15th DUNSTABLE, Grove Theatre | 01582 60 20 80 |
| 16th SCARBOROUGH, Spa Theatre | 01723 376774 |
| 18th HASTINGS, White Rock Theatre | 01424 462288 |
| 19th BRIGHTON, Theatre Royal | 0844 871 7650 |
| 20th GUILDFORD, G Live | 0844 7701 797 |
| 21st CRAWLEY, Hawth | 01293 553636 |
| 22nd AYLESBURY, Waterside | 0844 871 7607 |
| 23rd PLYMOUTH, Pavilions | 0845 146 1460 |
| 25th SOUTHSEA, Kings Theatre | 023 9282 8282 |
| 26th MALVERN, Forum Theatre | 01684 892277 |
| 27th BLACKBURN, King Georges | 0844 847 1664 |
| 28th BILLINGHAM, Forum Theatre | 01642 552663 |
| 29th GRIMSBY, Auditorium | 0844 871 3016 |
| 30th WOKING, New Victoria Theatre | 0844 871 7645 |

JULY

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---------------|
| 1st YORK, Grand Opera House | 0844 847 2322 |
| 2nd NEW WIMBLETON Theatre | 0844 871 7646 |
| 4th-7th DUBLIN, The Olympia | 35316793323 |
| 8th/9th BELFAST, Grand Opera House | 028 9024 1919 |



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RADAR

Your time is valuable, but make sure you save some of it for this lot

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GAMES @LOADED

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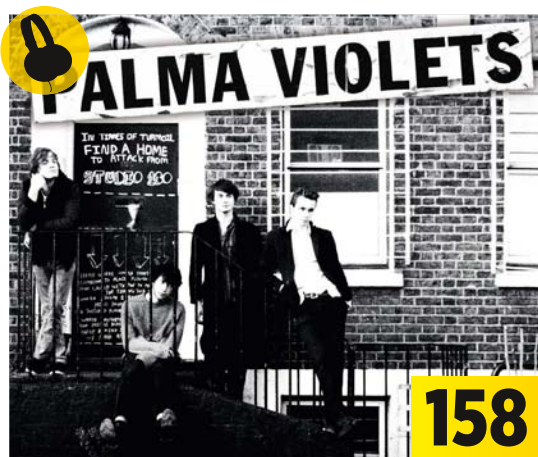
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PALMA VIOLETS



They had already been moved on from outside Tesco Express



**BY
CARLY
WILFORD**

FORGET YOUR MEDIA-MANAGED BANDS: PALMA VIOLETS TALK NIPPLES AND OLDER WOMEN WHILE LISTENING TO PHIL COLLINS

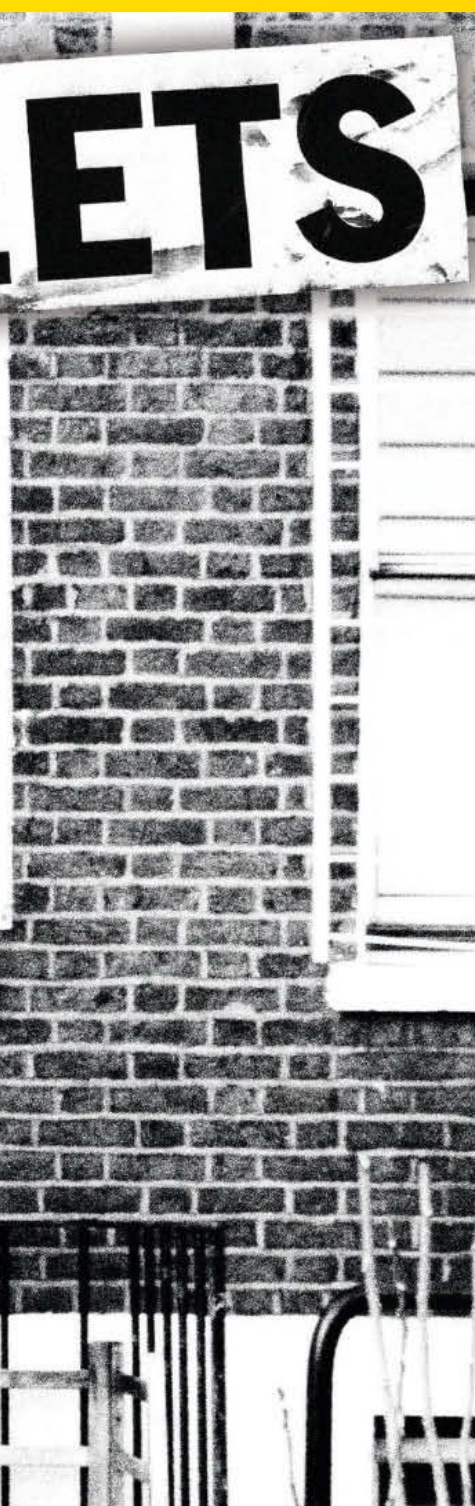
“You’re the best band in the whole of South By,” an over-excited reveller screams at the top of his lungs as Palma Violets play one of their many packed-out gigs at SXSW festival in Texas. When bands generate this much hype so early on in their career, it can lead to massive pressure for the group. Overnight they are expected to step up, not only by the fans but also the labels behind them.

Wide awake watching the sun come up at a secret gig at the University of Texas, Alexander ‘Chilli’ Jesson and Sam Fryer dance around the leftover red cups that litter the floor. Phil Collins and Simon and

Garfunkel ring out across the rickety stereo as cries to open the beer keg that has just arrived ensue. Palma Violets are doing things differently and taking guitar music back to basics – back to when bands were unpolished, badly behaved and were more concerned with making real, gritty music.

palma harm

Standing shoulder to shoulder with some of the music industry’s biggest players, the Palma Violets perform from a makeshift stage in the halls of residence. The crowd of around 150 ear-to-the-ground musos knock back one-dollar beer as complete bedlam



kicks off. The band have the ability to turn a subdued crowd in a blistering sweat heap of mosh-pitting, crowd-surfing maniacs. At recent gigs, en-mass stripping has even left them feeling bemused by their power.

Palma Violets are now compared to every groundbreaking band that has gone before them. With two lead singers stood side by side, the resemblance to Doherty and Barat from The Libertines is uncanny.

"It's just a bit annoying," explains Chilli. "Our music doesn't sound like them; we're on Rough Trade but we're

our own entity. We have similar ethos, we play rock but our music sounds different. We played a gig at The 100 Club and these two fellas came down and said, 'Fuck, this is the same feeling I got at The Libertines.' The key word in that is feeling."

craving

Appearing on the cover of *NME*, getting support from Radio 1 and *Q Magazine* as well as hard-nosed critics from across the world of music, Palma Violets are what the indie scene has been craving for so long. Their album *180* and track *Best Friends* pushed them to the forefront of the new band revolution that has previously been left back in the late Nineties.

Giving up their jobs as a gardener and window cleaner for life on the road, Sam, Chilli and the rest of the band are now travelling the world. Slap bang in the middle of a packed-out American tour and hectic summer festival schedule, it seems they are riding the wave of opportunity.

With life on the road striking a debate as to who prefers to be the big spoon and who

**"THESE TWO GUYS
CAME DOWN AND
SAID 'THIS IS THE
FEELING I GOT
WHEN I FIRST SAW
THE LIBERTINES'"**

is more suited to being a small spoon when sleeping on the tour bus, Palma Violets exhume lad-fueled banter.

Sat by a river in the heart of Austin under the blistering Texan sunshine, all eyes turn to a woman who has been parading past them with her top off and plasters stuck across both of her nipples. With the guys intently focused on the interview instead of on her chest, she decides to tear them off and walk past one last time in an attempt to get their attention.

"If only we were filming this" Sam laughs.

"That's really put me off, I really like nipples," adds Chilli. "Nipples are what I base all my songs on. I like natural things."

As the band roll around in uncontrollable laughter, he attempts to defend himself.

"I'm being honest. I prefer natural girls."

As the banter continues, Sam declares he has a soft spot for Natalie Portman and Chilli's sister, while the rest of the band suggest that Chilli should be matched with Jane Fonda because of his affection towards older women. With Sophie Anderton in our magazine, he's right at home in *loaded*. ■ **loaded**

Palma's debut album, 180, is out now



MUSIC YOU SHOULD HEAR

JAMES BLAKE OVERGROWN

The very finest-aged whiskey of albums. With hauntingly smooth melodies with a progressively dreamy kick and emotion-stirring vocals, Blake is in his own lane when it comes to on-point production and gentry swag. Expect big things.



★★★★★

BENGA CHAPTER 2

With glimpses of Magnetic Man's iconic last album, Benga always pushes boundaries when it comes to UK bass music.



More underground than his recent releases, he stays true to his roots while proving that his sound has evolved. It's been worth the wait.

★★★★☆

JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE THE 20/20 EXPERIENCE

No one else has the ability to come back like JT. Collaborating with Jay Z on *Suit and Tie* and with a PR machine behind him, the slick lothario has everything on lock. If you loved old Timberlake you'll like this album but you may have to listen over it a few times before you're won over.



★★★★★

VAMPIRE WEEKEND MODERN VAMPIRES OF THE CITY

Experimentally strong and fresh, VW are back with a blend of eclectic sounds and well-crafted material. If you wear skinny jeans and enjoy crafting the points on your tache, this is for you.



★★★★★

JOSH KUMRA GOOD THINGS COME TO THOSE WHO DON'T WAIT

Josh Kumra's acoustic soul melodies and dulcet tones are easy listening but potentially a bit safe to break new ground. Some strong individual tracks but nothing we haven't heard before.



★★★★☆

reviews



The crew were beginning to tire of being called to Mario Balotelli's house



PREVIEW

STAR TREK INTO DARKNESS

JJ ABRAMS PULLS OUT ALL THE STOPS FOR A 3D EXPERIENCE ON ANOTHER LEVEL

Popcorn-chomping blockbuster season is upon us, so are you ready to boldly go once more? JJ Abrams brings the Enterprise back for yet another interplanetary adventure as Chris Pine's Kirk gets old pointy ears, Bones (*Dredd* star Karl Urban), Scotty (geek living the dream Simon Pegg) and the rest of the crew primed for a new mission, but this time the threat is closer to home.

TV *Sherlock* Benedict Cumberbatch continues the great tradition of English luvvies playing baddies in Hollywood. But, as always, the creator of *Lost* is keeping us guessing with the direction this sequel will take. Web rumour has it that the plot could echo 1982 Trek classic *The Wrath of Khan* where an old foe returns to take revenge. The official synopsis speaks of "an unstoppable force of terror" attacking the Enterprise on home turf and "leaving our world in a state of crisis", forcing Kirk to lead "a

manhunt to a war-zone world to capture a one-man weapon of mass destruction" in a 3D flick shot heavily with IMAX cameras.

After getting a sneak peak at the opening half an hour shown at London's IMAX, we recommend seeing this flick on the biggest screen you can find. Spock's (Zachary Quinto) descent into the heart of a raging volcano in a bid to quell its wrath with a sub-atomic device is a jaw dropper. By saving a distant civilization, Kirk's crew defy their orders to "only observe and report". Back at Starfleet HQ they're grounded just as a terrorist threat in the form of John Harrison (Cumberbatch) looms.

Abrams promised to take 3D immersion to "another level of excitement" delivering "action on a scale that's light years beyond the first movie." From what we've seen we're convinced the forthcoming *Star Wars* films are in safe hands, but for now, beam us up!



WE RECOMMEND SEEING THIS JAW-DROPPING FLICK ON THE BIGGEST SCREEN YOU CAN FIND



OTHER FILMS THIS MONTH



PREVIEW

THE HANGOVER PART III

Todd Phillips' balls to the wall conclusion to a trilogy of mayhem is nearly here. They say: "When the Wolfpack hits the road, all bets are off." We say: Get ready for one hell of a ride as Zach Galifianakis, Bradley Cooper and co return along with Heather Graham, Ken Jeong's Mr. Chow and ace cameos from *Punch* hottie Jamie Chung and John Goodman.



FAST & FURIOUS 6

The petrolhead paradise of nitrous-fuelled cars and awesome pedal-to-the-metal action revs back onto our screens. This movie franchise has really pushed the envelope on stunt mayhem and could even teach the Bond flicks a thing or two. Turbo tanks, anyone?



DEAD MAN DOWN

Colin Farrell plays an underworld enforcer on a quest for revenge against a crimelord. From Danish director Niels Arden Oplev (*The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo*) this grimy crime drama also features the original Lisbeth Salander, Noomi Rapace. Dodgy script, mind.



DEADFALL

Eric Bana is a fugitive on the run with his saucy sister (Olivia Wilde) after a casino heist goes Pete Tong. Think *Deliverance* meets *Fargo* as Bana's psycho racks up a chilling bodycount and the action ramps towards a mental Thanksgiving dinner on a throat-slashing snowmobile. A twisted, dark Western.



DVDS @ LOADED



DJANGO UNCHAINED

TRADEMARK TUNES, ONE-LINERS AND PERFORMANCES MAKE THIS A MUST SEE...

Quentin Tarantino revolutionised cinema with his blistering debut, *Reservoir Dogs*, and 20 years later his films are still better than most things Hollywood has to offer. *Django Unchained* is no exception. Telling the story of a slave-turned-bounty hunter, it marks the director's first attempt to reinvent the "western" (or in this case, "southern"). It doesn't match up to his best work, but *Django* is a sharp reminder than even on his off days, Tarantino is one of world's most exciting filmmakers.

As always with QT, the film's real

strength is the trademark banter and characters – it's little wonder actors are clambering over each other to get a part in his movies. Jamie Foxx is a powerful lead and Christoph Waltz is predictably brilliant as an eccentric bounty hunter, but it's Leonardo DiCaprio who steals the show, playing plantation owner and all-round bastard Calvin Candie. The film is overlong at nearly three hours, and QT's cameo is painful, but *Django* is packed with ace tunes and lines.



OTHER DVDS YOU SHOULD WATCH

LITTLE SHINY DISCS OF JOY AND WONDER



WEST OF MEMPHIS

After being wrongly convicted of murder, the West Memphis Three spent 19 years in jail. This brilliant documentary investigates how and why this travesty of justice happened.



SPARTACUS SEASON 4

This final series has swords, sandals, swearing, and shagging aplenty, while Liam McIntyre returns as rebellious slave Spartacus for this brilliant and bloodthirsty climax.



THE LAST STAND

Arnie returns to his action hero roots, playing a sheriff who must defend his small town against a dangerous drug cartel. It's pretty standard stuff, but the Austrian's still got star power.



reviews



PREVIEW

THE LAST OF US

A FUNGUS-FILLED DYSTOPIA IS THE SETTING FOR THE NEW PS3 HORROR-SURVIVAL GAME FROM NAUGHTY DOG

It's 20 years after an outbreak of cordyceps fungus. You know, the one that eats jungle critters' brains from the inside.

Vast swathes of humanity are wiped out and those that remain scavenge among the ruins of what once was.

And it gets better – the infected souls want you for dinner.

poisonous mushrooms

These zombie-like infected are either runners, who typically dash for you at any opportunity or the more sinister clickers. These jazzy creatures have a mushroom coral instead of a face and are completely blind, compensating like bats, and are far more terrifying to boot.

Caught up in this horrible mess are Joel, a surly, 40-something drug and weapon runner, and the 14-year-old Ellie, a girl born into this mushroom kingdom, having no knowledge of the world before.

Joel, curiously, has a similar ability to the clickers, but with the added bonus of 20-20 vision, being able to visualise the sounds of the infected with a click of R2.

Ellie and Joel are characters shaped by the totally fucked-up world they inhabit and make for

welcome companions through the ravaged streets of Boston. And, most crucially, both feel real.

The focus in *The Last of Us* is on survival, and the best way to do so is to remain unseen and out of danger. Bullets are few and far between, and when confronted, Joel's weapon of choice is whatever he finds lying around, bolstered by a rather neat crafting system. Joel can scavenge for batteries for his torch, fashion medikits or molotov cocktails from suspiciously abundant pure alcohol, or crudely tape scissors to the end of a plank of wood.

A bite means instant death for Joel, an easy fate to befall in close proximity to an infected, so *The Last of Us* challenges you to not get spotted in the first place.

infectious fun

Even in such an early build, Naughty Dog's attention to detail is very much prevalent, dynamic dialogue triggered by visiting certain spots and NPCs even shielding their eyes from Joel's invasive torch glare.

Collectibles are more than just diary entries too – we picked up a gruesomely-detailed blood-stained clipboard of a patrol that passed through an area and was subsequently eradicated by the infected, painting a very clear picture of just how fearsome this fungi is. We're all doomed.

Doomed! Well, almost. ■ loaded

***The Last Of Us* is out on PS3 on 14 june**



"You're not telling me I'm supposed to be 14?"



GAMES TO CHECK OUT



PREVIEW

CALL OF JUAREZ: GUNSLINGER

Filling the shoes of the Silas Greaves, this shooter packs the Wild West into a jug of moonshine, combining gunplay with a sense of humour and slick cel-shading.

Gunslinger is out on PS3, PC & Xbox LIVE Arcade later this year



PREVIEW

GRID 2

A "proper" racer with a delightful balance between sim and arcade. The pristine handling will take getting used to, with a tiny nuance between each car, but a much grander online offering than its predecessor could make this the best racer in years.

Grid 2 is out May 31 on PS3 and Xbox 360



PREVIEW

COMPANY OF HEROES 2

Killing Nazis can be marvellous, there's no argument there, but how's about with the full might of the Red Army at your disposal? The exquisite attention to detail and gargantuan variation makes CoH2 the strategy game to watch out for this summer.

COH 2 is out June 25 on PC



LORDS OF FOOTBALL

If Football Manager and The Sims had a child this is what it would be like. Neither aspect is deep or engaging enough to warrant any extended play and the spectacle of matchday is nothing short of tedious.

LOF is out now on PC



reviews



FIRST
LOOK

FIFA 14

THOSE BASTARDS AT EA ARE CLAMPING DOWN ON PLAYING LONG BALL IN THEIR LATEST FOOTY UPDATE. BAD NEWS FOR WEST HAM FANS, THEN

We've spent far too much time playing *FIFA 13* this year. We've mastered all the skills on offer and we've stayed up late screaming at friends to "PASS THE FUCKING BALL!" while trying to overturn a 2-1 deficit against Barcelona using Leyton Orient.

So when we heard that EA Sports were going to show us the new features of *FIFA 14*, we laughed. How could they make such a near-perfect game any better?

Well, talking to EA Sports producer Nick Channon, we were pleased to learn that like every great Premier League-winning manager, they're not content to rest on their laurels when the new season rolls round. In this latest outing, EA want *FIFA 14* to have "a much greater emphasis on build-up play".

They want to see more players "driving through the midfield" and scoring "special, memorable goals". They want to avoid what they see as "ping-pong football".

tight at the back

Naturally though, to make sure you're only scoring absolute worldies, EA have brought in a raft of defensive improvements to help shore things up at the back. Key to these

changes is a greater understanding from team-mates. So you'll no longer have to worry about defenders senselessly stopping mid-sprint to hand off attackers to the ill-placed centre-back. Never again will wingers fail to track overlapping runs and you can relax knowing that the AI will now assist you in pressing the opposition. Add to this a much-improved shielding function and the ability for a second-chance tackle when you've sold yourself short, and you'll soon notice that your backline will be tighter than Arsene Wenger's purse strings.

Meanwhile, forwards will now attempt to

unpredictable depending on a player's skill level. To put that into perspective, Gareth Bale will naturally find it much easier to control a ball at pace than the lumbering Per Mertesacker. Players will also move with the ball more freely than before and not at the restrictive 22 degree angle as every other game has done in the past.

Animations have also significantly improved. So you'll no longer turn on a sixpence with every Cruyff dragback, but instead be carried forward by your momentum. In fact, all over the pitch you should notice a more obvious shifting of

"THEY WANT PLAYERS DRIVING THROUGH MIDFIELD SCORING MEMORABLE GOALS"

run along the back line to get in behind the defence. Fleet-footed strikers such as Defoe, Long and Suarez will be able to find more joy from coming short before spinning the defender and exploiting the space in behind.

Tall, strong centre-forwards such as Crouch or Lukaku can also utilise the game's new capability to back into defenders – perhaps to set up a volley or knock the ball down for a team-mate driving forward from midfield.

all in the gameplay

However, despite all these modifications, the biggest changes of all have been made to *FIFA*'s all-round gameplay. For instance, balls will no longer travel the same distance while sprinting, making each touch far more

players' weight as you move, turn and dribble. Equally, you'll also notice different animations (and results) when you strike the ball. Run on to it too soon and you'll fluff your lines. Get it caught underneath your feet and you'll most likely scuff your shot with no power behind it. But on the flipside, when you do manage to hit it sweetly, you'll notice the flight of shots has improved, resulting in more dipping and swerving efforts on goal for keepers to deal with.

There's still plenty more to come from EA Sports in the lead-up to the new game later this year, but at this stage it very much looks like *FIFA 14* is the 2013/14 champion elect in the on-going battle for supremacy with *Pro Evolution Soccer*. ■ loaded

FIFA 14



The "chop the fanny-dancing fucker down" function was hard to find



Fat, annoying midfielder shouting "Use the channels!" not pictured

reviews

CLUBS @ LOADED

SCIENTIFICALLY SPEAKING

PURE SCIENCE TAKE IT TO
THE STREETS FOR THEIR
16TH BIRTHDAY SHINDIG

Strolling through the eerily quiet Maidstone high street on Good Friday, we're beginning to think that everyone has taken to church to celebrate the second coming. Turning onto the main strip, however it is clear the only religion this town is dedicated to is the junglist movement.

Dotted with characters in florescent jumpsuits and face paint, the snaking queue lets us know that this certainly isn't leading to an Oceana.

Making our way through a dark archway, what is usually a bustling roadway has been lined with bars leading to a gigantic marquee housing CO2 cannons, lasers and a towering stage as screens above our heads illuminate the words "Pure Science".

Founded in 1997, Pure Science

has provided the soundtrack to similarly messy affairs across the South East. 16 years on, they're celebrating the age of consent with three arenas of drum & bass and jungle, courtesy of some of the scene's biggest players.

sardines, sweat and spaceships

Stepping under the marquee's shining roof, we feel like we have just boarded the Starship Enterprise. But with lighters in the air and surrounding smells of funky fags, the vibes are more like Glastonbury fields than outer space.

When the king of England's reggae scene David Rodigan MBE takes the stage, pure love is all around us as complete strangers come lolloping up for hugs.

Feeling damp from a spilled pint and keen for something livelier, we step inside The Source Bar. The beamed oak ceiling seems more suited to a barn dance, except it's so rammed that sardines in a tin would have more room to rave.

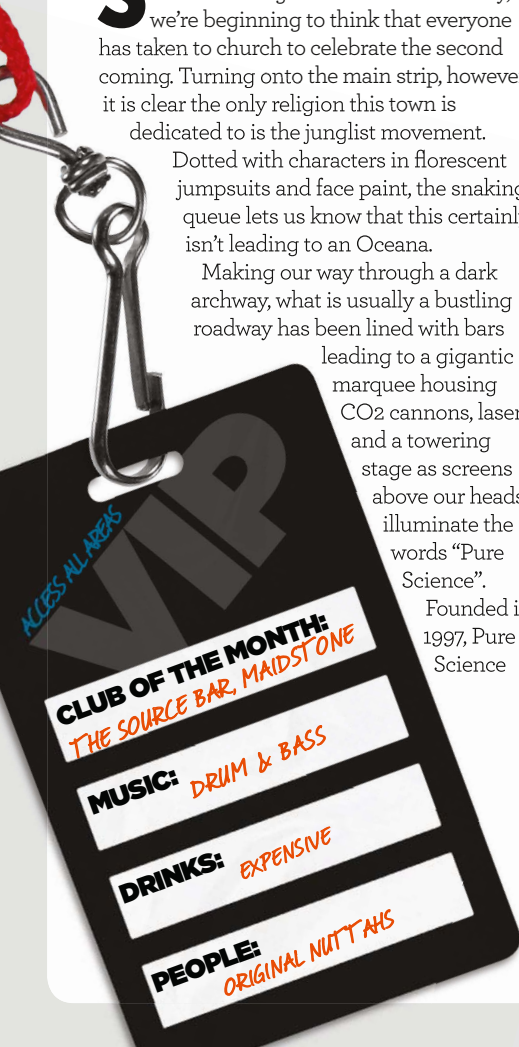
Lasting through a filthy jump-up set that covers us in our own and others' sweat, we make slow progress into another outdoor courtyard dedicated to the more lucid sounds, and then on through a labyrinth of wall-climbing

clubbers back to the street for the highly anticipated headliners Andy C and Goldie.

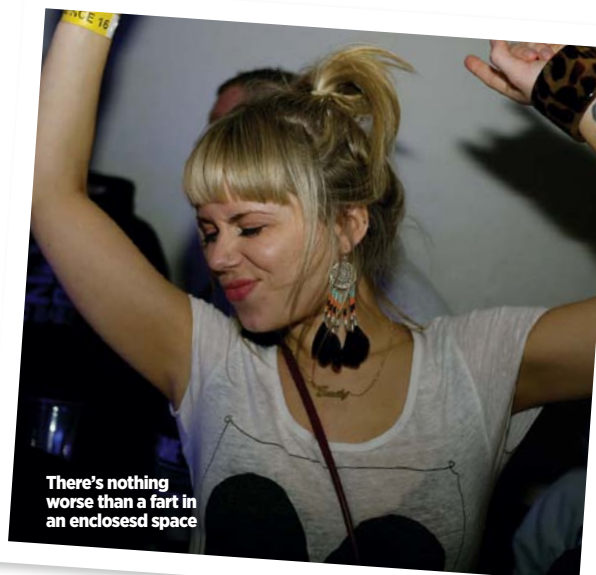
The explosion of smoke and lasers suggests the enterprise has just been hit by a D&B and jungle nuke, before we get lost in a world of rolling bass and frantic riddims.

Night quickly turns to day around us, and as we leave in an epic snowfall in only a t-shirt, - steaming drunk and steaming out our rapidly depleting heat reserves, we put our lighters up one last time in salute to the Junglist massive.

We depart in no doubt that if you fancy things on the filthier side then a Pure Science party is certainly the one for you. ■ loaded



IT'S SO RAMMED THAT
SARDINES IN A TIN
WOULD HAVE MORE
ROOM TO RAVE





"Anyone seen my other earmuff?"



The easter egg hunt got a bit out of hand

"I'm nearly three times the age of this club! Wahey!"



Guildford's only siamese twins were a major attraction



"OK, I've put the CD on. What do I do now?"



INTRODUCING TOOLROOM

Here at Toolroom HQ we're looking forward to a busy summer. Our latest Toolroom Knights compilation is mixed by techno titan Umek, we've got a huge track out from our head honcho, Mark Knight and our sights are firmly set on party capital, Ibiza...

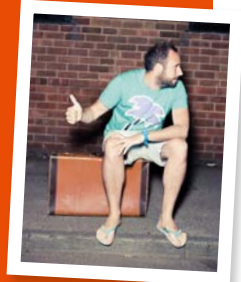


IBIZA 2013

2013 looks set to be big on the White Isle. Pukka Up boat parties are celebrating a decade of cocktails and cool house music in Ibiza, so watch out for some big bashes! The bars of San Antonio are extending their reach to the shores of Playa D'en Bossa, as Plastik Beach opens up a second bar a stone's throw from Ushuaia. There's something special about summer in Ibiza: bars keep the tunes flowing from morning to night and you can justify beer for breakfast every morning for a fortnight.

DOORLY

This exciting DJ and producer is a keen proponent of all genres and has a big summer ahead. He'll appear for the first time on the sunset terrace at Space, and at Ibiza Rocks and Mallorca Rocks. Also has a new release as 'Avec' with Dave Spoon featuring Jake Shears.



HOSPITAL RECORDS

Hospital have been at the forefront of drum 'n' bass since 1996 and we can't think of a better way of spending May 24 bank holiday than attending Hospitality at Brixton Academy, with DJ sets from the likes of High Contrast, London Elektricity and Netsky. It's also the launch party for Danny Byrd's new album, *Golden Ticket*. We recommend you check out his inimitable take on soulful d 'n' b.



TOOLROOM TIP

A key part of club culture is fashion. If you're going to be sweating it out on the dancefloor, you may as well be doing it in style! We've hooked up with worldwide street-style fashion label Mas-iff to create a cool range of T-shirts to give clubbers a fresh look - designed by party people for party people. For more visit toolroomrecords.com





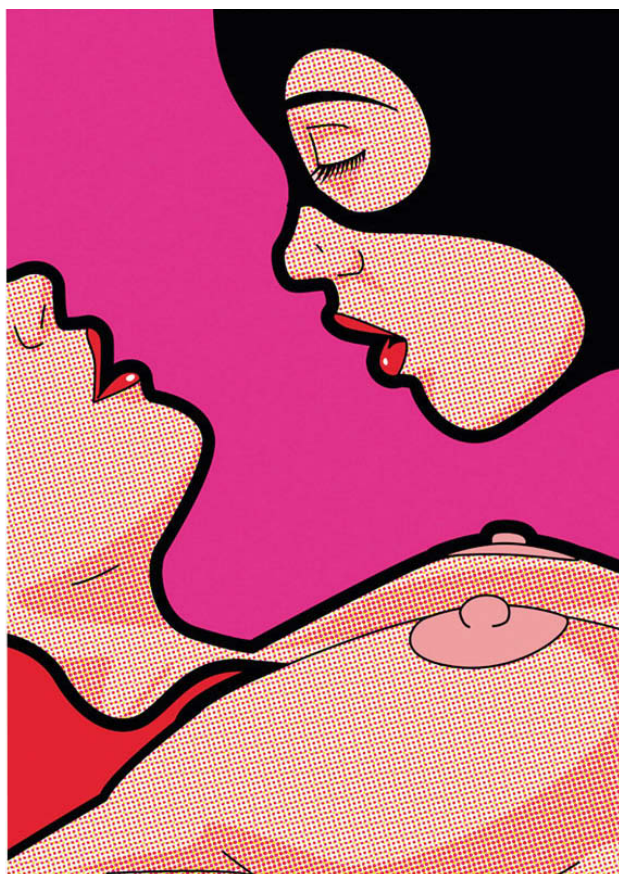
GADGETS@LOADED.CO.UK

SMART GUYS

GADGET
EDITOR'S
best blog

Samsung have come up trumps with this bad boy Smart TV – it's got more features than you can shake a remote control at! It's the first Smart LED TV with a quad core processor meaning you can pop between playing with apps, surfing the web or just simply watching telly. The icon-based layout is easy to navigate and comes with a nifty touchpad remote too. Lovefilm and Netflix are included as well as a Friends tab that collects recommendations from your Twitter and Facebook friends. The sound is crisp and defined too so all is doesn't do is make you a cup of tea.

£1449.99 from samsung.com



▼ SECRET LIFE OF SUPERHEROES POSTERS

They may be busy saving the world most of the time but even superheroes need the toilet. But even doing the most mundane of things they look better than us humans. Greg-guilemin's *The Secret Life of Heroes* prints show our favourite

comic book characters – Catwoman, Spidey and of course Batman – when they're off duty and doing stuff like brushing their teeth, scoffing a burger or licking a lollipop. These fine-art prints come in array of sizes and are custom trimmed with a one-inch border for framing. Perfect art for the bathroom we think.

From 19.99 each, firebox.com



WORDS: HAYLEY COYLE

► PHILIPS DOCK

This is one of the first docking speakers compatible with Apple's Lightning Connector and incorporates high-quality neodymium speakers that are great for pumping up the bass and a really pure sound. You can charge your device at the same time as playing music and the dock has an eight-hour battery life. It looks cool too and is really light and portable so great for BBQs or just hanging out in the garden. Only catch is it's only compatible with the iPhone 5 or the latest iPods - so get upgrading! **£99.95, from philips.com**



▼ SENNHEISER

Sporting these slick Sennheiser MOMENTUM headphones will give you the look of an audio aficionado as well as offering seriously sick sound quality and bass. They're proper DJ level kit and not as in your face as other top brands. They're also made from British leather and it's the use of "high-performance neodymium magnets" that's responsible for the rich stereo sound. **£259.99, from en-uk.sennheiser.com**



◀ MITRE ULTIMAX

If nothing else you can boast to your mates that this football is the first ever to be recorded at more than 100 mph. The Mitre Ultimax is a stalwart of football of all levels but now the ball has been pimped up. It features

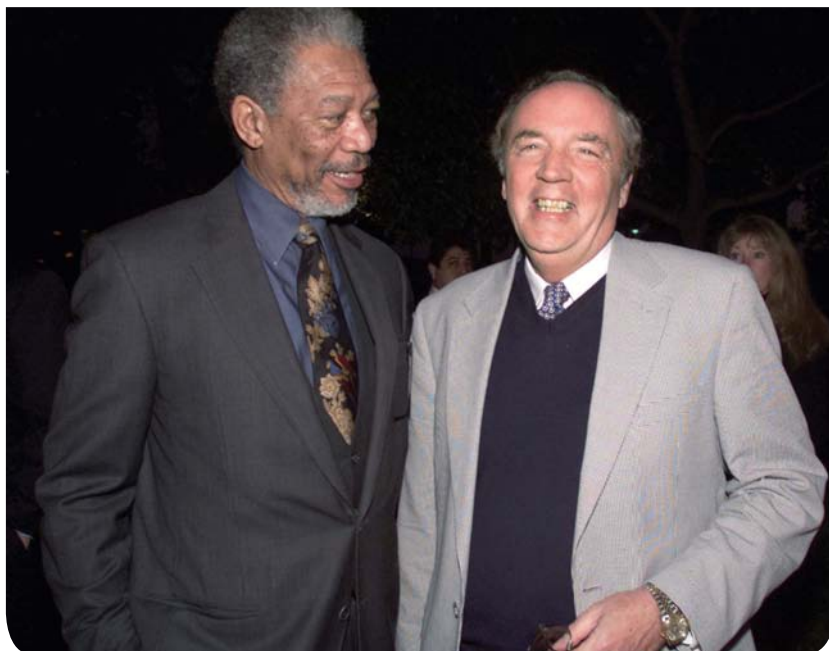
a four-way balanced lining system for ultimate control and offers optimum performance at 12 psi for maximum power. The ball glides well across almost any surface, perfect for a backyard kickabout. **£65 from mitre.com**

► NIKE BOMBA

After two years of being one of the most coveted small-sided shoes out there, the Bomba is back with the Finale II and this time less is definitely more. The boot contains 27% less individual components and is 10% lighter than its predecessor. The conical studs give awesome traction and stability on the turf. Best

bit though? The boots are a tigerish orange and black. **£77 from nike.com**





ALEX CROSS: RUN

THERE'S STILL PLENTY OF LIFE (AND DEATH) IN ONE OF PATTERSON'S FAVOURITE CHARACTERS

It appears thriller kingpin James Patterson isn't ready to turn the page on his much-loved character Alex Cross, and why should he?

Psychologist Cross has appeared countless times, but first made an appearance in 1976 in Patterson's debut book *The Thomas Berryman Number*. He's gone on to write 72 novels, including an incredible run of 19 consecutive number ones on the *New York Times*' bestsellers list. Puts you to shame, eh?

Patterson has also managed to bag himself a Guinness World Record for the most bestselling hardcover fiction titles by a single author and has wiped the floor with rivals Stephen King, John Grisham and Dan Brown, by selling 260 million copies worldwide. Consider him as the Midas man of thriller writing - everything he touches turns to sold.

The Washington Post have applauded Patterson on successfully penning sequels that trumps the original, and *Alex Cross, Run* is the recent installment that follows the detective on an adventure filled with thrilling twists and compelling characters.

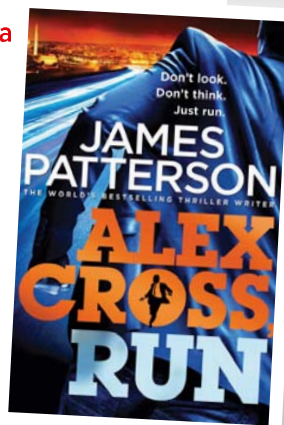
The story starts with a naked lady busting some crimes and a side story that leaves you desperately

trying to piece together a puzzle that refuses to mesh. You begin to think there can't be a big picture, but hold in there, because it's worth the headache.

With a string of beautiful dead women piling up and multiple killers, Cross struggles to keep his cool while a crisis at home threatens to tear his family apart and divides his attention. Under immense pressure, he neglects to notice a lunatic is following his every move.

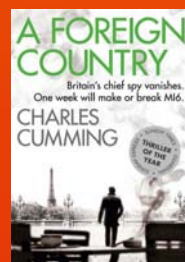
Patterson expertly switches perspectives between killer, stalker and Cross, taking you on a sensational thrill ride and leaving you fighting an intense urge to flick to the back page. It's not suitable for the weak-minded. If you're ballsy enough to tackle a thriller this intense, I recommend giving up an evening of TV and pulling a sickie at work, because this requires your full attention...

★★★★☆



OTHER BOOKS YOU SHOULD READ

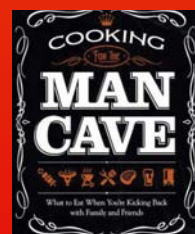
Charles Cumming continues to get under the skin of Britain's intelligence agencies with his latest novel *A Foreign Country*. Based on Cumming's own experiences as a MI6 operative, it follows disgraced ex-agent Thomas Kell on a mission that could be his ticket back into the force. Kell has been ordered to track down Amelia Levene, who disappears weeks before becoming the first female MI6 head. Tracking her through France and North Africa, Kell embarks on a journey that he hopes will save him from his current tedious life. Enough to keep you satisfied until the next Bond.



★★★★☆

LOOKING FOR THE MAN CAVE - PAUL MCGAHREN

Ever wondered what you'd eat for your last supper, or fancied a feast worth extended time on the toilet?



Cooking For The Man

Cave is a recipe book not suitable for the calorie counters or minimalist munchers - it's primal, and full of attitude. If you fancy being lord of the fryer, king of the grill or man of the kitchen, this book acts as a personal coach to creating swaggeringly good food. From a 'how to' on honey beer sauce, to beer stew and a tasty beer and cheese muffin (noticing a trend?), this book kills two birds with one stone, and then probably eats them. It also features sweets, drinks, dips and - for those worried about the waistline - salads.

★★★★☆

THE HIT DAVID BALDACCI

If you can get over the generic plot line of a good girl gone bad, *The Hit* is one of Baldacci's best. *The Times* describes it as 'the page-turner of the season' and its perfect for all fantasizing about



shootouts and sex. Government hitman Will Robie is given his next target, and it turns out to be his toughest mission yet.

He's sent to kill one of his own, Jessica Reel, after she turns to the dark side (blah, blah, blah). Using the fight-fire-with-fire tactic, Robie follows the trail of dead left behind by the rogue assassin but is faced with dangerous obstacles. It's not like he can get by with a little help from the friends.

Baldacci has, as usual, produced yet another edge-of-seat, didn't-see-that-coming thriller that, despite some plot, flaws deserves being *The Sunday Times* bestseller.

Lust

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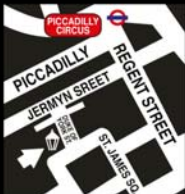


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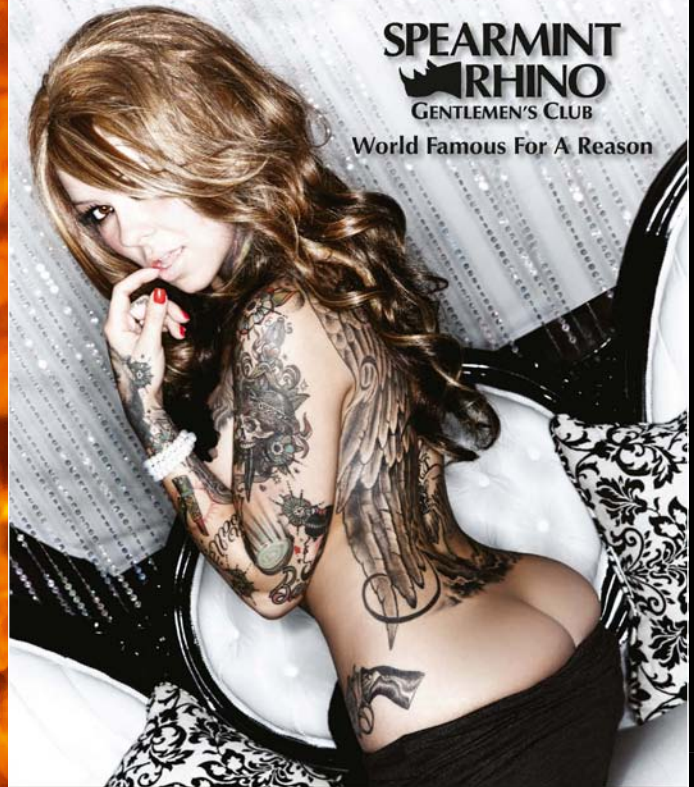
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Nick, via email

The underlying issue is blood flow coupled with muscular contraction. These need to work independently of your conscious concentration: just like breathing. That means physical and mental training. The mental training part is learning how to get your mind out of the way of your body's natural function. The problem with 'independent' practice is that you are working your conscious mind and your body together. So it doesn't really put you in the right dynamic for real-world encounters. The other path to natural body work is Tantric techniques. They are more about focused muscle control, almost the opposite of 'no mind'-type workouts. Show her similar techniques, which will instantly lend her forgiveness to your isolated lapse.

Not standing to attention

Q *The past few months I've been swamped with work and not had time to go out and meet new girls, so I started seeing someone I work with. We were about to get down to it when I flopped under pressure, which has never happened before. Independently I perform no problem, but now I'm avoiding her in case I let the troops down again. How can I fight the nerves and go in for round two?*

I can't talk dirty

Q *My girlfriend recently admitted dirty talk really turns her on and that she fancies us trying it out. I know some people find filth music to their ears but I reckon it'll sound less lover and more Lemon. I'm worried I'll come across pervy as my dirty dictionary isn't as thick as I'd like it to be but I want to at least attempt it. How can I make this work without sounding like a lunatic?*

Joe, Birmingham

'Dirty' and gynaecological are not the same thing. Look, everyone can tell stories. It's something we're naturally inclined to do. What she's looking for is a distraction focus, so that she can go 'out' of her body and let it go where it wants to go. So tell her a story. Like how it's a wet and rainy night. And she's stuck in the rain, wearing a tiny top and skirt. You pull up in a car and give her a lift. She feels warm and safe. But then you pull into an alleyway. You both get out and go at it. Little drops of rain are still spattering against both of you. Steam comes off the bonnet of the car: the heat of the engine plus you two. And so on. You'll be amazed at how quickly she goes to the place you describe. And what happens while she's there with you, in your dirty story.

Dogging dreams

Q *I was watching a Channel 4 documentary on dogging and the idea really got me going. The people they filmed weren't the best looking bunch but I reckon the experience could rub me the right way. The problem is getting over my performance anxiety because I struggle to pee in front of people let alone tail ending it in a group. There's also the issue that I'll be meeting complete strangers in the woods at night. Do you think this is a good idea or am I thinking with my dick not my head?*

Steve, via email

The trouble here is that you're thinking too much. If you're worried about your performance in headlights, then pop a pill, or do some mental relaxation techniques. It's fine for you to just watch to start with: the voyeur is a socially acceptable guest at dogging meets. So how about an eyes only approach to start with? If you feel impelled to perform, it's all going in the right direction. If you still feel you need to stay on the sidelines, well it's cheaper than a football season ticket and a nice way of meeting new friends.

I groped her mum

Q *I've been with my girlfriend for three months and she was determined to introduce me to her parents. When I met her mum I went in to shake her hand and ended up grabbing her boob, which would have been a better experience if it didn't hang to her waist! Now I'm scared to go to my girlfriend's house in case her mum thought I was in to the whole Mrs Robinson set-up. How do I deal with the situation without embarrassing myself more?*

Monkey Harris, via email

So, why can't you tell not-Mrs Robinson what you're telling us? Can't quite work out how you ended up shaking one instead of the other. But how about: "I was really pleased to meet you. Your daughter's very very special to me. But I got so nervous that my handshaking arm developed tourettes. I do feel embarrassed about the incident. Shall we try again?" Social convention dictates that she must accept your apology. However, if you just turn tail and never darken her door again, she is only going to think that there was more to your shake than mere accident. Which is going to make it very awkward at the wedding.



A dramatic black and white photograph showing three soldiers in silhouette, running across a wet, reflective beach. They are carrying gear and weapons, moving from the water towards the shore. The background shows a hazy horizon over the ocean.

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